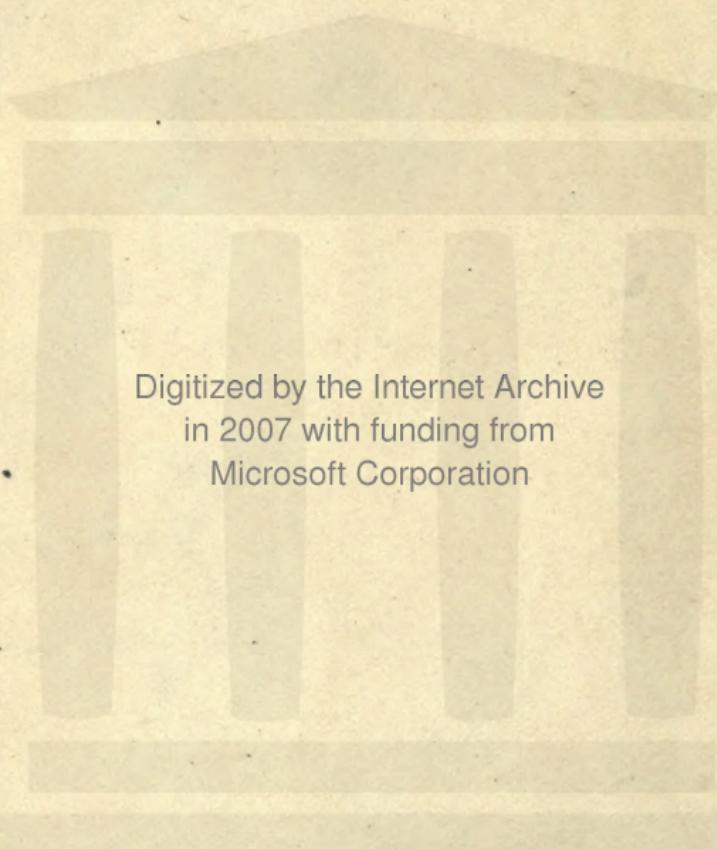




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SOME FRIENDS OF MINE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE OPEN ROAD
THE FRIENDLY TOWN
THE GENTLEST ART
HER INFINITE VARIETY
FIRESIDE AND SUNSHINE
CHARACTER AND COMEDY
LISTENER'S LURE
OVER BEMERTON'S
ONE DAY AND ANOTHER

ALSO

A WANDERER IN PARIS
A WANDERER IN LONDON
A WANDERER IN HOLLAND
THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SUSSEX

EDITED BY

SOME FRIENDS
OF MINE
A RALLY OF MEN

E. V.
LUCAS



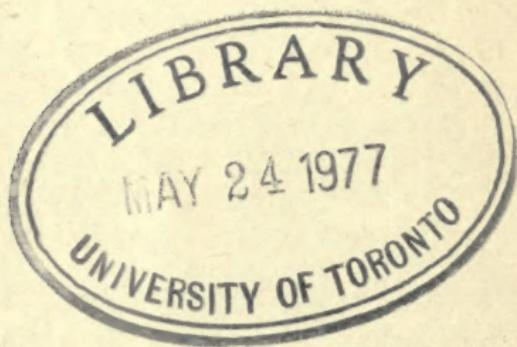
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SOME FRIENDS OF MINE

SOME FRIENDS OF MINE

I

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

Mr. Lintot ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(In a letter from Pope to the Earl of Burlington)

MY LORD; If your mare could speak, she would give you an account of what extraordinary Company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will. It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's Mare,) overtook me in Windsor-Forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my Bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his Publisher: "For that rogue my Printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of Rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation.

"I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just

Some Friends of Mine

such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my Publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the Devil is a fair-conditioned Devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.” — I thought Mr. Lintot’s civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous Stationer beside, and the aforesaid Devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: “Now d—— them! what if they should put it into the newspapers, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by —— I would keep as good company as old Jacob.”

Hereupon I enquired of his son. “The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. — I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don’t you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.”

Don’t you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? “To what purpose? (said he). The Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.”

Chance Acquaintance

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. "Nothing," says he, "I can bear it well enough; but, since we have the day before us, methinks, it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods." When we were alighted, "See here what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an Ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours?"

Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, Seven miles.

"Z—ds, Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldisworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon-hill, would translate a whole Ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldisworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an Ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a *Job*."

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I,) now you talk of Translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he,) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By — I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand

Some Friends of Mine

Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an Author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators."

But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not. I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S—— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the Corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the Translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopt the Corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? "Sir," said he, "nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top Critics of the town. — As for the poor Critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very

Chance Acquaintance

good scholar, came to me t' other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and pish'd at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men: Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier — He was going on, when my wife called to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book; I am really concerned on your account — Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding — Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning — Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in — My Critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent. — Now, Sir (concluded Mr. Lintot,) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court, that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. "This may be, (replied Mr. Lintot); but by —, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial." These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

A. Pope

Some Friends of Mine

The Yeoman ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A TALL English yeoman (something like Mathews in the face, and quite as great a wag) —

A lusty man to ben an abbot able,—

was making such a prodigious noise about rents and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water — “Confound it, man, don’t be *insipid!*” Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial — one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur — “standing like greyhounds in the slips,” etc. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question) and this fellow’s conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one’s heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose “he moralised into a thousand similes,” making it out a firebrand like Bardolph’s. “I’ll tell you what, my friend,” says he, “the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal.” At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth; called for another glass, swore he would not stand it; and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat,

Chance Acquaintance

which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious fun," said, "There's a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakspeare were our two best men at copying life." This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakspeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you? At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes." He seemed to doubt this. But I said, "We have an hour to spare: if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital 'Political Register,' I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don't know what I should have done without you." He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing."

W. Hazlitt

The Chief Mate



BUT after all, Nature, though she may be more beautiful, is nowhere so entertaining as in man, and the best thing I have seen and learned at sea is our Chief Mate. My first acquaintance with him was made over my knife, which he asked to look at, and, after a critical examination,

Some Friends of Mine

handed back to me, saying, "I shouldn't wonder if that 'ere was a good piece o' stuff." Since then he has transferred a part of his regard for my knife to its owner.

I like folks who like an honest piece of steel, and take no interest whatever in "your Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff." There is always more than the average human nature in a man who has a hearty sympathy with iron. It is a manly metal, with no sordid associations like gold and silver. My sailor fully came up to my expectation on further acquaintance. He might well be called an old salt who had been wrecked on Spitzbergen before I was born. He was not an American, but I should never have guessed it by his speech, which was the purest Cape Cod, and I reckon myself a good taster of dialects. Nor was he less Americanised in all his thoughts and feelings, a singular proof of the ease with which our omnivorous country assimilates foreign matter, provided it be Protestant, for he was a man ere he became an American citizen.

He used to walk the deck with his hands in his pockets, in seeming abstraction, but nothing escaped his eye. *How* he saw, I could never make out, though I had a theory that it was with his elbows. After he had taken me (or my knife) into his confidence, he took care that I should see whatever he deemed of interest to a landsman. Without looking up, he would say, suddenly, "There's a whale blowin' clearn up to win'ard," or, "Them's porpises to leeward: that means change o' wind." He is as impervious to cold as the polar bear, and paces the deck during his watch much as one of those yellow hummocks goes slumping up and down his cage. On the Atlantic, if the wind blew a gale from the north-east, and it was cold as an English summer, he was sure to turn out in a calico shirt and trousers, his furzy brown chest half bare, and

Chance Acquaintance

slippers, without stockings. But lest you might fancy this to have chanced by defect of wardrobe, he comes out in a monstrous pea-jacket here in the Mediterranean, when the evening is so hot that Adam would have been glad to leave off his fig-leaves. "It's a kind o' damp and unwholesome in these 'ere waters," he says, evidently regarding the Midland Sea as a vile standing pool, in comparison with the bluff ocean. At meals he is superb, not only for his strengths, but his weaknesses. He has somehow or other come to think me a wag, and if I ask him to pass the butter, detects an occult joke, and laughs as much as is proper for a mate. For you must know that our social hierarchy on ship-board is precise, and the second mate, were he present, would only laugh half as much as the first. Mr. X. always combs his hair, and works himself into a black frock-coat (on Sundays he adds a waistcoat) before he comes to meals, sacrificing himself nobly and painfully to the social proprieties. The second mate, on the other hand, who eats after us, enjoys the privilege of shirt-sleeves, and is, I think, the happier man of the two. We do not have seats above and below the salt, as in old time, but above and below the white sugar. Mr. X. always takes brown sugar, and it is delightful to see how he ignores the existence of certain delicacies which he considers above his grade, tipping his head on one side with an air of abstraction, so that he may seem not to deny himself, but to omit helping himself from inadvertence or absence of mind. At such times he wrinkles his forehead in a peculiar manner, inscrutable at first as a cuneiform inscription, but as easily read after you once get the key. The sense of it is something like this: "I, X., know my place, a height of wisdom attained by few. Whatever you may think, I do *not* see that currant jelly,

Some Friends of Mine

nor that preserved grape. Especially, a kind Providence has made me blind to bowls of white sugar, and deaf to the pop of champagne corks. It is much that a merciful compensation gives me a sense of the dingier hue of Havanna, and the muddier gurgle of beer. Are there potted meats? My physician has ordered me three pounds of minced salt-junk at every meal." There is such a thing, you know, as a ship's husband: X. is the ship's poor relation.

J. R. Lowell

The Hermit ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I TURNED round and saw there a man of no great age and yet of a venerable appearance. He was perhaps fifty-five years old, or possibly a little less, but he had let his grey-white hair grow longish and his beard was very ample and fine. It was he that had addressed me. He sat dressed in a long gown in a modern and rather luxurious chair at a low long table of chestnut wood, on which he had placed a few books, which I saw were in several languages, and two of them not only in English but having upon them the mark of an English circulating library which did business in the great town at our feet. There was also upon the table a breakfast ready of white bread and honey, a large brown coffee-pot, two white cups, and some goat's milk in a bowl of silver. This meal he asked me to share.

"It is my custom," he said, "when I see a traveller coming up my mountain road to get out a cup and a plate for him, or, if it is midday, a glass. At evening, however, no one ever comes."

"Why not?" said I.

"Because," he answered, "this lane goes but a few yards

Chance Acquaintance

further round the edge of the cliff, and there it ends in a precipice; the little platform where we are is all but the end of the way. Indeed, I chose it upon that account, seeing, when I first came here, that from its height and isolation it was well fitted for my retreat."

I asked him how long ago that was, and he said nearly twenty years. For all that time, he added, he had lived there, going down into the plain but once or twice in a season, and having for his rare companions those who brought him food and the peasants on such days as they toiled up to work at their plots towards the summit; also, from time to time, a chance traveller like myself. But these, he said, made but poor companions, for they were usually such as had missed their way at the turning and arrived at that high place of his out of breath and angry. I assured him that this was not my case, for a man had told me in the night how to find his hermitage and I had come of set purpose to see him. At this he smiled.

We were now seated together at table, eating and talking so, when I asked him whether he had a reputation for sanctity and whether the people brought him food. He answered with a little hesitation that he had a reputation, he thought, for necromancy rather than anything else, and that upon this account it was not always easy to persuade a messenger to bring him the books in French and English which he ordered from below, though these were innocent enough, being, as a rule, novels written by women or academicians, records of travel, the classics of the Eighteenth Century, or the biographies of aged statesmen. As for food, the people of the place did indeed bring it to him, but not, as in an idyll, for courtesy; contrariwise, they demanded heavy payment, and his chief difficulty was with bread; for stale bread was intolerable to him. In

Some Friends of Mine

the matter of religion he would not say that he had none, but rather that he had several religions; only at this season of the year, when everything was fresh, pleasant and entertaining, he did not make use of any of them, but laid them all aside. As this last saying of his had no meaning for me I turned to another matter and said to him:

“In any solitude contemplation is the chief business of the soul. How, then, do you, who say you practise no rites, fill up your loneliness here?”

In answer to this question he became more animated, spoke with a sort of laugh in his voice, and seemed as though he were young again and as though my question had aroused a whole lifetime of good memories.

“My contemplation,” he said, not without large gestures, “is this wide and prosperous plain below: the great city with its harbour and ceaseless traffic of ships, the roads, the houses building, the fields yielding every year to husbandry, the perpetual activities of men. I watch my kind and I glory in them, too far off to be disturbed by the friction of individuals, yet near enough to have a daily companionship in the spectacle of so much life. The mornings, when they are all at labour, I am inspired by their energy; in the noons and afternoons I feel a part of their patient and vigorous endurance; and when the sun broadens near the rim of the sea at evening, and all work ceases, I am filled with their repose. The lights along the harbour front in the twilight and on into the darkness remind me of them when I can no longer see their crowds and movements, and so does the music which they love to play in their recreation after the fatigues of the day, and the distant songs which they sing far into the night.

* * * * *

Chance Acquaintance

“I was about thirty years of age, and had seen (in a career of diplomacy) many places and men; I had a fortune quite insufficient for a life among my equals. My youth had been, therefore, anxious, humiliated, and worn when, upon a feverish and unhappy holiday taken from the capital of this State, I came by accident to the cave and platform which you see. It was one of those days in which the air exhales revelation, and I clearly saw that happiness inhabited the mountain corner. I determined to remain for ever in so rare a companionship, and from that day she has never abandoned me. For a little while I kept a touch with the world by purchasing those newspapers in which I was reported shot by brigands or devoured by wild beasts, but the amusement soon wearied me, and now I have forgotten the very names of my companions.”

We were silent then until I said:

“But some day you will die here all alone.”

“And why not?” he answered calmly. “It will be a nuisance for those who find me, but I shall be indifferent altogether.”

“That is blasphemy,” says I.

“So says the priest of St. Anthony,” he immediately replied — but whether as a reproach, an argument, or a mere commentary I could not discover.

In a little while he advised me to go down to the plain before the heat should incommod my journey. I left him, therefore, reading a book of Jane Austen’s, and I have never seen him since.

Of the many strange men I have met in my travels he was one of the most strange and not the least fortunate. Every word I have written about him is true.

H. Belloc

Some Friends of Mine

The Onion Eater



IT was then that I saw before me, going easily and slowly across the Downs, the figure of a man.

He was powerful, full of health and easy; his clothes were rags; his face was open and bronzed. I came at once off my horse to speak with him, and, holding my horse by the bridle, I led it forward till we met. Then I asked him whither he was going, and whether, as I knew these open hills by heart, I could not help him in any way.

He answered me that he was in no need of help, for he was bound nowhere, but that he had come up off the high road on to the hills in order to get his pleasure and also to see what there was on the other side. He said to me also, with evident enjoyment (and in the accent of a lettered man), "This is indeed a day to be alive!"

I saw that I had here some chance of an adventure, since it is not every day that one meets upon a lonely down a man of culture, in rags and happy. I therefore took the bridle right off my horse and let him nibble, and I sat down on the bank of the Roman road holding the leather of the bridle in my hand, and wiping the bit with plucked grass. The stranger sat down beside me, and drew from his pocket a piece of bread and a large onion. We then talked of those things which should chiefly occupy mankind; I mean, of happiness and of the destiny of the soul. Upon these matters I found him to be exact, thoughtful, and just.

First, then, I said to him: "I also have been full of gladness all this day, and, what is more, as I came up the hill from Waltham I was inspired to verse, and wrote it inside my mind, completing a passage I had been working at for two years, upon joy. But it was easy for me to be happy, since I was on a horse and warm and well fed; yet

Chance Acquaintance

even for me such days are capricious. I have known but few in my life. They are each of them distinct and clear, so rare are they, and (what is more) so different are they in their very quality from all other days."

"You are right," he said, "in this last phrase of yours . . . they are indeed quite other from all the common days of our lives. But you were wrong, I think, in saying that your horse and clothes and good feeding and the rest had to do with these curious intervals of content. Wealth makes the run of our days somewhat more easy, poverty makes them more hard — or very hard. But no poverty has ever yet brought of itself despair into the soul — the men who kill themselves are neither rich nor poor. Still less has wealth ever purchased those peculiar hours. I also am filled with their spirit to-day, and God knows," said he, cutting his onion in two, so that it gave out a strong savour, "God knows I can purchase nothing."

"Then tell me," I said, "whence do you believe these moments come? And will you give me half your onion?"

"With pleasure," he replied, "for no man can eat a whole onion; and as for that other matter, why, I think the door of heaven is ajar from time to time, and that light shines out upon us for a moment between its opening and closing." He said this in a merry, sober manner; his black eyes sparkled, and his large beard was blown about a little by the wind. Then he added: "If a man is a slave to the rich in the great cities (the most miserable of mankind), yet these days come to him. To the vicious wealthy and privileged men, whose faces are stamped hard with degradation, these days come; they come to you, you say, working (I suppose) in anxiety like most of men. They come to me who neither work nor am anxious so long as South England may freely import onions."

Some Friends of Mine

“I believe you are right,” I said. “And I especially commend you for eating onions; they contain all health; they induce sleep; they may be called the apples of content, or, again, the companion-fruits of mankind.”

“I have always said,” he answered gravely, “that when the couple of them left Eden they hid and took away with them an onion. I am moved in my soul to have known a man who reveres and loves them in the due measure, for such men are rare.”

Then he asked, with evident anxiety: “Is there no inn about here where a man like me will be taken in?”

“Yes,” I told him. “Down under the Combe at Duncton is a very good inn. Have you money to pay? Will you take some of my money?”

“I will take all you can possibly afford me,” he answered in a cheerful, manly fashion. I counted out my money and found I had on me but 3s. 7d. “Here is 3s. 7d.,” I said.

“Thank you, indeed,” he answered, taking the coins and wrapping them in a little rag (for he had no pockets, but only holes).

“I wish,” I said with regret, “we might meet and talk more often of many things. So much do we agree, and men like you and me are often lonely.”

He shrugged his shoulders and put his head on one side, quizzing at me with his eyes. Then he shook his head decidedly, and said: “No, no — it is certain that we shall never meet again.” And thanking me with great fervour, but briefly, he went largely and strongly down the escarpment of the Combe to Duncton and the weald.

H. Belloc

II

URBAN HUMORISTS

Mr. John Ballantyne

I

WHILE we were casting about in this way, whom should we see turning the corner of Hanover-street in an elegant dennet, and at a noble trot, but our excellent friend Mr. John Ballantyne? We thought he had still been on the Continent, and have seldom been more gratified than by the unexpected apparition. There he was, as usual, arrayed in the very pink of knowingness — grey frock and pebble buttons, Buckskins, topboots, etc. — the whip — for Old Mortality needs no whip — dangling from the horn behind — and that fine young grew Dominie Sampson, capering round about him in the madness of his hilarity. Whenever we met last spring we used to have at least a half-hour's doleful chat on the progress and symptoms of our respective rheumatisms — but Ballantyne now cut that topic short in a twinkling, assuring us he had got rid of the plague entirely — and, indeed, nobody could look in his merry face without seeing that it was so. We never croak to people that are in sound health — and, therefore, not likely to enter into the spirit

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of our miseries; so affecting an air of perfect vigor, we began to talk, in the most pompous manner, about our late exploits in the moors, regretting, at the same time, that Ballantyne had not come home in time to make one of our party on the 12th of August. "We are just off again for Braemar," said we. "The devil you are," said John, "I don't much care to go with you if you'll take me." "By all means, you delight us," said we. "Well," cried he, "what signifies bothering, come along, I'll just call at Trinity for half a dozen clean shirts and neckcloths, and let's be off." "Done," said we, mounting to the lower cushion, "only just drive us over the way and pick up our portmanteau." No sooner said than done. In less than an hour we found ourselves, with all the cargo on board, scudding away at twelve knots an hour on the Queens-ferry road.

During the whole journey to our Tent, we were kept in a state of unflagging enjoyment by the conversation of our companion. Who, indeed, could be dull in immediate juxtaposition with so delightful a compound of wit and warm-heartedness? We have heard a thousand storytellers, but we do not remember among the whole of them more than one single individual, who can sustain the briefest comparison with an exquisite bibliopole. Even were he to be as silent as the tomb of the Capulets, the beaming eloquence of that countenance alone would be enough to diffuse a spirit of gentle joviality over all who might come into his presence. We do not think Allan has done justice to Mr. Ballantyne's face, in his celebrated masterpiece, "Hogg's House-heating." He has caught, indeed, the quaint, sly archness of the grin, and the light, quick, irresistible glance of the eyes; but he has omitted entirely that fine cordial suffusion of glad, kind, honest, manly mirth, which lends the truest charm to the whole physiognomy

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because it reveals the essential elements of the character, whose index that most original physiognomy is. But the voice is the jewel — who shall ever describe its wonders? Passing at will through every note of seriousness and passion, down into the most dry, husky vibrations of gruffness, or the most sharp feeble chirpings of old woman's querulousness, according to the minutest specialities of the character introduced for the moment upon the stage of that perpetual Aristophanic comedy; his conversation — why, Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Yates, Russel — none of them all is like John Ballantyne, when that eye of his has fairly caught its inspiration from the sparkle of his glass.

John Wilson

II

JOHN BALLANTYNE was next brother to James Scott's printer and confidential friend, and like him, was in the secret of the *Waverley* Novels. In 1809, he was started by Scott and his brother, in the publishing house of "John Ballantyne & Company," at Edinburgh, in opposition to Constable. One of his first publications was Scott's "Lady of the Lake." After the success of *Waverley*, he published a wretched novel, *The Widow's Lodgings*. The publishing business did not succeed, and the firm was dissolved. John Ballantyne then became an auctioneer, a business for which he was well qualified. In 1817, Scott contributed several minor poems to a periodical of his called *The Sale Room*. Ballantyne died June, 1821, aged 45. Scott attended his funeral, and said, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Lockhart says, "He was a quick, active, intrepid little fellow; and in society so very lively and amusing; so full of fun and merriment; such a thoroughly

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light-hearted droll, all over quaintness and humorous mimicry; and moreover, such a keen and skilful devotee to all manner of field-sports, from fox-hunting to badger-bating inclusive, that it was no wonder he should have made a favorable impression on Scott." And again, "Of his style of story-telling it is sufficient to say that the late Charles Mathews' "Old Scotch Lady" was but an imperfect copy of the original, which the great imitator first heard in my presence from his lips. . . .

Lockhart says, "His horses were all called after heroes in Scott's poems or novels; and at this time he usually rode up to his auction on a tall milk-white hunter, yclept *Old Mortality*, attended by a leash or two of greyhounds, — Di Vernon, Jenny Dennison, etc., by name." . . .

In John Ballantyne's latter days, he was fitting up a mansion near Kelso, which he called Walton Hall, but in 1819, he inhabited Harmony Hall, by Trinity, near the Firth of Forth. "Here," says Lockhart, "Braham quavered, and here Liston drolled his best, — here Johnstone, and Murray, and Yates, mixed jest and stave, — here Kean revelled and rioted, — and here did the Roman Kemble often play the Greek from sunset to dawn. Nor did the popular *cantatrice* or *danseuse* of the time disdain to freshen her roses, after a laborious week, amidst these Paphian bowers of Harmony Hall."

Dr. Mackenzie

III

SHEPHERD. Johnny Ballantyne!

North. Methinks I see him — his slight slender figure restless with a spirit that knew no rest — his face so suddenly changeful in its expression from what a stranger might have thought habitual gravity, into what

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his friends knew to be native there — glee irrepressible and irresistible — the very madness of mirth, James, in which the fine ether of animal spirits seemed to respire the breath of genius, and to shed through the room, or the open air, a contagion of cheerfulness, against which no heat was proof, however sullen, and no features could stand, however grim, but still all the company, Canters and Convenanters inclusive, relaxed and thawed into murmurs of merriment, even as the strong spring sunshine sends a-singing the bleak frozen moor-streams, till all the wilderness is alive with music.

Shepherd. He was indeed a canty cretur — a delichtfu' companion.

North. I hear his voice this moment within my imagination, as distinct as if it were speaking. 'Twas exceedingly pleasant.

Shepherd. It was that. Verra like Sandy's — only a hue merrier, and a few beats in the minute faster. Oh, sir! hoo he wou'd hae enjoyed the Noctes, and hoo the Noctes would hae enjoyed him!

North. In the midst of our merriment, James, often has that thought come over me like a cloud.

Shepherd. What'n a lauch!

North. Soul-and-heart-felt!

Shepherd. Mony a strange story fell down stane-dead when his tongue grew mute. Thoosands o' curious, na, unaccountable anecdotes, ceased to be, the day his een were closed; for he tel't them, sir, as ye ken, wi' his een mair than his lips; and his verra hawns spak, when he snapped his forefinger and his thoomb, or wi' the hail five spread out — and he had what I ca'an elegant hawn o' fine fingers, as maist wutty men hae — manually illustrated his soobjeck, till the words gaed aff, murmuring like bees

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frae the tips, and then Johnny was quate again for a minute or sae, till some ither freak o' a fancy came athwart his genie, and instantly loupt intil look, lauch or speech — or rather a' the three thegither in ane, while Sir Walter Himsel' keckled on his chair, and leanin' wi' thae extraordinar' chowks o' his, that aften seem to me amaist as expressive as his pile o' forehead, hoo wou'd he fix the grey illumination o' his een on his freen Johnny, and ca' him by that familiar name, and by the sympathy o' that maist capawcious o' a' sowles, set him clean mad — richt doon wudd a' thegither — till really, sir, he got untholeably divertin', and folk compleen'd o' pains in their sides, and sat wi' the tears rinnin' doon their cheeks, praying for him gudeness to haud his tongue, for that gin he didna, somebody or ither wou'd be fa'in doon in a fit, and be carried out dead.

North. A truce, my dear James, to all such dreams. Yet pleasant, though mournful to the soul, is the memory of joys that are past! And never, methinks, do we feel the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, than when dimly passeth before our eyes, along the mirror of imagination, — for I agree with thee, thou sagest of Shepherds, that when the heart is finely touched by some emotion from the past, the mirror of imagination and of memory is one and the same, held up as if in moonlight by the hands of Love or Friendship, — never feel we the truth of that beautiful sentiment more tenderly, I repeat, James, than when we suddenly rebehold there the image — the shadow of some face that when alive wore a smile of perpetual sunshine — somewhat saddened now, though cheerful still, in the momentary vision — and then, as we continue to gaze upon it, undergoing sad obscuration, and soon disappearing in total eclipse.

John Wilson

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Romieu



ROMIEU would enter a grocer's shop.
"Good-morning, monsieur."

"Monsieur, your very humble servant."

"Have you candles eight to the pound?"

"Certainly, monsieur, plenty of them; it is an article much in demand, for there are more small purses than large ones."

"Your observation, monsieur, savours of higher matters than groceries."

Romieu and the grocer bowed to each other.

"You flatter me, monsieur."

"Monsieur said that he wanted . . .?"

"One candle of eight to the pound."

"Only one?"

"Yes, at first; later, I will see."

The grocer took a candle out of a packet.

"Here it is, monsieur."

"Will you cut it in half? I detest fingering candles!"

"Quite so, monsieur; they have such a strong smell. . . . Here is your candle in two pieces."

"Ah! now will you be good enough to cut each of those halves into four pieces?"

"Into four?"

"Yes, I need eight pieces of candle for my purpose."

"Here are your eight pieces, monsieur."

"Pardon me, will you oblige me by preparing the wicks for me?"

"The whole eight?"

"Seven rather, since one naturally has its wick ready."

"Quite so."

"That is all right . . . there, there, very good . . .

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there, thank you. Now then . . . place them on the counter at three inches' distance from one another . . . Ah! . . ."

"But what on earth is that for?"

"You will see. . . . Now, would you have the goodness to lend me a lucifer match?"

"Certainly . . . take one."

"Thanks."

And Romieu would solemnly light the eight candle-ends.

"But what is that for, monsieur?"

"I am creating a farce."

"A farce?"

"Yes."

"And now . . .?"

"And now the farce is done, I am going;" and Romieu would nod to the grocer and make off.

"What! are you going without paying for the candle?" shrieked the grocer. "At least pay for the candle."

Romieu would turn round —

"If I paid for the candle, where would be the farce?"

And he would go on his way quite heedless of the grocer's objurgations.

Occasionally, Romieu's ambitions would soar higher than teasing grocers, and he would play irreverent pranks in higher circles of commerce.

One evening, he was passing along the rue de Seine, at the corner of the rue de Bussy, at half-past twelve midnight, when an assistant was preparing to close the shop of *Les Deux Magots*. Generally, the establishment closed at eleven, so it was unusually late.

Romieu rushed inside the shop.

"Where is the proprietor of the establishment?"

"M. P——?"

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“Yes.”

“He has gone to bed.”

“Has he been gone long?”

“About an hour.”

“But he sleeps in the house?”

“Certainly.”

“Take me to him.”

“But, monsieur . . .”

“Without delay.”

“But . . .”

“Instantly.”

“Is your communication then of so pressing a nature?”

“It is so important that I shudder lest I be too late.”

“Since monsieur assures me . . .”

“Come, take me to him, take me to him quickly!”

The assistant did not wait to close the shop, but took Romieu through into an ante-room, where M. P—— was snoring like a bass-viol.

“M. P——! M. P——! . . .” shouted the shopboy.

“Well, what is it? Go to the devil with you! What do you want?”

“It is not I . . .”

“What do you mean by saying it is not you?”

“No, it is a gentleman who wishes a few words with you.”

“At this time of night?”

“He says it is very urgent.”

“Where is the gentleman?”

“He is at the door. Come in, monsieur, come in.”

Romieu entered on tiptoe, hat in hand, with a smiling countenance.

“Pardon, monsieur, a thousand pardons for disturbing you.”

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“Oh, do not mention it, Monsieur; it is nothing.
What is your business?”

“I wish to speak with your partner.”

“With my partner?”

“Yes.”

“But I have no partner.”

“You haven’t?”

“No.”

“Then why put on your sign, ‘*Aux Deux Magots*’?
It deceives the public!”

Alexandre Dumas (translated by E. M. Waller)

Mr. Elliston ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

IT was a rich scene, — but Sir A—— C——, the best
of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame
narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone could
do justice to it, — that I was a witness to, in the tarnished
room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic.
There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he sub-
stituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his “highest
heaven”; himself “Jove in his chair.” There he sat in
state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was
brought for judgment — how shall I describe her? — one
of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses
— a probationer for the town, in either of its senses — the
pertest little drab — a dirty fringe and appendage of the
lamp’s smoke — who, it seems, on some disapprobation
expressed by a “highly respectable” audience, — had
precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and with-
drawn her small talents in disgust.

“And how dare you,” said her manager, — assuming a

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censorial severity, which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices — I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him — “how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself, without a notice, from your theatrical duties?” “I was hissed, Sir.” “And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?” “I don’t know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed,” was the subjoinder of young Confidence — when, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation — in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him — his words were these: “They have hissed *me*.”

’Twas the identical argument *à fortiori*, which the son of Peleus uses to Lycaon trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. “I too am mortal.” And it is to be believed that in both cases the rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients.

“Quite an Opera pit,” he said to me, as he was courteously conducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat, and recess, of his every-day waning grandeur.

Those who knew Elliston, will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but one dish at dinner. “I

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too never eat but one thing at dinner," — was his reply — then after a pause — "reckoning fish as nothing." The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents, which the pleasant and nutritious food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer.

Charles Lamb

Captain Paton



I

TOUCH once more a sober measure, and let punch
and tears be shed
For a prince of good old fellows, that, alack a-day! is
dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket in sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

2

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, were all cut off the
same web.
Of a beautiful snuff-color, or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat slim leg
did go,
And his ruffles of the Cambric fine they were whiter than
the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

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3

His hair was curled in order, at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that about his ears
did run;
And before there was a toupée that some inches up did
grow,
And behind there was a long queue that did o'er his
shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

4

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three-
cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from
his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte, he would make a remark
or so,
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

5

In dirty days he picked well his footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck on the shoes of
Captain Paton;
And on entering the Coffee-room about *two*, all men did
know,
They would see him with his *Courier* in the middle of the
row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Some Friends of Mine

6

Now and then upon a Sunday he invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop which his maid dressed
very fine:

There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain passed nimbly to
and fro.

Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no
mo!

7

Or if a bowl was mentioned, the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West-port, and a stoup of water
bring;

Then would he mix the genuine stuff, as they made it
long ago,

With limes that on his property in Trinidad did grow.

Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
punch no mo!

8

And then all the time he would discourse so sensible and
courteous,

Perhaps talking of the last sermon he had heard from
Dr. Porteous,

Or some little bit of scandal about Mrs. so and so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard the *con* but not
the *pro*.

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

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9

Or when the candles were brought forth, and the night
 was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories about Minden-field or
 Dettingen —
How he fought with a French major, and despatched him at
 a blow,
While his blood ran out like water on the soft grass below.
 Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo !

10

But at last the Captain sickened and grew worse from day
 to day,
And all missed him in the Coffee-room from which now he
 stayed away ;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence of our venerable beau.
 Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

11

And in spite of all that Cleghorn and Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms that death was in his
 view;
So the Captain made his test'ment, and submitted to his
 foe,
And we layed him by the Rams-horn-kirk — 'tis the way
 we all must go.
 Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

31

Some Friends of Mine

12

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch and tears be
shed,
For this prince of good old fellows, that alack a-day ! is
dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket, in sorrow, grief, and woe !
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

J. G. Lockhart

III

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

The Old Squire ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

EXACTLY two-and-sixty years
Have passed since some old stable crony,
Obedient to his childish tears,
Placed him upon a Shetland pony,
And bade him show himself a boy
Moved by hereditary forces,
Fit son of those whose chiefest joy
Was ever horsemanship and horses.

A squire himself and born of squires,
He bears, to Domesday-Book appealing,
A name well honoured in the Shires
For centuries of upright dealing;
His battlemented towers command
A stately pleasaunce, iron-gated,
Where, at a former owner's hand,
Good Queen Elizabeth was feted.

Here are his grandsires on the wall,
Deaf to the summons of November,
And some were short and some were tall,
And one, I think, a county member;

Some Friends of Mine

And one declined on personal grounds
A peerage of Lord North's persuasion,
But one and all they rode to hounds
On every possible occasion.

Each season at the covertsides,
A shade more grey, a trifle thinner,
Sees him, his good bay mare astride,
As keen as any young beginner;
And in a fast thing over grass,
I'll lay long odds that you will find him
With two or three, perhaps, to pass,
But a good many more behind him.

With perfect seat and perfect hands,
He flashes past you, like a vision,
While no surveyor understands
The country-side with more precision;
He knows where every fox will break,
He knows where every brook is shallow,
The line that every run will take,
And every inch of plough and fallow.

When frost his favourite sport prevents
He makes the circuit of the stable,
Then, with contented sentiments,
Betakes him to his study table;
For literature he reads the *Times*,
Jorrocks, of course, and Scott and Lytton,
Whyte-Melville, Lindsay Gordon's rhymes,
And lives of famous men like Mytton.

His politics, I fear, are gone
To pieces, never to be mended;

The Country Gentlemen

He tells you that with Palmerston
The race of English statesmen ended;
Though now and then, in language terse,
He owns, when new ideas are busy,
That matters would be none the worse
For half an hour or so of Dizzy.

He never brought his youthful lore
To swell our over-stocked professions,
But he's a county councillor
And chairman of the Quarter Sessions;
Indeed he does with average brains
Good service to his Queen and nation,
And neither asks for nor obtains
A sixpence of remuneration.

Living beneath the open sky,
With rustic rest and peace around him,
The world has somehow passed him by
And left him almost as it found him;
He does not know what others know,
He shuns advancement like a bogey,
So that young Folly calls him slow
And fancies him a dull old fogey.

Yet, though he never goes to town,
The thoughtful critic, standing sentry
Over old virtues, writes him down
A bulwark of the landed gentry;
He does his feudal duties well,
Just as his fathers did before him,
And, though a stranger in Pall Mall,
His loyal tenantry adore him.

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And when the summons comes at last
His meetings and his meets to cancel,
When, with the Nimrods of the past
He gathers underneath the chancel,
Some will regret, in all the stress
Of theory new and practice newer,
One gallant fox-hunter the less,
One fine old gentleman the fewer.

Alfred Cochrane

Mr. James Gillespie



JAMES, in particular, is described as one of the best and kindest of men; living among his domestics in the most homely and patriarchal manner. Many of the last century characters of Edinburgh were supplied with snuff gratis by the Messrs. Gillespie.

Among others, Laird Robertson and Jean Cameron had their "mulls" regularly filled. He invariably sat at the same table with his servants, indulging in familiar conversation and entering with much spirit into their amusements. Newspapers were not so widely circulated at that period as they are now, and on the return of any of his domestics from the city, which one or other of them daily visited, he listened with great attention to "the news," and enjoyed with much zest the narration of any jocular incident that had occurred.

Of the younger portion of his dependants he took a fatherly charge, instilling into their minds the most wholesome advice, and to all recommending habits of sobriety and industry. "Waste not, want not," was a favourite maxim in his household economy; yet the utmost abundance of every necessary, of the best quality, and at the

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command of all the inmates, was unscrupulously provided. Neither was his generosity confined to objects of his own species. It extended alike to every living creature about his establishment. From his horses to his poultry, all experienced the bounty of his hand; and wherever he went, in the fields, or about his own doors, he had difficulty in escaping from their affectionate gambols and joyous clamour.

The almost companionable fondness reciprocal betwixt the laird and his riding-horse, was altogether amusing. Well fed, and in excellent spirit and condition, it frequently indulged in a little restive curveting with its master, especially when the latter was about to get into the saddle. "Come, come," he would say on such occasions, addressing the animal in his usual quiet way, "hae dune noo, for ye'll no like if I come across your lugs (ears) wi' the stick." This "terror to evil-doers" he sometimes brandished, but was never known to "come across the lugs" of any one.

As a landlord Mr. Gillespie was peculiarly indulgent. On his property were numerous occupiers of small cottages and portions of ground. From these he collected his rents just as they found it convenient to pay, and he scrupled not to accept the most trifling instalment. Andrew, his apprentice in the mill, was frequently despatched in the capacity of collector of arrears. On his return, the old man would inquire — "Weel, laddie, hae ye gotten onything?" Andrew's reply frequently intimated the amazing receipt of *one shilling!* "Weel, weel, it's aye better than naething; but it's weel seen they're the lairds and no me." To legal measures he never resorted.

Even when well advanced in years, Mr. Gillespie continued to maintain the industrious habits he had pursued

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through life. With an old blanket around him, and a nightcap on, covered over with snuff, he attended regularly in the mill, superintending the operations of his man, Andrew. He kept a carriage, for which the Hon. Henry Erskine facetiously suggested as a motto —

Wha wad hae thocht it,
That noses had bocht it.

The carriage, however, the plainest imaginable, contained no other inscription than his arms and the initials "J. G." Until within a year or two of his death, when no longer able to walk any distance, he almost never made use of it — not even on Sabbath, for the church of Colinton is not above five or ten minutes' walk from Spylaw. He, notwithstanding, held Cameronian principles, and regularly attended the annual tent-meetings of that body at Rullion Green.

By his will, executed in 1796, Mr. Gillespie bequeathed his estate, together with £12,000 sterling (exclusive of £2,700, for the purpose of building and endowing a school), "for the special intent and purpose of founding and endowing an Hospital, or charitable institution, within the city of Edinburgh, or suburbs, for the aliment and maintenance of old men and women." In 1801, the Governors, on application to His Majesty, obtained a charter erecting them into a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of "The Governors of James Gillespie's Hospital and Free School."

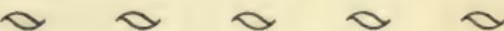
The persons entitled to be admitted into, and maintained in the Hospital, are — "1st, Mr. Gillespie's old servants, of whatever rank they may be. 2nd, Persons of the name of Gillespie, fifty-five years of age and upwards, whatever part of Scotland they may come from. 3rd,

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Persons belonging to Edinburgh and its suburbs, aged fifty-five years and upwards. 4th, Failing applications from persons belonging to Edinburgh, and its suburbs, persons belonging to Leith, Newhaven, and other parts of the county of Mid-Lothian. 5th, Failing applications from all these places, persons fifty-five years of age, coming from all parts of Scotland." It is further provided, "That none shall be admitted who are pensioners, or have an allowance from any other charity. And seeing the intention of Mr. Gillespie, in founding the Hospital, was to relieve the poor, none are to be admitted until they shall produce satisfactory evidence to the Governors of their indigent circumstances; and the Governors are required to admit none but such as are truly objects of this charity; and it is hereby ordained and appointed, that none but decent, godly, and well-behaved men and women (whatever in other respects may be their claims) shall be admitted into the Hospital; and the number of persons to be constantly entertained, shall be so many as the revenue of the Hospital can conveniently maintain, after deducting the charge of management, and of maintaining the fabric, and keeping up the clothing and furniture of the house."

James Paterson

Struan Robertson



A NOTHER Highland chief of the old breed has been gathered to his fathers in the midst of his years. Struan Robertson — or, as he was best known, *Struan*, not *the Struan*, the head of the clan Donachie, and representative of one of the oldest families in the North, who were Counts of Athole before the Murrays, and once owned land from the watershed of the Moor of Rannoch to within

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a mile of Perth, and were always “out” when anybody was, — was laid in his grave on Monday last, carried shoulder-high by his men and the stout shepherds of Rannoch, and lowered into his rest by his brother-officers of the Athole Guard.

A more exquisite place is not in all the Perthshire Highlands, — of which it is the very heart, — a little wooded knoll near Dunalister, within whose lofty pines the shadow of death gently and for ever broods, even at noon, over the few graves of the lords of the clan and their kin; at its foot the wild Rannoch, now asleep, now chafing with the rocks; and beyond, the noble Schiehallion, crowned, as it was on that day, with snow, and raked with its own pathetic, shroud-like mists.

Though he was but occasionally in Edinburgh, Struan was better known than many men who never leave it; and all felt proud of watching the manly, athletic, and agile chief, with his stern and powerful look as of an eagle, —

The terror of his beak, the lightning of his eye, —

and his beard black as an Arab sheik’s, as he strode along Princes Street in his decorous kilt of hodden grey, — for he detested the Cockney fopperies and curt garments of what he called “Sabbath-day Hielandmen,” — as if he were on the heather in his own “Black Wood.” His last act before leaving this country for the South, to die, was to give his thin, trembling hand to lower his Duke and friend into the grave at Blair; and as he came home he said, “I’ll be the next”; and so he was. We may wait long before we see such a pair.

Struan was in the Forty-Second when young. Had he remained in the army he would have made himself

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famous. He had a true military instinct, and was pre-eminently cool and inventive in emergencies. We remember well his sudden appearance at the great fire in Leith Street some six-and-twenty years ago, — as a stripling in Highland ball-dress, — with a company of his men whom he had led from the Castle; how he took, as if by right, the command of every one, and worked like Telamonian Ajax (who we are sure was like him) at the engines; how the boys gloried in him, saying, “There’s young Struan; he works like six!” and so he did. He and his men got the thanks of the Town Council next day. But his life was spent in his own Rannoch and among his own people, taking part not only in all their sports and games and strenuous festivities, the life and soul of them all, but leading them also in better ways, — making roads and building for them schools and bridges.

Like all true sportsmen, he was a naturalist, — studied Nature’s ongoings and all her children with a keen, unerring, and loving eye, from her lichens and moths (for which Rannoch is famous) to her eagles, red deer, and *Salmo ferox*; and his stories, if recorded, would stand well side by side with Mr. St. John’s. One we remember. He and his keeper were on a cloudless day in midwinter walking across the head of Loch Rannoch, which, being shallow, was frozen over. The keeper stopped, and, looking straight up into the clear sky, said to his master, “Do you see that?” Keen as he was, Struan said, “What?” “An eagle”; and there, sure enough, was a mere speck in the far-off “azure depths of air.” Duncan Roy flung a white hare he had shot along the ice, and instantly the speck darkened, and down came the mighty creature with a swoop, and not knowing of the ice, was “made a round flat dish of, with the head in the centre.”

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For one thing Struan was remarkable, even among good shots: he was the most humane sportsman we ever saw; he never shot but he hit, and he never hit but he killed. No temptation made him wound and lose a bird or deer as so many do, — he was literally a dead shot. He used to say that once when a boy he found a poor bird lying in the heather; he took it up, and it died in his hand, — he knew he had shot and lost it some days before. He said that bird's dying eye haunted him for months; and he made a covenant with himself that never again would his hand cause such long misery.

We have said he was in the Forty-Second; and his house, "Ranach Barracks," was the first rendezvous of that renowned corps, then known as the Black Watch.

He was as courtly and mannerly, as gentle and full of chivalrous service, as he was strong, peremptory, and hardy; and any one seeing him with ladies or children or old people would agree with one-half of King Jamie's saying, "A' the 'sons" (men with names ending in *son* like Wilson, Nicholson, etc.) "are carles' sons, but Struan Robertson's a gentleman's." Those who knew and mourn him can never hope to see any one like him again, with his abounding jokes and mirth, and his still more abounding hospitality and heart.

Dr. John Brown

Mr. James Edgar ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MR. EDGAR had been in his youth a captain in the Army, and had seen much of foreign countries. Prior to his appointment as a Commissioner, he held the situation of Collector of Customs at Leith. Before he met the accident by which he was rendered lame, though rather hard-featured, he was decidedly handsome. He

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walked erect, without stiffness, and with considerable rapidity. His enunciation was remarkably distinct, and his phraseology correct. He was an excellent classical scholar; and, in fine, a thorough gentleman of the old school. Although quite a man of the world, he possessed a degree of practical philosophy which enabled him not only to relish the varied enjoyments of life, but to bear its ills with tranquillity. Where regret was unavailing, he frequently made jest of the most serious disasters. One of his limbs was shorter than the other, in consequence of having had his thigh-bone broken at Leith races, by an accident arising from the carelessness of the postillion. “— the fellow!” said the Captain, “he has spoiled one of the handsomest legs in Christendom.”

On his way home, after the occurrence, perceiving he had to pass a friend on the road, he moved himself slightly forward in the carriage, at the same time staring and making strange contortions, as if in the last extremity. “Ah, poor Edgar!” said his friend to every acquaintance he met, “we shall never see him more—he was just expiring as I got a peep into the carriage!”

Mr. Edgar’s house was in Tiviot Row, adjoining the Meadows. He spent a gay life while in town; associating with the best company and frequenting the public places, particularly the concerts in Cecilia’s Hall in the Cowgate. Before dinner he usually took a few rounds at golf in the Links, always playing by himself; and, on fine evenings, he might be seen seated, in full dress, in the most crowded part of the Meadows, then a fashionable promenade.

In the summer months he preferred the retirement of Pendreich Cottage at Lasswade. Here his amusements were singularly characteristic; and all his domestic arrangements were admirably in keeping with his peculiari-

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ties. His invariable practice in the morning, on getting out of bed, was to walk down, encumbered with little save a towel, to bathe in the river; after which he returned to his toilette, and then sat down with a keen appetite to breakfast. Prior to his lameness, Mr. Edgar was a devoted lover of field sports; and with the gun few sportsmen could bag as many birds. As it was, he still kept a few dogs; and, in one of his fields, had a target erected that he might enjoy an occasional shot without the fatigue of pursuing game. He had an eagle, too, which he tamed, and took much pleasure in feeding.

Among other odd contrivances about Pendreich Cottage was a barrel summer-seat, erected in the garden, which moved on a pivot. Here Mr. Edgar used to sit frequently, for hours together, perusing the pages of some favourite author, and calmly enjoying the rural sweets of a summer evening. While thus employed, some of the neighbouring colliers, thinking to make game of the Captain, on one occasion came unperceived behind, and began to whirl him rapidly round and round, in expectation that he would sally forth and hobble after them; but in this they were disappointed; the Captain sat still in perfect good humour till they were completely tired, when they went away, very much chagrined at the Commissioner's philosophical patience.

No inconsiderable portion of the Commissioner's time was devoted to the pleasures of the table; and he always kept an experienced "man-cook," who had been with him while abroad, in order that his viands might be dressed on the most approved principles. There was no scarcity of the good things of life at Pendreich Cottage — the very trees in front of the house occasionally groaned under the weight of accumulated legs of mutton, undergoing a process

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of curing peculiar to the establishment. As his fences were much destroyed by nocturnal depredators in their anxiety to participate in this new production of *Pomona*, the Commissioner caused the following Notice to be put up:— “*All thieves are in future to enter by the gate, which will be left open every night for the purpose.*”

Mr. Edgar . . . died in 1799, much regretted, especially about Lasswade, where his singularities were best known.

James Paterson

IV

GOOD SERVANTS

Rawle ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

RAWLE was hind to the late Sir Thomas Acland of Killerton. Sir Thomas introduced Arab blood among the Exmoor ponies, and greatly improved the breed. About 1810 he appointed Rawle in charge of these ponies. He was a fine man, fully six feet high, and big in proportion. His power of breaking in the ponies was extraordinary. He was quite indifferent to falls, often pony and man rolling over and over each other. The sale of the ponies generally took place at Bampton and at Taunton fairs. The system was this—a herd of the wild little creatures was driven into the fair. Buyers attended from all parts of the country, and when a dealer took a fancy to a pony, he pointed him out to the moor-man in attendance, who went into the herd, seized upon the selected one, and brought him out by sheer strength. This is no easy matter, for the Exmoor pony fights with his fore-feet in desperate fashion. It usually took, and takes, two men to do this, but Rawle did not require assistance, such was his strength. Indeed, so strong was Rawle that he would put a hand under the feet of a maid-servant on each side of him, and raise himself and at the

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same time both of them, till he was upright, and he held each woman on the palm of his hand, one on each side of him, level with his waist.

Sir Thomas Acland was wont, when he had friends with him, to get the man to make this exhibition of his strength before them.

Sir Thomas had a hunting-box at Higher Combe (called in the district Yarcombe); he occupied one portion of the house when there, a farmer occupied the rest. It was a curious scene — a remnant of feudal times — when Sir Thomas came there. His tenants, summoned for the purpose, had accompanied him in a cavalcade from Winsford, or Hornicott. John Rawle could never be persuaded to eat a bite or take a draught when his master was in a house; he planted himself as a sentry upright before the door when Sir Thomas went in to refresh himself anywhere, and nothing could withdraw him from his post.

One day Sir Thomas said to Rawle, “Rawle, I want to send a gelding and a mare in foal to Duke Ludwig of Baden, at Baden-Baden. Can you take them?”

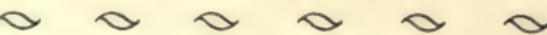
“Certainly, Sir Thomas.”

The man could neither read nor write, and of course knew no other language than the broadest Exmoor dialect — and this was at the beginning of the century, when there were not the facilities for travelling that there are now. He started for Baden-Baden, and took his charges there in safety, and delivered them over to the Grand Duke. He had, however, an added difficulty, in that the mare foaled *en route*, and he had a pass for two ponies only.

S. Baring-Gould

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Tom Sebright



“**I**F,” says the *Druid*, “Tom Sebright was showing one of his hounds, which he thought a little out of the common way, he would indicate his delight by thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pocket and kicking out his little right leg. He would then draw his hand over the hound from the head to the stern, and remark, in his gentle tone, that ‘it couldn’t be more beautiful if it had been spoke-shaved.’”

That Tom was going to understand hounds as Shakespeare understood women was evident from the first; but some years had to pass before he could come to his own pack and settle down to be its father and mother. He began under the great Jack Musters at Annesley, and then he went on to Sir Mark Sykes and Mr. Digby Legard, who were running the North Riding Hounds. It was while he was there that his good fairy intervened; for one day a young gentleman named George Osbaldeston, two years older than Tom, came to the kennels to arrange for some drafts with which to strengthen and vary the Monson pack, which he had just bought, and Mr. Legard remarked, “You may as well take the Whip as well; we’ve tried him three seasons, and he kills all our horses.” Mr. Osbaldeston, who was all fire himself, instantly agreed, and Tom went back to Leicestershire in the employ of one who was later to be Master both of the Quorn and the Pytchley, and was one day to receive a cup from the flower of English hunting men, engraved with the words, “To the best sportsman of any age or country.”

Tom loved his hounds with a love that must have made their Creator smile with satisfaction. Every year’s puppies

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were perhaps “just the most beautiful I ever had.” But his favourite in all his career was perhaps Mr. Osbaldeston’s Tarquin, “most unerring and melodious of finders,” says the *Druid* — Tarquin, the son of Trickster and the Belvoir Topper. (What a life!) Tarquin had a surly temper and never liked Mr. Osbaldeston, but he did wonders in the chase. It was in a fine run from Wragley Woods towards Market Rasen that he suddenly came out, like a shot, from the pack, *and rolled his fox over single-handed*. (These are the *Druid’s* brave words.) Tarquin did great work for six seasons. When he came to die, Tom buried him in the path from the huntsmen’s house at Quorn to the kennels, beneath a slab for which he himself composed the elegiac verse. It was Tom Sebright’s first and last poem:

’Tis here my favourite Tarquin lies,
Turn away, sportsmen, and wipe your eyes;
Not the only favourite in the pack,
But Tarquin never in work was slack.

Another favourite and famous hound bred by Tom Sebright was Furrier (by the Belvoir Saladin), who may have begun in a disappointing way, but suddenly, in a February run, “came with Headless well out of the ruck and, leading the pack by ten yards, neck and neck over Garthorpe Lings, brought that renowned fox, ‘Perpetual Motion,’ to book at last!” Furrier became the parent of some wonderful hounds, one descendant being the famous Dashwood. “They don’t fly like pigeons,” Mr. Osbaldeston used to say: “they fly like angels.”

Tom remained with Mr. Osbaldeston — “The Squire,” as he was called — till 1821, when he left Quorn to become huntsman of the Fitzwilliam Hunt at Milton, and he held the post for forty years. But though it is with the Fitz-

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william that his name is most closely associated, it was "The Squire" who made Tom what he was and set his feet absolutely in the right way. To have been such a man's right hand was training indeed; for "The Squire" excelled at all he attempted, and his excellence was of the vivid, burning character that inspires and lifts. It was he who, in 1831, performed for a wager of a thousand guineas the amazing feat of riding two hundred miles in eight hours fifty-two minutes. He stood in the stirrups all the way.

Tom's language to the field was remarkably courteous and guarded even under deep provocation. He rarely said more than "Odd rabbit it altogether!" or "Rags and garters!" This is a triumph of character in one set, as a whip or huntsman is, between two such sources of irritation as a pack of restless hounds and a pack of impatient gentlemen. Of Mr. Osbaldeston less mastery of the tongue is recorded. In fact, he fulfilled most of the requirements of the conventional M.F.H., save that he also had genius. His temper was out of control as often as not, except on the great occasions of his life, and then he managed to keep it well.

I wish I could give a reproduction of Tom's thick, short figure, and his benevolent, shrewd, and plump face, clean shaved except for a little tuft of hair on each cheek, his two or three chins, and his whip of office in his hand. He lived to be seventy-two, and no man was more respected or loved. He had his little odd ways, and could be testy and sharp, but his heart was gold. Never could a present have been subscribed for with more cordiality and pleasure than the cup containing eight hundred guineas, which was handed to him by the Duke of Manchester in the Huntingdon Town Hall, in 1860: the "pleasantest meet," said Tom, that he ever attended.

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With all their kindness, these are not the least sad occasions in life, these farewell ceremonies at which old huntsmen and cricketers and other fine, open-air characters take leave of activity. It is bad enough when a townsman has to retire and confess that Anno Domini has conquered, but it is worse when a Tom Sebright, whose life has been spent in the saddle and among his hounds, in all the eagerness and excitement of the chase — riding out into the keen morning air, amid the pungent scent of fallen leaves, urging on his pack and glorying in their glory — takes finally to the arm-chair. It is almost unbearable to think that to such a one as this inactivity and illness must come.

Tom died on a sunny afternoon in 1861. Just before the end he began to wander and thought his hounds were in the room. "Don't you see them?" he said to his daughter. "They're all round the bed. There's old Bluecap, and Shiner, and Bonny Lass wagging her stern." A good way to die, so surrounded.

E. V. L.

Robert ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE first time that I saw him, I fancy Robert was pretty old already: he had certainly begun to use his years as a stalking horse. Latterly he was beyond all the im-
pudencies of logic, considering a reference to the parish register worth all the reasons in the world. "*I am old and well-stricken in years,*" he was wont to say; and I never found any one bold enough to answer the argument. Apart from this vantage that he kept over all who were not yet octogenarian, he had some other drawbacks as a gardener. He shrank the very place he cultivated.

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The dignity and reduced gentility of his appearance made the small garden cut a sorry figure. He was full of tales of greater situations in his younger days. He spoke of castle and parks with a humbling familiarity. He told of places where under-gardeners had trembled at his looks, where there were meres and swanneries, labyrinths of walk and wildernesses of sad shrubbery in his control, till you could not help feeling that it was condescension on his part to dress your humbler garden plots. You were thrown at once into an invidious position. You felt that you were profiting by the needs of dignity, and that his poverty and not his will consented to your vulgar rule. Involuntarily you compared yourself with the swineherd that made Alfred watch his cakes, or some bloated citizen who may have given his sons and his condescension to the fallen Dionysius.

Nor were the disagreeables purely fanciful and metaphysical, for the sway that he exercised over your feelings he extended to your garden, and, through the garden, to your diet. He would trim a hedge, throw away a favourite plant, or fill the most favoured and fertile section of the garden with a vegetable that none of us could eat, in supreme contempt of our opinion. If you asked him to send you in one of your own artichokes, "*That I wull, mem,*" he would say, "*with pleasure, for it is mair blessed to give than to receive.*" Ay, and even when, by extra twisting of the screw, we prevailed on him to prefer our commands to his own inclination, and he went away, stately and sad, professing that "*our wull was his pleasure,*" but yet reminding us that he would do it "*with feelin's,*" — even then, I say, the triumphant master felt humbled in his triumph, felt that he ruled on sufferance only, that he was taking a mean advantage of the other's low estate,

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and that the whole scene had been one of those "slights that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

In flowers his taste was old-fashioned and catholic; affecting sunflowers and dahlias, wallflowers and roses, and holding in supreme aversion whatsoever was fantastic, new-fashioned, or wild. There was one exception to this sweeping ban. Foxgloves, though undoubtedly guilty on the last count, he not only spared, but loved; and when the shrubbery was being thinned, he stayed his hand and dexterously manipulated his bill in order to save every stately stem. In boyhood, as he told me once, speaking in that tone that only actors and the old-fashioned common folk can use nowadays, his heart grew "*proud*" within him when he came on a burn-course among the braes of Manor that shone purple with their graceful trophies; and not all his apprenticeship and practice for so many years of precise gardening had banished these boyish recollections from his heart. Indeed, he was a man keenly alive to the beauty of all that was bygone. He abounded in old stories of his boyhood, and kept pious account of all his former pleasures; and when he went (on a holiday) to visit one of the fabled great places of the earth where he had served before, he came back full of pre-Raphaelite reminiscences that showed real passion for the past, such as might have shaken hands with Hazlitt or Jean-Jacques.

But however his sympathy with his old feelings might affect his liking for the foxgloves, the very truth was that he scorned all flowers together. They were but garnishings, childish toys, trifling ornaments for ladies' chimney-shelves. It was towards his cauliflowers and peas and cabbage that his heart grew warm. His preference for the more useful growths was such that cabbages were

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found invading the flower-pots, and an outpost of savoys was once discovered in the centre of the lawn. He would prelect over some thriving plant with wonderful enthusiasm, piling reminiscence on reminiscence of former and perhaps yet finer specimens. Yet even then he did not let the credit leave himself. He had, indeed, raised "*finer o' them*"; but it seemed that no one else had been favoured with a like success. All other gardeners, in fact, were mere foils to his own superior attainments; and he would recount, with perfect soberness of voice and visage, how so and so had wondered, and such another could scarcely give credit to his eyes. Nor was it with his rivals only that he parted praise and blame.

If you remarked how well a plant was looking, he would gravely touch his hat and thank you with solemn unction; all credit in the matter falling to him. If, on the other hand, you called his attention to some back-going vegetable, he would quote Scripture: "*Paul may plant and Apollos may water*"; all blame being left to Providence, on the score of deficient rain or untimely frosts.

There was one thing in the garden that shared his preference with his favourite cabbages and rhubarb, and that other was the beehive. Their sound, their industry, perhaps their sweet product also, had taken hold of his imagination and heart, whether by way of memory or no I cannot say, although perhaps the bees too were linked to him by some recollection of Manor braes and his country childhood. Nevertheless, he was too chary of his personal safety, or (let me rather say) his personal dignity, to mingle in any active office towards them. But he could stand by while one of the contemned rivals did the work for him, and protest that it was quite safe, in spite of his own considerate distance and the cries of the distressed assistant.

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In regard to bees, he was rather a man of word than deed, and some of his most striking sentences had the bees for text. "*They are indeed wonderfu' creatures, mem,*" he said once. "*They just mind me o' what the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon — and I think she said it wi' a sigh, — 'The half of it hath not been told unto me.'*"

As far as the Bible goes, he was deeply read. Like the old Covenanters, of whom he was the worthy representative, his mouth was full of sacred quotations ; it was the book that he had studied most and thought upon most deeply. To many people in his station the Bible, and perhaps Burns, are the only books of any vital literary merit that they read, feeding themselves, for the rest, on the dross of country newspapers, and the very instructive but not very palatable pabulum of some cheap educational series.

This was Robert's position. All day long he had dreamed of the Hebrew stories, and his head had been full of Hebrew poetry and Gospel ethics ; until they had struck deep root into his heart, and the very expressions had become a part of him ; so that he rarely spoke without some antique idiom or Scripture mannerism that gave a raciness to the merest trivialities of talk. But the influence of the Bible did not stop here. There was more in Robert than quaint phrase and ready store of reference. He was imbued with a spirit of peace and love : he interposed between man and wife : he threw himself between the angry, touching his hat the while with all the ceremony of an usher : he protected the birds from everybody but himself, seeing, I suppose, a great difference between official execution and wanton sport. His mistress telling him one day to put some ferns into his master's particular corner, and adding, "Though, indeed, Robert, he doesn't deserve

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them, for he wouldn't help me to gather them." "Eh, mem," replies Robert, "but I woudnae say that, for I think he's just a most deservin' gentleman."

Again, two of our friends, who were on intimate terms, and accustomed to use language to each other somewhat without the bounds of the parliamentary, happened to differ about the position of a seat in the garden. The discussion, as was usual when these two were at it, soon waxed tolerably insulting on both sides. Every one accustomed to such controversies several times a day was quietly enjoying this prize-fight of somewhat abusive wit — every one but Robert, to whom the perfect good faith of the whole quarrel seemed unquestionable, and who, after having waited till his conscience would suffer him to wait no more, and till he expected every moment that the disputants would fall to blows, cut suddenly in with tones of almost tearful entreaty: "*Eh, but, gentlemen, I wad hae nae mair words about it!*"

One thing was noticeable about Robert's religion: it was neither dogmatic nor sectarian. He never expatiated (at least, in my hearing) on the doctrines of his creed, and he never condemned anybody else. I have no doubt that he held all Roman Catholics, Atheists, and Mahometans as considerably out of it; I don't believe he had any sympathy for Prelacy; and the natural feelings of man must have made him a little sore about Free-Churchism; but at least, he never talked about these views, never grew controversially noisy, and never openly aspersed the belief or practice of anybody. Now all this is not generally characteristic of Scotch piety; Scotch sects being churches militant with a vengeance, and Scotch believers perpetual crusaders the one against the other, and missionaries the one to the other. Perhaps Robert's originally tender heart was what made

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the difference; or, perhaps, his solitary and pleasant labour among fruits and flowers had taught him a more sunshiny creed than those whose work is among the tares of fallen humanity; and the soft influences of the garden had entered deep into his spirit,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

But I could go on for ever chronicling his golden sayings or telling of his innocent and living piety. I had meant to tell of his cottage, with the German pipe hung reverently above the fire, and the shell box that he had made for his son, and of which he would say pathetically: "*He was real pleased wi' it at first, but I think he's got a kind o' tired o' it now*" — the son being then a man of about forty. But I will let all these pass, "Tis more significant: he's dead." The earth, that he had digged so much in his life, was dug out by another for himself; and the flowers that he had tended drew their life still from him, but in a new and nearer way. A bird flew about the open grave, as if it too wished to honour the obsequies of one who had so often quoted Scripture in favour of its kind: "Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing, and yet not one of them falleth to the ground."

Yes, he is dead. But the kings did not rise in the place of death to greet him "with taunting proverbs" as they rose to greet the haughty Babylonian; for in his life he was lowly, and a peacemaker and a servant of God.

R. L. Stevenson

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William Hinton



WILLIAM HINTON was Mr. Julius Young's clerk at Boston, in Wiltshire, in the thirties and forties of the last century. During the week he was the schoolmaster, and when he saw the first railway engine he exclaimed, in horror and dismay, "How much longer shall knowledge be allowed to go on increasing?" It would be a good question in an examination to ask what he would have said about Blériot. Hinton was a tall, pompous man, of great simplicity of heart and complexity of language. Once on losing his queen in a game of chess, he begged that he might be permitted to stop, since "chess without the queen is like life without the female." His attitude to females was consistently one of respect and awe and wonder. He held them — at least, those of a station superior to his own — not only sacred, but mystical. He once asked Mr. Young to describe the costume of ladies at an evening party, and on hearing of their low dress exclaimed, "Then methinks, sir, there must be revelations of much which modesty would gladly veil." He once had an opportunity of meeting some ladies in this guise — a mother and two daughters — the encounter happening just after he had first learned, to his horror, that many babies born in high circles are brought up by hand or by foster-mothers. This had set him thinking furiously, and on the occasion named all his natural inquisitiveness, propriety, and chivalry were at war. The Rev. Julius shall tell the rest: "The ladies were dressed, as any other gentlewomen of their station would be, in low gowns. When first he entered the drawing-room, and was formally presented to them, the, to him, unaccustomed display of neck and shoulders quite overcame him. He bridled

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and sidled, and coloured, and turned his head, first on one side and then on the other, profoundly abashed by the consciousness of being in the room with a mother and two daughters, who were exposing more of their charms than he had ever seen before. It was in vain, for some time, that I tried to draw him into general conversation. He was fairly dumbfounded. The primest of Roman Catholic priests could not have maintained the custody of the eyes more rigorously. I strongly suspect he was wresting with his conscience, as to the propriety of countenancing by his presence such bare-shouldered disclosures. After a while, however, consideration for my wife seemed to outweigh his disapproval of a depraved conventionality; he conquered his shyness, and, mentally reverting to what he had learned from me the night before, on the subject of nursing, he screwed his courage to the sticking-place, roused himself from his maidenly squeamishness, and, turning to the mother, thus addressed her: 'Pray, madam, allow me to ask you, as one moving in high circles, a question. Am I to understand that, from you, their legitimate nurse, these young ladies really never enjoyed the privilege of the breast?'

Two of William Hinton's letters are given as specimens of his flowery yet dignified manner. This was to Mrs. Young to thank her for a little present brought from abroad:—

"Januarius Prima, 1840

"CHARUS DOMINA,— That the humble *Sacrista* should be still retained on the tablets of your memory, is an unexpected pleasure. Your gift, as a criterion of your esteem, will be often looked at with delight, and be carefully preserved as a memorial of your friendship, and for which I beg to return my sincere thanks. May the

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meridian sunshine of happiness brighten your days through the voyage of this life, and may your soul be borne on the wings of seraphic angels to the realms of bliss eternal in the world to come, is the sincere wish and fervent prayer of, Charus Domina, your most obedient, most respectful, most obliged servant,

“GULIELMUS HINTONIENSIS
“RUSTICUS SACRISTA”

In the following note he reminded his vicar of a forthcoming marriage:—

“REV. SIR,— I hope it has not escaped your memory that the young couple at Blithwick are hoping to offer incense at the shrine of Venus this morning, at the hour of ten. I anticipate the bridegroom’s anxiety.

“RUSTICUS SACRISTA”

William Hinton also dropped into verse, and “rarely gave notice of a funeral except in doggerel.”

The sacristan’s own death was bravely encountered and borne. Mr. Young went to see him towards the end, and thus records his words:—“Well, reverend and dear sir; here we are, you see, come to the nightcap scene at last! Doubtless you can discern that I am dying. I am not afraid to die. I wish your prayers.’ After some time he repeated the words, ‘I say, I am not afraid to die, and you know why. Because I know in Whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.’

“As I was about to leave him,” his vicar adds, “after ministering to him, he exclaimed, in his characteristic tone and manner, ‘Thanks, reverend sir! Thanks for

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much goodwill! Thanks for much happy intercourse! For nearly seven years we have been friends here. I trust we shall be still better friends hereafter. I shall not see you again on this side of Jordan! I fear not to cross over! Good-bye! My Joshua beckons me! The promised land's in sight.””

E. V. L.

V

TWO CRICKETERS

Alfred Mynn ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

M^{R.} MYNN was without doubt the most popular cricketer of his day. When I played with him towards the end of his career he was always the centre of attraction on every cricket field, and the spectators would crowd about him when he walked round the ground, like flies round a honey-pot. His immense popularity threw even the superior abilities of Pilch and Parr into the shade. He was beloved by all sorts and conditions of men, and he in return seemed to think kindly of every one. He had an affectionate regard for his old fellow-players who had fought shoulder to shoulder with him through his brilliant career, and there are many players who were just becoming known to him in his latter days who could bear witness to the kindness and encouragement he showed to them. As a bowler he was very fast, with a most stately delivery, bowling level with his shoulder. As a batsman he was a fine powerful hitter. He played a driving game, setting himself for this and not cutting much. Against fast bowling he was magnificent, and against slow of an inferior

Two Cricketers

quality he was a great punisher. Against the best slow bowling of the day he did not show to so much advantage. He had not that *variety* of play which enables a batsman to deal with this sort of bowling to the best advantage. His pluck and gameness were something wonderful, and were shown in every department of the game.

He had an iron constitution which nothing seemed to upset. He liked good living, and seemed especially to enjoy his supper. I have often seen him eat a hearty supper of cold pork and retire to bed almost directly afterwards!

A curious custom of his was taking a tankard of light bitter beer to bed with him during the night. "My boy," he once said to me when he saw me taking a cup of tea, "beef and beer are the things to play cricket on!"

William Caffyn

II

ALFRED MYNN came of a race of Kentish giants, and was a giant himself. He weighed in his active prime nineteen stone, and towards the end twenty-four, and was over six feet in his stockings. The portraits of him are like those of a prize man at the Agricultural Hall. In one of them he stands flannelled and bareheaded on a village green, with a church — perhaps his own Goudhurst — behind him, a belt round his equator, a ridiculous little toothpick of a bat on his colossal shoulder, and a quiet smile (as of one who expected half-volleys later in the day, and would know what to do with them when they arrived) on his vast and kindly yeoman's face.

Nominally he was a hop merchant; but the great game was too much for him, and he allowed his hops to fend

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for themselves while he lifted their county to the highest place in cricket. (What are hops after all?) Like Atlas he carried Kent on his shoulders.

For twenty years he was the mainstay of the Gentlemen against the Players; and a great match in the thirties and forties without A. Mynn, Esq., in the score-sheet was less to be thought of than *Hamlet* without the Prince.

He bowled faster than any man in England, except, perhaps, Brown, of Brighton (who once bowled a ball right through a coat which long-stop was holding, and killed a dog on the other side), and he never tired. He "walked a few paces up to the wicket and delivered the ball like a flash of lightning, seemingly without effort." When he went in to bat he hit hard and he hit often, as great simple souls do. He preferred fast bowling to slow, which is another sign of a lack of guile. In 1836 he made 283 runs in four consecutive innings, being twice not out. To-day we think little of this; but in 1836 it was almost miraculous, and I, for one, wish it was still.

Alfred Mynn's most famous single wicket match was with J. Dearman, of Sheffield, on Pilch's ground, at Town Malling, for £100 a side. It was played on August 20, 1838. Frederick Gale was present, and he has left a description in his *Echoes from Old Cricket Fields*. "A great portion of Mr. Mynn's runs," he says, "were got by cover-point hits, though he lifted two balls apparently into some adjoining county. He scored in two innings 123 runs; and, if I mistake not, all Dearman's runs, eleven in number, were cover-point hits. There were only three wides in the four innings. Dearman was a little man, and Alfred Mynn looked a giant beside him. I can see him now in close-fitting jersey bound with red ribbon, a red belt round his waist, and a straw hat, with broad red ribbon.

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Dearman, who had never been beaten, and was heavily backed by the Yorkshiremen, had not the smallest chance with his opponent, and I verily believe that Alfred Mynn, out of sheer kindness of heart, gave him a few off balls in the second innings, as Dearman was 120 to the bad. The little man made some beautiful off-hits before the boundary stump, and was much cheered; but when it got near six o'clock shouts of 'Time's short, Alfred, finish him off,' were heard from the throats of the lusty Kentish yeomen, and I have a vision in my mind of a middle stump flying up in the air, and spinning like a wheel, and perhaps if any one will go and look for it on the Town Malling ground, it will be found spinning still."

Alfred Mynn had countless friends and no enemies. How could he have enemies? He ate gigantic suppers, and once kept Richard Daft awake all night with his snores. When he died his noble body was escorted to the grave, at Thurnham, in Kent, by the Leeds and Hillingbourne Volunteer Corps, of which he was a member.

Let me add a sentence from Denison's *Sketches of the Players* to complete the eulogy: "Gratitude for a kindness displayed towards him is a leading feature in his character."

E. V. L.

III

JACKSON'S pace is very fearful, Willsher's hand is very high;

William Caffyn has good judgment and an admirable eye; Jemmy Grundy's cool and clever, almost always on the spot;

Tinsley's slows are often telling, though they sometimes catch it hot.

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But however good their trundling, pitch or pace, or break
or spin,

Still the monarch of all bowlers, to my mind, was Alfred
Mynn.

Richard Daft is cool and cautious, with his safe and grace-
ful play;

If George Griffith gets a loose one he will send it far away;
You may bowl your best at Hayward, and whatever style
you try

Will be vanquished by the master's steady hand and
certain eye.

But whatever fame and glory these and other bats may
win,

Still the monarch of hard hitters, to my mind, was Alfred
Mynn.

With his tall and stately presence, with his nobly moulded
form,

His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever
warm;

All were proud of him, all loved him. As the changing
seasons pass,

As our champion lies a-sleeping underneath yon Kentish
grass,

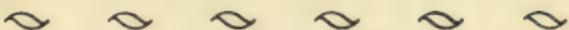
Proudly, sadly, we will name him: to forget him were a
sin;

Lightly lie the turf upon thee, kind and manly Alfred
Mynn!

N. Prowse

Two Cricketers

Mr. Aislabie



“MR. AISLABIE’S wonderful good nature, pleasantry, and untiring zeal caused the eyes of all to be turned upon him in the cricket field.” So says Mr. A. Haygarth, who had a very pretty reverence for this great man — great not only in sportsmanship and bonhomie, but great also physically, for towards the end of his life and his cricket career (which terminated almost at the same time: he was playing until he was sixty-seven and he died when sixty-eight, in 1842,) Mr. Aislabie weighed twenty stone, and had a man not only to run for him when batting, but to field for him too — just as David Harris was provided with an arm-chair into which to subside after delivering the ball. But even although Mr. Aislabie’s part in the game was so vicarious and his stay at the wicket so short, to have left him out of a match in which he was willing to play would have been wantonly to eclipse the sun. For where Aislabie was were high spirits and good fellowship of the best.

He was born in 1774 in London and educated at Seven-oaks and Eton. He then became a wine merchant and West India merchant, and took Lee Place in Kent, its owner and which were known facetiously among his friends as “The Elephant and Castle.” Cricket was his passion, although he was never much good in any department of the game. Nevertheless, as I have said, he played all his life, often in first-class matches, and “his wonderful good nature, pleasantry, and untiring zeal caused the eyes of all to be turned upon him in the cricket field.”

Though later Lord’s was his official cricket home, for he was honorary secretary of the M.C.C. for twenty years, Mr. Aislabie’s happiest and least responsible days in the

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field were with the West Kent cricketers, of whom Mr. Philip Norman some few years ago wrote such a delightful history. That comely and substantial volume might indeed be called the epic of Aislabie, since Aislabie's vast jocose form dominates it, while its pages are continually bubbling with his convivial rhymes. For Mr. Aislabie was not cricketer alone; he was the Club's authorised Bacchus and the Club's self-constituted Laureate. After every match the eleven first drank Aislabie's port (a pint to every man), and then listened to their vintner's irreverent verses on the day's play. He missed nothing. Mr. Aislabie employed that very useful medium for the satirist, the rhymed alphabet, which he managed very cleverly, getting a boundary into every line. The Z—that stumbling-block to most alphabeticians, who usually decline weakly on "Zany"—he managed too, like a man and a wine merchant. Thus:—

Y was Yoicks Lockwood, hark to him, Blue Mottle!
Z—that Z bothers me; push round the bottle!

Like a sensible cricketer and convivial poet Mr. Aislabie did not force his Pegasus to take difficult hedges; he allowed liberty of action, and the rhymes are often faulty and the metre faulty too. But the spirit! Here is a stanza from a song on a match between the Gentlemen of Kent and the M.C.C. in 1833:—

Charley Harenc loves good wine, Charley loves good brandy,
Charley loves a pretty girl, as sweet as sugar-candy.
Charley is as sugar sweet, which quickly melts away, sir,
Charley therefore stops away on a rainy day, sir.
Charley knocks the knuckles of many an awkward clown, sir,
If Charley stops away again, he'll chance to rap his own, sir.

Here the poet was getting home a little, for it seems that Harenc had been down to play at Lord's recently, but

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because it rained at Chiselhurst he was some hours late, whereas it did not rain at Lord's at all. Like a true satirist Mr. Aislabie was always smilingly rubbing in the salt. For example, after R. W. Keate in three successive innings had been bowled for nothing by Alfred Mynn, and had been defeated at single wicket by J. L. Langdon, he wrote the following quatrain, in which “b Mynn o” must be pronounced as a dactyl:—

B Mynn o—b Mynn o—b Mynn o Keate
Tried with his bat jolly Langdon to beat.
In vain, for with Langdon can never compete
B Mynn o—b Mynn o—b Mynn o Keate.

Here is one of Mr. Aislabie's stanzas, wholly in praise, upon the father of the late Mr. Jenner-Fust:—

There is a man at Chiselhurst, of whose whole life the tenor
Is kindness and benevolence. Who's that? Sir Herbert Jenner.
He such a hearty welcome gives, and such a splendid dinner,
That even if I lose the match, I still shall be the winner.

At Eton Aislabie was adored, and for many years it was the custom to give the captain of the eleven the great man's portrait, with the names of the team written on the back. It may be so to-day, but I imagine not. He figures also historically at another school, for Hughes described him in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* as the organiser of the M.C.C. team against Rugby: “in a white hat, leaning on a bat in benevolent enjoyment”—a fine phrase. To have a crack with Aislabie took, one fancies, as many people to the pavilion at Lord's almost as to see the match. That building holds a permanent souvenir of him in the shape of a bust. The first stone of the old tennis court there was laid by his hands.

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Mr. Aislabie died in 1842, and was buried in the parish church of Marylebone, but the tombstone above his wife in Sevenoaks' churchyard bears his name. He might justly be called the Father of club or house-party cricket.

E. V. L.

VI

THE SIMPLE MINDS

Prince Lee Boo ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE *Morse* was commanded by Captain Elliot, with whom Lee Boo made himself very happy. His spirit of enquiry, concerning various objects which he saw, began now to be directed more to their utility than formerly; and he showed no small anxiety to pick up as much knowledge as possible, with regard to such articles as would be useful at Pelew. His method of keeping his journal was singular. He had a string, on which he cast a knot for every remarkable object he wished to imprint on his memory. These knots he examined daily, and, by recollecting the circumstances which occasioned their being cast, he fixed the transactions on his memory. The officers of the *Morse* humorously remarked, when they saw him referring to his hempen tablet, that he was reading his journal.

When the *Morse* approached the British Channel, the number of ships that passed confounded his journal, and he was obliged to discontinue his memorandums. But on landing at Portsmouth, the objects which met his view were so stupendous and grand that he was involved in silent astonishment, and ceased to ask questions.

The captain proceeded to London, impatient to see

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his family, and left Lee Boo under the protection of his brother; who, however, soon after set off in a stage-coach with his charge. Describing his journey, he said he had been put into a little house, which horses ran away with, and that though he went to sleep he did not stop travelling.

On his arrival in London, he was not a little happy to meet with his mentor, his new father, whom he was afraid he had lost. Being shown his chamber, he could not conceive the use of the bed, it being a four-post one and of course different from what he had seen on board. Before he would repose himself, he jumped in and out of it several times, to admire its form, and intimated that here there was a house for everything. It was all fine country, fine streets, fine coach, and house upon house up to the sky; for the huts at Pelew being only one storey, he considered every floor here as a distinct house.

When he saw the young asking charity, he was highly offended, saying they ought to work; but the supplication of the old and infirm met his natural benevolence — “Must give poor old man; old man no able to work.”

About this time he appeared to be about twenty years of age, and of a middle size. His expressive countenance, great sensibility, and good humour, instantly prejudiced every one in his favour. His eyes were so strikingly expressive, that, though he knew very little English, his meaning was easily understood.

Captain Wilson, one day, happening to rebuke his son for some trifling neglect, in the presence of Lee Boo, the generous youth was not happy till he had joined their hands, which he did with the tears of sensibility streaming from his eyes. He preferred riding in a coach to every other conveyance, as it allowed people, he said, an opportunity of talking together.

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He was fond of going to church, because he knew it was a religious duty, the object and final end being the same both at Pelew and in England. He was present at Lunardi's aerial ascension, and remarked, that it was a ridiculous mode of travelling, as it could be done so much easier in a coach. Being shown a miniature of Mr. Keate, to whom he was introduced, he immediately recognised the face; and as a proof that he understood the intention of the mimetic arts, he observed, "that when Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live." The utility of portrait-painting could not be better defined.

The dying discourse of this child of nature so affected Tom Rose, who attended him, that he could not help sobbing most piteously, which Lee Boo observing, asked — "Why should he cry so, because Lee Boo die?"

After his death, it was found he had laid by all the seeds or stones of fruit he had eaten after his arrival, with a view to plant them at Pelew.

Archibald Duncan

Captain Jackson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HE whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man? — his cheerful suppers — the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the cottage* — the anxious ministerings about you, where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered. — Althea's horn in a poor platter — the power of self enchantment, by which, in his mag-

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nificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag — cold savings from the foregone meal — remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will — the revelling imagination of your host — the “mind, the mind, Master Shallow,” — whole beeves were spread before you — hecatombs — no end appeared to the profusion.

It was the widow’s cruse — the loaves and fishes; carving could not lessen nor helping diminish it — the stamina were left — the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

“Let us live while we can,” methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim; “while we have, let us not want;” “here is plenty left;” “want for nothing” — with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-pressed charges. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife’s plate, or the daughters’, he would convey the remanent rind into his own, with a merry quirk of “the nearer the bone,” etc., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember — “British beverage,” he would

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say. "Push about, my boys;" "Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs — "Why, Soldiers, Why" — and the "British Grenadiers" — in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme — the masters he had given them — the "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then — they could not sing "without the instrument."

Sacred, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your makeshift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear, cracked spinet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In *the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have

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been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his "Leonidas." This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of — vanity shall I call it? — in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes — you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say, "Hand me the *silver* sugar-tongs;" and before you could discover that it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of "the urn" for a tea-kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming that everything was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be *contained* at all, but

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overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Charles Lamb

Poet Harding ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HAD my rage for scribbling, by the by, broken out before I quitted Oxford, I do not recollect any rival (the Professor of Poetry always excepted) whom I should have encounter'd in the whole University, but Poet Harding. This man was a half crazy creature, (as Poets, indeed, generally are,) and was well known in most of the Colleges. He ran the Bell-Man hard in composition, but could not come up to him in rank, or in riches; living chiefly upon what he could get from the undergraduates, by engaging to find, instantaneously, a rhyme for any word in the English language; and, when he could not find, he coin'd one: as in the case of *rimney* for chimney — which he call'd a *wild rhyme*. To this *improvisare* talent, he added that of personification; — sometimes he walk'd about with a scythe in his hand as Time; sometimes with an anchor, as Hope. One day, I met him with a huge broken brick, and some bits of thatch upon the crown of his hat; on my asking him for a solution of this *prosopopœia* — “Sir,” said he, “to-day is the anniversary of the celebrated Doctor Goldsmith's death, and I am now in the character of his *Deserted Village*.”

George Colman the Younger

The Wooden-Legged Sailor ~ ~ ~

I HAVE been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at

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one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out

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of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

“In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy’d a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it: — Well, what will you have on’t? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell upon my knees, begged his worship’s pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows

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When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobbs when I could get them.

“I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang; I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India company’s service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the

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government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand; ‘Jack,’ says he to me, ‘will you knock out the French centry’s brains?’ I don’t care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. ‘Then follow me,’ says he, ‘and I hope we shall do business.’ So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden Shoes.

“Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted; and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer,

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who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintainance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

Oliver Goldsmith

Moses Lump ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THREE lives in Hamburg, in the Baecker Breitengang by a gutter, a man named Moses Lump,—

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the folks call him Lumpy, for short, — and he runs around the whole week in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes round, he goes home, and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and all his sorrows, and sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crookeder daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King David, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people who did anything bad to them died at last; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and such like, are all dead, but that Lumpy is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicate, and the man is happy; he hasn't any cause to torment himself with any 'accomplishment'; he sits just as contented in his religion and in his green night-gown as Diogenes in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning, which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the Jewess who ought to snuff them isn't at hand, and if Rothschild the Great should happen to come in, with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head-clerks with whom he overcomes the world, and if he should say, 'Moses Lump, ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee,' — Doctor, I believe that Moses would say, quiet and easy, 'Pick the lamp, then!' and Rothschild the Great would answer in wonder, 'If I wasn't Rothschild, I'd like to be such a Lump as this!'"

Heinrich Heine

VII

TWO BORROWERS

Ralph Bigod ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

REFLECTIONS like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great* race, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

To slacken virtue and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow"!

Two Borrowers

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated: — but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be “stocked with so fair a herd.”

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that “money kept longer than three days stinks.” So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him — as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious, — into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes, — inscrutable cavities of the earth; — or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river’s side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest — but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar’s offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable*

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way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little men*.

Charles Lamb

Mr. Ross of Pitcalnie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MR. ROSS of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross, had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-Five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had rather devoted himself to the dissipation rather than the acquisition of a fortune; and, while Mr. Grant lived as a wealthy writer, he enjoyed little better than the character of a broken laird. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress for want of the sum of forty pounds, which he could not prevail on any of his friends to lend him, all of them being aware of his ex-

Two Borrowers

crable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant, and he instantly proposed to make the attempt. All who heard him scoffed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man; and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr. Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother-in-arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half a dozen flights of steps up Gavinloch's Land, in the Lawnmarket.

The conversation commenced with the regular common-places; and, for a long time, Pitcalnie gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr. Grant could help him in a professional way. "What a pity, Pitcalnie," replied the writer, "you did not apply yesterday! I sent all the loose money I had to the bank just this forenoon. It is for the present quite beyond redemption." "Oh, no matter," said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation as if no request had been preferred. By and by, and after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-Five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand delightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower or lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account he made out that the whole victory, so influential to the Prince's

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affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now Writer to the Signet, Gavinloch's Land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr. Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and farther, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town.

“Bide a wee,” said Mr. Grant, at this stage of the conversation, “till I gang ben the house.”

He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollects having left over for some time in the shuttle of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing.

When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked — “What success?” “Why, there's the money,” said he. “Where are my bets?”

“Incredible!” every one exclaimed. “How, in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did you cast glamour in his een?” Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend, adding, with an expressive wink, “This forty's made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads, I've Falkirk i' my pouch yet — by my faith I wadna gi'e it for auchty.”

James Paterson

VIII

HUMAN DIVINES

Dr. John Brown ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HE often said, with deep feeling, that one thing put him always on his mettle, the knowledge that “yonder in that corner, under the gallery, sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, a man who knew his Greek Testament better than I did.”

This was his brother-in-law, and one of his elders, Mr. Robert Johnston, married to his sister Violet, a merchant and portioner in Biggar, a remarkable man, of whom it is difficult to say to strangers what is true, without being accused of exaggeration. A shopkeeper in that remote little town, he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but mastered more than many practised and University men do in their own lines. Mathematics, astronomy, and especially what may be called *selenology*, or the doctrine of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics; Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigours of prosody and metre; Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way; all these he knew more or less thoroughly, and acquired them in the most leisurely, easy, cool sort of a way, as if he grazed and browsed perpetually in the field of letters, rather than made formal meals, or gathered for any ulterior purpose, his fruits, his roots, and his nuts — he especially liked mental nuts — much less bought them from any one.

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With all this, his knowledge of human, and especially of Biggar human nature, the ins and outs of its little secret ongoing, the entire gossip of the place, was like a woman's; moreover, every personage great or small, heroic or comic, in Homer — whose poems he made it a matter of conscience to read once every four years — Plautus, Suetonius, Plutarch, Tacitus, and Lucian, down through Boccaccio and Don Quixote, which he knew by heart and from the living Spanish, to Joseph Andrews, the *Spectator*, Goldsmith and Swift, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier, Galt and Sir Walter — he was as familiar with as with David Crockat the nailer, or the parish minister, the town-drummer, the mole-catcher, or the poaching weaver, who had the night before leistered a prime kipper at Rachan Mill, by the flare of a tarry wisp, or brought home his surreptitious grey hen or *maukin* from the wilds of Dunsyre or the dreary Lang Whang.

This singular man came to the manse every Friday evening for many years, and he and my father discussed everything and everybody; — beginning with tough, strong head-work — a bout at wrestling, be it Caesar's Bridge, the Epistles of Phalaris, the import of $\mu\acute{e}v$ and $\delta\acute{e}$, the Catholic question, or the great roots of Christian faith; ending with the latest joke in the town or the *West Raw*, the last effusion by Affleck, tailor and poet, the last blunder of \mathcal{A} Esop the apothecary, and the last repartee of the village fool, with the week's Edinburgh and Glasgow news by their respective carriers; the whole little life, sad and humorous — who had been born, and who was dying or dead, married or about to be, for the past eight days.

This amused, and, in the true sense, diverted my father, and gratified his curiosity, which was great, and his love of men as well as for man. He was shy, and unwilling

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to ask what he longed to know, liking better to have it given him without the asking; and no one could do this better than "Uncle Johnston."

You may readily understand what a thorough exercise and diversion of an intellectual and social kind this was, for they were neither of them men to shirk from close gripes, or trifle and flourish with their weapons; they laid on and spared not. And then my uncle had generally some special nut of his own to crack, some thesis to fling down and offer battle on, some "particle" to energize upon; for though quiet and calm, he was thoroughly combative, and enjoyed seeing his friend's blood up, and hearing his emphatic and bright speech, and watching his flashing eye. Then he never spared him; criticised and sometimes quizzed — for he had great humour — his style, as well as debated and weighed his apprehendings and exegeses, shaking them heartily to test their strength. He was so thoroughly independent of all authority, except that of reason and truth, and his own humour; so ready to detect what was weak, extravagant, or unfair; so full of relish for intellectual power and accuracy, and so attached to and proud of my father, and bent on his making the best of himself, that this trial was never relaxed. His firm and close-grained mind was a sort of whetstone on which my father sharpened his wits at this weekly "setting."

The very difference of their mental tempers and complexions drew them together — the one impatient, nervous, earnest, instant, swift, vehement, regardless of exertion, bent on his goal, like a thorough-bred racer, pressing to the mark; the other leisurely to slowness and provokingness, with a constitution which could stand a great deal of ease, unimpassioned, still, clear, untroubled by likings or dislikings, dwelling and working in thought and speculation

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and observation as ends in themselves, and as their own rewards: the one hunting for a principle or a "divine method"; the other sapping or shelling from a distance, and for his pleasure, a position, or gaining a point, or settling a rule, or verifying a problem, or getting axiomatic and proverbial.

In appearance they were as curiously unlike; my uncle short and round to rotundity, homely and florid in feature. I used to think Socrates must have been like him in visage as well as in much of his mind. He was careless in his dress, his hands in his pockets as a rule, and strenuous only in smoking or in sleep; with a large, full skull, a humorous twinkle in his cold, blue eye, a soft, low voice, expressing every kind of thought in the same, sometimes plausibly *douce* tone; a great power of quiet and telling sarcasm, large capacity of listening to and of enjoying other men's talk, however small.

My father — tall, slim, agile, quick in his movements, graceful, neat to nicety in his dress, with much in his air of what is called style, with a face almost too beautiful for a man's, had not his eyes commanded it and all who looked at it, and his close, firm mouth been ready to say what the fiery spirit might bid; his eyes, when at rest, expressing — more than almost any other I ever saw — sorrow and tender love, a desire to give and to get sympathy, and a sort of gentle, deep sadness, as if that was their permanent state, and gladness their momentary act; but when awakened, full of fire, peremptory, and not to be trifled with; and his smile, and flash of gaiety and fun, something no one could forget; his hair in early life a dead black; his eyebrows of exquisite curve, narrow and intense; his voice deep when unmoved and calm; keen and sharp to piercing fierceness when vehement and roused — in the pulpit, at

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times a shout, at times a pathetic wail; his utterance hesitating, emphatic, explosive, powerful, — each sentence shot straight and home; his hesitation arising from his crowd of impatient ideas, and his resolute will that they should come in their order, and some of them not come at all, only the best, and his settled determination that each thought should be dressed in the very and only word which he stammered on till it came, — it was generally worth his pains and ours.

Uncle Johnston, again, flowed on like Cæsar's *Arar incredibili lenitate*, or like linseed out of a poke. You can easily fancy the spiritual and bodily contrast of these men, and can fancy, too, the kind of engagements they would have with their own proper weapons on these Friday evenings, in the old manse dining-room, my father showing uncle out into the darkness of the back-road, and uncle, doubtless, lighting his black and ruminative pipe.

He had no turn for gardening or for fishing, or any field sports or games; his sensitive nature recoiled from the idea of pain, and above all, needless pain. He used to say the lower creation had groans enough, and needed no more burdens; indeed, he was fierce to some measure of unfairness against such of his brethren — Dr. Wardlaw, for instance¹ as resembled the apostles in fishing for other things besides men.

But the exercise and the excitement he most of all others delighted in, was riding; and had he been a country gentleman and not a clergyman, I don't think he could have resisted fox-hunting. With the exception of that great genius in more than horsemanship, Andrew Ducrow, I never saw a man sit a horse as he did. He seemed in-

¹ After a tight discussion between these two attached friends, Dr. Wardlaw said, "Well, I can't answer you, but fish I must and shall."

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spired, gay, erect, full of the joy of life, fearless and secure. I have heard a farmer friend say if he had not been a preacher of the gospel he would have been a cavalry officer, and would have fought as he preached.

He was known all over the Upper Ward and down Tweeddale for his riding. "There goes the minister," as he rode past at a swift canter. He had generally well-bred horses, or as I would now call them, ponies; if he had not, his sufferings from a dull, hardmouthed, heavy hearted and footed plebeian horse were almost comic. On his grey mare, or his little blood bay horse, to see him setting off and indulging it and himself in some alarming gambols, and in the midst of his difficulties, partly of his own making, taking off his hat or kissing his hand to a lady, made one think of "young Harry with his beaver up." He used to tell with much relish, how, one fine summer Sabbath evening, after preaching in the open air for a collection, in some village near, and having put the money, chiefly halfpence, into his handkerchief, and that into his hat, he was taking a smart gallop home across the moor, happy and relieved, when three ladies — I think, the Miss Bertrams of Kersewell — came suddenly upon him; off went the hat, down bent the head, and over him streamed the cherished collection, the ladies busy among the wild grass and heather picking it up, and he full of droll confusion and laughter. . . .

My father said, "John, if you are going, I would like to ride out with you;" he wished to see his dying friend. "You ride!" said Mr. Stone, who has a very Yorkshireman in the matter of horses. "Let him try," said I. The upshot was, that Mr. Stone sent the chestnut for me, and a sedate pony — called, if I forget not, Goliath — for his minister, with all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thoroughbred, and on Goliath.

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My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got teased with the short, pattering steps of Goliath, and looked wistfully up at me, and longingly to the tall chestnut, stepping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding beside Sancho. I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he said in a mild sort of way, "John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?" "No, father, certainly not. Mr. Stone, I daresay, wished me to do so, but I didn't." "Well, then, I think we'll change; this beast shakes me." So we changed. I remember how noble he looked; how at home: his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. It was first *evasit*, he was off, Goliath and I jogging on behind; then *erupit*, and in a twinkling — *evanuit*. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stonebreaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. "Has he white hair?" "Yes." "And een like a gled's?" "Yes." "Weel, then, he's fleein' up the road like the wund; he'll be at Little Vantage" (about nine miles off) "in nae time if he haud on." I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate, neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in; he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer; his words as I entered were, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" and he was not the less instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride.

Dr. John Brown

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The Rev. John Berridge



A VERY eccentric but an earnest and powerful preacher, if we may judge from the effects which his sermons produced, was the Rev. John Berridge, Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, Vicar of Everton, Bedfordshire, and chaplain to the Earl of Buchan (1716-1793). He was the son of a wealthy farmer and grazier of Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, and had an amazing career. His biographer well says that he did not move in a regular orbit, but, "like a planet, steered his course with great irregularity"; but he had splendid piety, and his labours were incessant to promote the glory of God, the interests of Christ's kingdom, and the welfare of immortal souls. Although he was Vicar of Everton, he conceived that his parish was the world, and, in spite of episcopal admonitions, he wandered about preaching wherever he listed.

He was very learned in classical lore, philosophy, logic, metaphysics, and during a long period before his itinerant preaching began used to read fifteen hours a day. His humour was evident in his sermons, and he could move a multitude to hearty laughter, as he did to tears and groans. The scenes of his itinerant preaching were in the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, and Huntingdon. Some idea of his labours may be formed from the record that he used to preach ten or twelve sermons a week and ride a hundred miles, and this he continued for more than twenty years. He did not escape persecution. Some of his followers were roughly handled. Gentry and magistrates tried to silence his preaching. But "the old Devil," as they called him, quietly went on his way. He scorned episcopal injunctions, and frequently preached at Whitfield's Tabernacle in London, and at the Tottenham Court

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Chapel, and it is not surprising that the neighbouring clergy were rather offended, because Berridge drew away all their congregations. They complained to the bishop, and one of his own people tried to deprive him of his living. He was summoned before the bishop.

“Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish,” said the bishop; “did I institute you to the livings of A——, or E——, or P——?” naming certain parishes where Berridge had preached. “No, my lord,” said Berridge, “neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me.” “Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do.” “It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their parishes, upon E—— bowling-green.” “Pooh!” said his lordship. “I tell you you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon Gaol.” “As to that, my lord, I have no greater liking to Huntingdon Gaol than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience than live at my liberty without one.” The bishop then tried persuasion, but it was no use; and when the bishop appealed to Canon Law, Berridge replied that there was one canon which said “Go, preach the gospel to every creature.”

But he was not destined to be disturbed and driven from his parish. He was at college with Pitt (Lord Chatham), and another old friend wrote to Pitt, asking him to use his influence on behalf of Berridge. Pitt wrote to the nobleman to whom the bishop was indebted for his

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promotion. This nobleman wrote to the bishop: "My lord, I am informed you have a very honest fellow, one Berridge, in your diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious person, who has accused him to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You will oblige me, my lord, if you will take no notice of that person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living."

So the bishop was obliged to bow compliance, and when the disappointed litigious person returned home he was met by his friends with the inquiry, "Have you got the old devil out?" and he replied, "No, nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out."

His advice to a young country clergyman would not be agreeable to the strictest sect of teetotalers. He said, "Keep a barrel of ale in your house; and when a man comes to you with a message, or on other business, give him some refreshment, that his ears may be more open to your religious instructions." Mr. Whittingham, his curate and editor of his works, tells many stories about him which reveal his quaint humour. He came to see Berridge, hoping to be accepted as his curate. The parson regarded the young man earnestly, and observing his light-coloured waistcoat and stockings, smiling, said, "If you come to be my curate, you must draw that waistcoat and those stockings up the chimney." His advice as regards preaching was remarkable: "Lift up your voice and frighten the jack-daws out of the steeple; for if you do not cry aloud while you are young, you will not do it when you are old."

Berridge never married. He once thought of matrimony, but after praying he determined to seek a decision from his Bible, opening it at random, and fixing his eye on the first verse that presented itself. The verse from Jeremiah xvi. 2 first caught his eye: "Thou shalt not

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take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons nor daughters." The question was settled.

A lady from London once drove to his vicarage at Everton, announcing that the Lord had revealed it to her that she was to become his wife. This was a little startling, but Berridge was quite equal to the occasion; he replied: "Madam, if the Lord has revealed it to you that you are to be my wife, surely He would also have revealed it to me that I was destined to be your husband; but as no such revelation has been made to me, I cannot comply with your wishes."

The following epitaph, written by himself, excepting, of course, the date of his death, is inscribed on his tomb at Everton. It is curious, and sets forth his theological views, and is a pronouncement of his faith and hope:

Here lie
The earthly remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE,
Late Vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ,
who loved his Master, and his work,
And, after running on His errands many years,
was called up to wait on Him above.

Reader
Art thou born again?
No Salvation without a New Birth!
I was born in sin, February, 1716,
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730,
Lived proudly on Faith and Works for Salvation
till 1754,

Admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755,
Fled to JESUS alone for Refuge, 1756.
Fell asleep in Christ, January 22, 1793.

P. H. Ditchfield

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The Rev. Mr. M—— ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HE was highly incensed at a long engagement being broken off between some young people in his parish, so next Sunday he preached on "Let love be without dissimulation"; and the sermon, which on this occasion was extempore, was reported by those who heard it to consist of little more than this—"You see, my dearly beloved brethren, what the Apostle says—Let love be without dissimulation. Now I'll tell y' what I think dissimulation is. When a young man goes out a-walking with a girl,—as nice a lass as ever you saw, with an uncommon fresh pair o' cheeks and pretty black eyes too, and not a word against her character, very respectably brought up,—when, I say, my dearly beloved brethren, a young chap goes out walking with such a young woman, after church of a summer evening, seen of every one, and offers her his arm, and they look friendly like at each other, and at times he buys her a present at the fair, a ribbon, or a bit of jewellery—I cannot say I have heard, and I don't say that I have seen,—when, I say, dearly beloved brethren, a young chap like this goes on for more than a year, and lets everybody fancy they are going to be married,—I don't mean to say that at times a young chap may see a nice lass and admire her, and talk to her a bit, and then go away and forget her—there's no dissimulation in that; but when it goes on a long time, and he makes her to think he's very sweet upon her, and that he can't live without her, and he gives her ribbons and jewellery that I can't particularise, because I haven't seen them—when a young chap, dearly beloved brethren——" and so on, and so on, becoming more and more involved. The parties preached about were in the church,

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and the young man was just under the pulpit, with the eyes of the whole congregation turned on him. The sermon had its effect — he reverted to his love, and, without any dissimulation, we trust, married her.

The Christmas and the Easter decorations in this old fellow's church were very wonderful. There was a Christmas text, and that did service also for Easter. The decorating of the church was intrusted to the schoolmaster, a lame man, and his wife, and consisted in a holly or laurel crutch set up on one side of the chancel, and a "jaws of death" on the other. This appalling symbol was constructed like a set of teeth in a dentist's shop-window — the fangs were made of snipped or indented white drawing-paper, and the gums of over-lapping laurel leaves stitched down one on the other.

A very good story was told of this old parson, which is, I believe, quite true. He was invited to spend a couple of days with a great squire some miles off. He went, stayed his allotted time, and disappeared. Two days later the lady of the house, happening to go into the servants' hall in the evening, found, to her amazement, her late guest — there. After he had finished his visit up-stairs, at the invitation of the butler he spent the same time below. "Like Persephone, madam," he said, — "half my time above, half in the nether world."

In the matter of personal neatness he left much to be desired. His walled garden was famous for its jargonelle pears. Lady X —, one day coming over, said to him, "Will you come back in my carriage with me, and dine at the Park? You can stay the night, and be driven home to-morrow."

"Thank you, my lady, delighted. I will bring with me some jargonelles. I'll go and fetch them."

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Presently he returned with a little open basket and some fine pears in it. Lady X—— looked at him, with a troubled expression in her sweet face. The rector was hardly in dining suit; moreover, there was apparent no equipment for the night.

“Dear Mr. M——, will you not *really* want something further? You will dine with us, *and sleep the night.*”

A vacant expression stole over his countenance, as he retired into himself in thought. Presently a flash of intelligence returned, and he said with briskness, “Ah! to be sure; I’ll go and fetch two or three more jargonelles.”

A kind, good-hearted man the scholar-parson was, always ready to put his hand into his pocket at a tale of distress, but quite incapable of understanding that his parishioners might have spiritual as well as material requirements. I remember a case of a very similar man — a fellow of his College, and professor at Cambridge — to whom a young student ventured to open some difficulties and doubts that tortured him. “Difficulties! doubts!” echoed the old gentleman. “Take a couple of glasses of port. If that don’t dispel them, take two more, and continue the dose till you have found ease of mind.”

S. Baring-Gould

The Rev. Philip Skelton



THE strict attention that Mr. Skelton paid to the duties of his profession prevented his being engaged in the softer concerns of human life. I question if he was ever deeply in love, though it is certain that he made some advances in the passion. He seems indeed to have been proof against the fascinating charms of the fair, whose gentle weapons have conquered the greatest heroes and

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philosophers, and made them submit to their yoke. Monaghan was the scene of his attempts in love, and possibly a short account of these may not be unentertaining to my readers.

He was once courting a young lady, and when they were just on the point of being married, she said to him one day, "My dear, as you are but a poor Curate, how will you provide for our children?" — "Why, my love," he answered, "suppose we have three sons, I'll make one of them a weaver, another a tailor, and the third a shoemaker; very honest trades, my jewel, and thus they may earn their bread by their industry." — "Oh!" she replied, "never will I bring forth children for such mean occupations." — "Well then," said he, "I have no other expectations, and of consequence you and I will not be joined together, for between your pride and his poverty poor Phil Skelton will never be racked." Thus the match was broken off.

Soon after this one S—— S——, a fine fellow with a gold-laced waistcoat, paid his addresses to the young lady, who was so much captivated by his appearance, and especially with the waistcoat, that she instantly married him without once enquiring how he would provide for her children. However, they lived very unhappily; he starved her, and she in turn was guilty both of drunkenness and adultery. Skelton often thanked God he did not marry her, observing that he had a fortunate escape, for she would surely have broken his heart. If she had married him, he said, she would have got rough plenty; but she preferred the man with the gold-laced waistcoat, and was thus deceived by outward show.

He paid his addresses once, he told me, to a young lady, who in her conversation with him began to talk boastingly

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of her great family, saying what grand relations she had, and the like. "Upon this," he remarked to me, "I found she would not answer for a wife to me; because she would despise me on account of my family, as my father was only a plain countryman, and therefore I thought it best to discontinue my addresses for the future."

Again, he was courting another young lady, and was just going to be married to her; when happening to find a gay airy young fellow in a private room with her, he, in his rage, took the beau with one of his hands and held him up before her, as you would a puppet, then carrying him to the stair let him drop. When he had thus punished the gentleman, he broke off from the lady in a passion, and would never visit her again in the character of a lover. His brother Thomas strove to dissuade him from this resolution, telling him he ought to think more of the young lady for having so many admirers. But his advice did not avail, as he observed, if she were fond of him, she would have no familiar intercourse with another.

He seemed, indeed, once to have had an ardent passion for a Miss Richardson, for in his eagerness to see her, he rode across the lake of Coothill, in the great frosts, without perceiving he was riding on ice. However, we may suppose his fondness soon began to cool. His situation of curate, I should think, made him cautious of plunging too deep into love. He knew that marriage must have confined him still more in his charities, which were always nearest to his heart; unless he could get a good fortune by it, a boon seldom conferred on one of his station. He therefore strove to keep down his passions by abstinence, and lived for two years at Monaghan entirely on vegetables. I was told indeed that he would once have been married to a young lady had he not been dis-

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appointed of a living that was promised to him. He had, however, pure and refined notions of love; nor did he, like some others, affect to ridicule that gentle passion. He thought it cruel of a parent obstinately to thwart the affections of a child; unless there was a glaring impropriety in the choice. "Poor things" (he used to say of two lovers), "since they love one another, they should let them come together, it is a pity to keep them asunder." . . .

In compliance with his desire I waited on him at his lodgings, and found him in his bed-chamber, where he always sat unless when he had company he could not make free with. He was a remarkably tall large man; his eyebrows were quite gray; his shoulders somewhat bent by age; and his bones nearly twice the size of an ordinary man. He wore a brown wig, a blue coat with black cuffs, the breast of which was covered over with snuff, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, yarn stockings made of black wool, and small silver buckles in his shoes. His countenance showed he had been handsome in his youth, and visibly displayed in it that genuine philanthropy which he possessed in such an eminent degree. He received me with kindness free from ostentation; but began soon to rally me for having bright steel buttons on my coat, which he thought too gay for one of a bachelor's standing in the University. "You're finely dressed," he observed, "with your fine bright buttons; I thought you were a man of sense and a scholar, but I have been deceived, I find: I believe you are but an indifferent sort of a body; I always judge a man by his buttons." However, in a few minutes he became more civil, and after conversing on different subjects we parted on good terms. I renewed my visits, to which I was enticed by his agree-

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able and instructive conversation; but took care never to shew him the bright buttons again. His manner of living then was simple and regular. He rose at nine o'clock in the morning, and took a breakfast of herb-tea, having not drunk foreign tea for thirty years before. Then he passed about an hour at prayer. After prayer he read two chapters in the Old Testament, two in the New, and four Psalms, which latter, as he told us, conduced to enliven his piety. Then he generally amused himself with entertaining books until dinner, and after spending an hour at it, read until nine o'clock at night, when he took a supper of bread and whey, and then summoned the people he lived with to family-prayer; after which he employed himself at his books until eleven, and went to bed. His bed-chamber was like a stove, he kept it so close and burnt in it, except in the heat of summer, night and day such huge fires.

Though Mr. Skelton was usually employed in the serious business of his profession, he could now and then relax from such severity, and partake of innocent amusements and exercise. There were few, it appears, equal to him in the manly exercises; for in size, strength, and activity, he was superior to most men. He told me he has lifted up some huge weights, which no ordinary person could move. In the walks of the plantation at Monaghan, he threw the sledge and stone, played long bullets on the public roads, and performed many other manly exercises. He could wind a fifty-pound stone round his head without any difficulty, which shews the amazing strength of his arms. He found it requisite indeed, even then, to make use of his hands to chastise the insolent.

One Sunday, after church, riding along with a lady to a gentleman's seat some distance from Monaghan, he

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came up to a parcel of tinkers on the road, whom he heard uttering horrid oaths, for which he rebuked one of them in particular in these words, "Sirrah, it would be more fit you had been at divine service than be thus profaning the Lord's day." The fellow gave him a saucy answer, and continued cursing as before. He then threatened to correct him if he would not desist, which made him more profane and abusive. Skelton could bear no longer, but leaped off his horse and struck him; the rest took his part, but he soon beat him and the whole troop of tinkers. He thus made them sensible of their crime by the only argument by which a tinker could feel the force. Then mounting his horse, he rode hastily off with the lady to the gentleman's house to which he was going, that he might be there before they should hear of it. But with all his speed the news travelled there before him, and on entering, they complimented him on his boxing and beating the tinkers.

He exerted his courage again on a similar occasion. A young officer, proud of his red coat, which he had just put on, came into the hall of an inn (while he, being then on a journey, happened to be in the parlour,) and to shew his cleverness, began reproving the waiter, and uttered a volley of horrid oaths. The waiter retaliated, and thus they were going on, when Skelton, coming out of the parlour, told the officer that he was a clergyman, and that it was very offensive to him to hear such horrid swearing and begged he would desist. The officer then said to him, "You scoundrel Curate, what is it to you?" Skelton gravely replied, "Young man, this is not proper language to one of my profession, merely for giving you good advice."

"—— you puppy you" (for he thought Skelton was

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afraid), "you deserve to be kicked for your impertinence;" and then he uttered some blasphemous oaths. "Well, Sir," said Skelton, "since fair means will avail nothing, I will try what foul can do." Upon this he fell to him with his fists, and cuffed him through the hall of the inn, and soon cooled the Captain's courage, and made him quiet and submissive. Thus he chastised the military man for his profaneness, exerting his valour in the service of God and religion.

Robert Lynam

The Rev. R. S. Hawker



THE generosity of the vicar to the poor knew no bounds. It was not always discreet, but his compassionate heart could not listen to a tale of suffering unaffected; nay, more, the very idea that others were in want impelled him to seek them out at all times, to relieve their need.

On cold winter nights, if he felt the frost to be very keen, the idea would enter his head that such and such persons had not above one blanket on their beds, or that they had gone, without anything to warm their vitals, to the chill damp attics where they slept. Then he would stamp about the house, collecting warm clothing and blankets, bottles of wine, and any food he could find in the larder, and laden with them, attended by a servant, go forth on his rambles, and knock up the cottagers, that he might put extra blankets on their beds, or cheer them with port wine and cold pie. The following graphic description of one of these night missions is given in the words of an old workman named Vinson.

"It was a very cold night in the winter of 1874-75, about half-past nine; he called me into the house, and said:

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‘The poor folk up at Shop will all perish this very night of cold. John Ode is ill, and cannot go: can you get there alive?’

“‘If you please, sir, I will, if you’ll allow me,’ I said.

“‘Take them these four bottles of brandy,’ he says; and he brought up four bottles with never so much as the corks drawed. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘what will you have yourself?’ And I says, ‘Gin, if you please, sir,’ I says. And he poured me out gin and water; and then he gi’ed me a lemonade bottle of gin for me to put in my side-pocket. ‘That’ll keep you alive,’ he says, ‘before you come back.’ So he fulled me up before I started, and sent me off to Shop, to four old people’s houses, with a bottle of brandy for each. And then he says: ‘There’s two shillings for yourself; and you keep pulling at that bottle and you’ll keep yourself alive afore you come back.’ So I went there, and delivered the bottles; and I’d had enough before I started to bring me home again, so I didn’t uncork my bottle of gin.

“And it isn’t once, it’s scores o’ times, he’s looked out o’ window, after I’ve going home at night, and shouted to me: ‘Here, stay! come back, Vinson,’ and he’s gone into the larder, and cut off great pieces of meat, and sent me with them, and p’raps brandy or wine, to some poor soul; and he always gi’ed me a shilling, either then or next day, for myself, besides meat and drink.”

“They are crushed down, my poor people,” he would say with energy, stamping about his room — “ground down with poverty, with a wretched wage, the hateful truck system, till they are degraded in mind and body.” It was a common saying of his, “If I eat and drink, and see my poor hunger and thirst, I am not a minister of

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Christ, but a lion that lurketh in his den to ravish the poor."

The monetary value of the living was £365. He wrote up over the porch of his vicarage —

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray:
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore!

Mr. Robert Stephen Hawker was a man of the most unbounded hospitality. Every one who visited Morwenstow met with a warm welcome: everything his larder and dairy contained was produced in the most lavish profusion. The best that his house could afford was freely given. On one occasion, when about to be visited by a nephew and his wife, he sent all the way to Tavistock, about thirty miles, for a leg and shoulder of Dartmoor mutton. If he saw friends coming along the loop-drive which descended to his vicarage, he would run to the door, with a sunny smile of greeting, and both hands extended in welcome, and draw them in to break his bread and partake of his salt. Sometimes his larder was empty, he had fed so many visitors; and he would say sorrowfully: "There is nothing but ham and eggs: I give thee all, I can no more." And visitors were most numerous in summer. In one of his letters he speaks of having entertained one hundred and fifty in a summer. His drawing-room on a summer afternoon was often so crowded with visitors from Bude, Clovelly, Bideford, Stratton and elsewhere, come to tea, that it was difficult to move in it. "Look here, my dear," he would say to a young wife, "I will tell you how to make tea. Fill the pot with leaves to the top, and pour the water into the cracks." His tea was always

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the best Lapsing Souchong from Twining's. He was a wretched carver. He talked and laughed, and hacked the meat at the same time, cutting here, there and anywhere, in search of the tenderest pieces for his guests. "One day that we went over to call on him unexpectedly," says a friend, "he made us stay for lunch. He was in the greatest excitement and delight at our visit, and in the flurry decanted a bottle of brandy and filled our wine-glasses with it, mistaking it for sherry. The joint was a fore-quarter of lamb. It puzzled him extremely. At last, losing all patience, he grasped the leg-bone with one hand, the shoulder with the fork driven up to the hilt through it, and tore it by main force asunder."

Another friend describes a "high tea" at his house. A whole covey of partridges was brought on table. He drove his fork into the breast of each, then severed the legs by cutting through the back, and so helped each person to the whole breast and wings. The birds had not been cooked by an experienced hand, and properly trussed. The whole covey lay on their backs with their legs in the air, presenting the drollest appearance when the cover — large enough for a sirloin of beef — was removed from the dish.

Mr. Hawker, as has been already intimated, was rather peculiar in his dress. At first, soon after his induction to Morwenstow, he wore his cassock; but in time abandoned this inconvenient garb, in which he found it impossible to scramble about his cliffs. He then adopted a claret-coloured coat, with long tails. He had the greatest aversion to anything black: the only black things he would wear were his boots. These claret-coloured coats would button over the breast, but were generally worn open, displaying beneath a knitted blue fisherman's jersey.

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At his side just where the Lord's side was pierced, a little red cross was woven into the jersey. He wore fishing-boots reaching above his knee.

The claret-coloured cassock coats, when worn out, were given to his servant-maids, who wore them as morning dresses when going about their dirty work.

“See there! the parson is washing potatoes!” or “See there! the parson is feeding the pigs!” would be exclaimed by villagers, as they saw his servant-girls engaged on their work, in their master's coats.

At first he went about in a college cap; but this speedily made way for a pink or plum-coloured beaver hat without a brim, the colour of which rapidly faded to a tint of pink, the blue having disappeared. When he put on coat, jersey, or hat he wore it till it was worn out: he had no best suit.

Once he had to go to Hartland, to the funeral of a relative. On the way he had an accident — his carriage upset, and he was thrown out. When he arrived at Hartland, his relations condoled with him on his upset. “Do, Hawker, let me find you a new hat: in your fall you have knocked the brim off yours,” said one.

“My dear — ,” he answered, “priests of the Holy Eastern Church wear no brims to their hats; and I wear none, to testify the connection of the Cornish Church with the East, before ever Augustine set foot in Kent.” And he attended the funeral in his brimless hat.

He wore one of these peculiar hats, bleached almost white, at the funeral of his first wife, in 1863, and could hardly be persuaded to allow the narrowest possible band of black crape to be pinned round it.

The pink hats were, however, abandoned, partly because they would not keep their colour; and a priest's

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wide-awake, claret-coloured like the coat, was adopted in its place.

“My coat,” said he, when asked by a lady why he wore one of such a cut and colour, “my coat is that of an Armenian archimandrite.” But this he said only from his love of hoaxing persons who asked him impertinent questions.

When Mr. Hawker went up to London to be married the second time, he lost his hat, which was carried away by the wind, as he looked out of the window of the train, to become, perhaps, an inmate of a provincial museum as a curiosity. He arrived hatless in town after dark. He tied a large crimson silk handkerchief over his head, and thus attired paced up and down the street for two hours before his lodging, in great excitement at the thought of the change in his prospects which would dawn with the morrow. I must leave to the imagination of the reader the perplexity of the policeman at the corner over the extraordinary figure in claret-coloured clerical coat, wading-boots up to his hips, blue knitted jersey, and red handkerchief bound round his head. His gloves were crimson. He wore these in church as well as elsewhere.

In the dark chancel, lighted only dimly through the stained east window, hidden behind a close-grated screen, the vicar was invisible when performing the service, till having shouted “Thomas!” in a voice of thunder, two blood-red hands were thrust through the screen with offertory bags, in which alms were to be collected by the churchwarden who answered the familiar call. Or, the first appearance of the vicar took place after the Nicene Creed, when a crimson hand was seen gliding up the banister of the pulpit, to be followed by his body, painfully worming its way through an aperture in the screen, meas-

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uring sixteen inches only; “the camel getting at length through the eye of the needle,” as Mr. Hawker called the proceeding.

In church he wore a little black cap over his white hair, rendered necessary by the cold and damp of the decaying old church.

At his side he carried a bunch of seals and medals. One of his seals bore the fish surrounded by a serpent biting its tail, and the legend *ιχθυς*. Another bore the pentacle, with the name of Jehovah in Hebrew characters in the centre. This was Solomon’s seal. “With this seal,” he said, “I can command the devils.”

His command of the devil was not always successful. He built a barn on the most exposed and elevated point of the glebe; and when a neighbour expostulated with him, and assured him that the wind would speedily wreck it, “No,” he answered: “I have placed the sign of the cross on it, and so the devil cannot touch it.”

A few weeks after, a gale from the south-west tore the roof off.

“The devil,” was his explanation, “was so enraged at seeing the sign of the cross on my barn, that he rent it and wrecked it.”

A man whom he had saved from a wreck, in gratitude sent him afterwards, from the diggings in California, a nugget of gold he had found. This Mr. Hawker had struck into a medal or seal, and wore always at his side with the bunch. Attached to the buttonhole of his coat was invariably a pencil suspended by a piece of string.

He was a well-built man, tall, broad, with a face full of manly beauty, a nobly cut profile, dark, full eyes, and long, snowy hair. His expression was rapidly changing, like the sea as seen from his cliffs; now flashing and

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rippling with smiles, and anon overcast and sad, sometimes stormy.

He was usually followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the chancel with him and careered about it during service.

Whilst saying prayers Mr. Hawker would pat his cats or scratch them under their chins. Originally ten cats accompanied him to church; but one, having caught, killed and eaten a mouse on a Sunday, was excommunicated, and from that day was not allowed again within the sanctuary.

A friend tells me that on attending Morwenstow Church one Sunday morning, nothing amazed him more than to see a little dog sitting upon the altar step behind the celebrant, in the position which is usually attributed to a deacon or a server. He afterwards spoke to Mr. Hawker on the subject, and asked him why he did not turn the dog out of the chancel and church.

“Turn the dog out of the ark!” he exclaimed: “all animals, clean and unclean, should find there a refuge.”

S. Baring-Gould

IX

THE LAW

Henry Erskine



LET sparks and topers o'er their bottles sit,
Toss bumpers down, and fancy laughter wit;
Let cautious plodders, o'er their ledger pore,
Note down each farthing gain'd, and wish it more;
Let lawyers dream of wigs, poets of fame,
Scholars look learn'd, and senators declaim;
Let soldiers stand, like targets in the fray,
Their lives just worth their thirteenpence a-day.
Give me a nook in some secluded spot,
Which business shuns, and din approaches not —
Some snug retreat, where I may never know
What Monarch reigns, what Ministers bestow —
A book — my slippers — and a field to stroll in —
My garden-seat — an elbow-chair to loll in —
Sunshine, when wanted — shade, when shade invites,
With pleasant country laurels, smells, and sights,
And now and then a glass of generous wine,
Shared with a chatty friend of "auld langsyne";
And one companion more, for ever nigh,
To sympathise in all that passes by,
To journey with me in the path of life,
And share its pleasures and divide its strife.

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These simple joys, Eugenius, let me find,
And I'll ne'er cast a lingering look behind.

By Himself

Old Scottish Judges



I

OF Lord Gardenstone (Francis Garden) I have many early *personal* reminiscences, as his property of Johnstone was in the Howe of the Mearns, not far from my early home. He was a man of energy, and promoted improvements in the county with skill and practical sagacity. His favourite scheme was to establish a flourishing town upon his property, and he spared no pains or expense in promoting the importance of his village of Laurencekirk. He built an excellent inn, to render it a stage for posting. He built and endowed an Episcopal chapel for the benefit of his English immigrants, in the vestry of which he placed a most respectable library; and he encouraged manufacturers of all kinds to settle in the place. Amongst others a *hatter* came to reconnoitre, and ascertain its capabilities for exercising his calling. But when, on going to public worship on Sunday after his arrival, he found only *three* hats in the kirk, viz., the minister's, Lord Gardenstone's, and his own — the rest of the congregation all wearing the old flat Lowland bonnet — he soon went off, convinced that Laurencekirk was no place for hatters to thrive in. He was much taken up with his hotel or inn, and for which he provided a large volume for receiving the written contributions of travellers who frequented it. It was the landlady's business to present this volume to the guests, and ask them to write in it, during the evenings, whatever occurred to their memory or their imagination. In the mornings it

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was a favourite amusement of Lord Gardenstone to look it over. I recollect Sir Walter Scott being much taken with this contrivance, and his asking me about it at Abbotsford. His son said to him, "You should establish such a book, sir, at Melrose;" upon which Sir W. replied, "No, Walter, I should just have to see a great deal of abuse of myself." On his son deprecating such a result, and on his observing my surprised look, he answered, "Well, well, I should have to read a great deal of foolish praise, which is much the same thing." An amusing account is given of the cause of Lord Gardenstone withdrawing this volume from the hotel, and of his determination to submit it no more to the tender mercies of the passing traveller. As Professor Stuart of Aberdeen was passing an evening at the inn, the volume was handed to him, and he wrote in it the following lines, in the style of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer:—

Frae sma' beginnings Rome of auld
Became a great imperial city,
'Twas peopled first, as we are tauld,
By bankrupts, vagabonds, banditti.
Quoth Thamas, Then the day may come,
When Laurencekirk shall equal Rome.

These lines so nettled Lord Gardenstone, that the volume disappeared, and was never seen afterwards in the inn of Laurencekirk. There is another lingering reminiscence which I retain connected with the inn at Laurencekirk. The landlord, Mr. Cream, was a man well known throughout all the county, and was distinguished, in his later years, as one of the few men who continued to wear a *pigtail*. On one occasion the late Lord Dunmore (grandfather or great-grandfather of the present peer), who also still wore his queue, halted for a night at Laurencekirk. On the host leaving the room, where he had come to take orders for

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supper, Lord Dunmore turned to his valet and said, "Johnstone, do I look as like a fool in my pigtail as Billy Cream does?" — "Much about it, my lord," was the valet's imperturbable answer. "Then," said his lordship, "cut off mine to-morrow morning when I dress."

Lord Gardenstone seemed to have had two favourite tastes: he indulged in the love of pigs and the love of snuff. He took a young pig as a pet, and it became quite tame, and followed him about like a dog. At first the animal shared his bed, but when, growing up to advanced swinehood, it became unfit for such companionship, he had it to sleep in his room, in which he made a comfortable couch for it of his own clothes. His snuff he kept not in a box, but in a leatheren waist-pocket made for the purpose. He took it in enormous quantities, and used to say that if he had a dozen noses he would feed them all. Lord Gardenstone died 1793.

Lord Monboddo (James Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo) is another of the well-known members of the Scottish Bench, who combined, with many eccentricities of opinion and habits, great learning and a most amiable disposition. From his paternal property being in the county of Kincardine, and Lord M. being a visitor at my father's house, and indeed a relation or clansman, I have many early reminiscences of stories which I have heard of the learned judge. His speculations regarding the origin of the human race have, in times past, excited much interest and amusement. His theory was that man emerged from a wild and savage condition, much resembling that of apes; that man had then a tail like other animals, but which, by progressive civilisation and the constant habit of *sitting*, had become obsolete. This theory produced many a joke from facetious and superficial people, who had never read any of the argu-

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ments of an elaborate work, by which the ingenious and learned author maintained his theory. Lord Kames, a brother judge, had his joke on it. On some occasion of their meeting, Lord Monboddo was for giving Lord Kames the precedence. Lord K. declined, and drew back, saying, "By no means, my lord; you may walk first, that I may *see your tail.*" I recollect Lord Monboddo's coming to dine at Fasque caused a great excitement of interest and curiosity. I was in the nursery, too young to take part in the investigations; but my elder brothers were on the alert to watch his arrival, and get a glimpse of his tail. Lord M. was really a learned man, read Greek and Latin authors — not as a mere exercise of classical scholarship — but because he identified himself with their philosophical opinions, and would have revived Greek customs and modes of life. He used to give suppers after the manner of the ancients, and used to astonish his guests by the ancient cookery of Spartan broth, and of *mulsum*. He was an enthusiastical Platonist. On a visit to Oxford, he was received with great respect by the scholars of the University, who were much interested in meeting with one who had studied Plato, as a pupil and follower. In accordance with the old custom at learned universities, Lord Monboddo was determined to address the Oxonians in Latin, which he spoke with much readiness. But they could not stand the numerous slips in prosody. Lord Monboddo shocked the ears of the men of Eton and of Winchester by dreadful false quantities — verse-making being, in Scotland, then quite neglected, and a matter little thought of by the learned judge.

Lord Monboddo was considered an able lawyer, and on many occasions exhibited a very clear and correct judicial discernment of intricate cases. It was one of his pe-

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culiarities that he never sat on the bench with his brother judges, but always at the clerk's table. Different reasons for this practice have been given, but the simple fact seems to have been, that he was deaf, and heard better at the lower seat. His mode of travelling was on horseback. He scorned carriages, on the ground of its being unmanly to "sit in a box drawn by brutes." When he went to London he rode the whole way. At the same period, Mr. Barclay of Ury (father of the well-known Captain Barclay), when he represented Kincardineshire in Parliament, always *walked* to London. He was a very powerful man, and could walk fifty miles a day, his usual refreshment on the road being a bottle of port wine, poured into a bowl, and drunk off at a draught. I have heard that George III. was much interested at these performances, and said, "I ought to be proud of my Scottish subjects, when my judges *ride*, and my members of Parliament *walk* to the metropolis."

On one occasion of his being in London, Lord Monboddo attended a trial in the Court of King's Bench. A cry was heard that the roof of the court-room was giving way, upon which judges, lawyers, and people made a rush to get to the door. Lord Monboddo viewed the scene from his corner with much composure. Being deaf and short-sighted, he knew nothing of the cause of the tumult. The alarm proved a false one; and on being asked why he had not bestirred himself to escape like the rest, he coolly answered that he supposed it was an *annual ceremony* with which, as an alien to the English laws, he had no concern, but which he considered it interesting to witness as a remnant of antiquity! Lord Monboddo died 1799.

Lord Rockville (the Hon. Alexander Gordon, third son of the Earl of Aberdeen) was a judge distinguished in his day by his ability and decorum. "He adorned the bench

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by the dignified manliness of his appearance, and polished urbanity of his manners.” Like most lawyers of his time, he took his glass freely, and a whimsical account which he gave, before he was advanced to the bench, of his having fallen upon his face, after making too free with the bottle, was commonly current at the time. Upon his appearing late at a convivial club with a most rueful expression of countenance, and on being asked what was the matter, he exclaimed with great solemnity, “Gentlemen, I have just met with the most extraordinary adventure that ever occurred to a human being. As I was walking along the Grassmarket, all of a sudden *the street rose up and struck me on the face.*” He had, however, a more serious *encounter* with the street after he was a judge. In 1792, his foot slipped as he was going to the Parliament House; he broke his leg, was taken home, fevered, and died.

Lord Braxfield (Robert M‘Queen of Braxfield) was one of the judges of the old school, well known in his day, and might be said to possess all the qualities united, by which the class were remarkable. He spoke the broadest Scotch. He was a sound and laborious lawyer. He was fond of a glass of good claret, and had a great fund of good Scotch humour. He rose to the dignity of Justice-Clerk, and, in consequence, presided at many important political criminal trials about the year 1793-4, such as those of Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, Gerrold, etc. He conducted these trials with much ability and great firmness, occasionally, no doubt, with more appearance of severity and personal prejudice than is usual with the judges who in later times are called on to preside on similar occasions. The disturbed temper of the times and the daring spirit of the political offenders seemed, he thought, to call for a bold and fearless front on the part of the judge, and Braxfield

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was the man to show it, both on the bench and in common life. He met, however, sometimes with a spirit as bold as his own from the prisoners before him. When Skirving was on trial for sedition he thought Braxfield was threatening him, and by gesture endeavouring to intimidate him; accordingly, he boldly addressed the bench:—“It is altogether unavailing for your Lordship to menace me, for I have long learnt not to fear the face of man.” I have observed that he adhered to the *broadest* Scottish dialect. “Hae ye ony coonsel, man?” he said to Maurice Margarot (who, I believe, was an Englishman). “No,” was the reply. “Div ye want to hae ony appinted?” “No,” replied Margarot; “I only want an *interpreter* to make me understand what your Lordship says.” Braxfield had much humour, and enjoyed wit in others. He was immensely delighted at a reply by Dr. M‘Cubbin, the minister of Bothwell. Braxfield, when Justice-Clerk, was dining at Lord Douglas’, and observed there was only port upon the table. In his usual offhand brusque manner, he demanded of the noble host if “there was nae claret i’ the castle.” “Yes,” said Lord Douglas; “but my butler tells me it is not good.” “Let’s pree’t,” said Braxfield in his favourite dialect. A bottle was produced, and declared by all present to be quite excellent. “Noo, minister,” said the old judge, addressing Dr. M‘Cubbin, who was celebrated as a wit in his day, “as a *fama clamosa* has gone forth against this wine, I propose that you *absolve* it,” — playing upon the terms made use of in the Scottish Church Courts. “Ay, my Lord,” said the minister, “you are first-rate authority for a case of civil or criminal law, but you do not quite understand our Church Court practice. We never absolve *till after three several appearances*.” The wit and the condition of absolution were alike relished

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by the judge. Lord Braxfield closed a long and useful life in 1799.

Of Lord Hermand we have spoken on several occasions, and his name has become in some manner identified with that conviviality which marked almost as a characteristic the Scottish bench of his time. He gained, however, great distinction as a judge, and was a capital lawyer. When at the bar, Lords Newton and Hermand were great friends, and many were the convivial meetings they enjoyed together. But Lord Hermand outlived all his old last-century contemporaries, and formed with Lord Balgray what we may consider the connecting links between the past and the present race of Scottish lawyers.

We could scarcely perhaps offer a more marked difference between habits *once* tolerated on the bench and those which now distinguish the august seat of senators of justice than by quoting, from Kay's Portraits, vol. ii. p. 278, a sally of a Lord of Session of those days, which he played off, when sitting as judge, upon a young friend whom he was determined to frighten. "On one occasion, a young counsel was addressing him on some not very important point that had arisen in the division of a common (or commony, according to law phraseology), when having made some bold averment, the judge exclaimed, 'That's a lee, Jemmie.' 'My lord!' ejaculated the amazed barrister. 'Ay, ay, Jemmie; I see by your face ye're leein'.' 'Indeed, my lord, I am not.' 'Dinna tell me that; it's no in your memorial (brief) — awa wi' you;' and, overcome with astonishment and vexation, the discomfited barrister left the bar. The judge thereupon chuckled with infinite delight; and beckoning to the clerk who attended on the occasion, he said, 'Are ye no Rabbie H——'s man?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Was na Jemmie — leein'?' 'Oh no, my lord.' 'Ye're

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quite sure?' 'Oh yes.' 'Then just write out what you want, and I'll sign it; my faith, but I made Jemmie stare.' So the decision was dictated by the clerk, and duly signed by the judge, who left the bench highly diverted with the fright he had given his young friend." Such scenes enacted in Court *now* would astonish the present generation, both of lawyers and of suitors.

Dean Ramsay

II

IN private life, and especially at the convivial board, Lord Hermand was —

"The prince of good fellows and king of old men."

He possessed a rich store of amusing stories, and a vein of humour peculiar to himself, which never failed to render his company entertaining and much courted, especially by the junior members of the profession. His personal appearance was no less striking, particularly in his latter years. Age had rendered his features more attenuated; but the vivacity of his countenance, and the expression of his powerful grey eyes defied the insidious hand of time. His dress also partook of the peculiarities of his character; and, on the streets of Edinburgh, it would have puzzled a stranger to decide whether the lawyer or farmer most predominated in his appearance. His deep "rig-and-fur," black-and-white-striped woollen stockings, and stout shoes, at once denoted that he had other avocations than those of the Parliament House. Like most of the old lawyers, he was an enthusiastic agriculturist, and always spent his vacations among his fields at Hermand, which he improved with much skill, and at considerable expense. He had a large Newfoundland dog, named *Dolphin*, which used to accom-

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pany him in all his excursions — even to the church on Sundays. There the sagacious animal, seated beside his master, with his immense paws placed on the book-board, would rest his head as calmly and doucely as any sleepy farmer in the congregation. So much did this church-going propensity grow upon the animal, that, in the absence of his master, he regularly went himself; and, what was still more extraordinary, if there happened to be no sermon in the parish church, he was liberal enough to attend the Dissenting meeting-house.

Lord Hermand's warmth of temper was not confined to occasional sallies on the bench. An amusing instance occurred on one occasion at Hermand. A large party were at dinner, and his lordship in excellent humour, when one of the waiting-men, in handing over a wine-decanter, unfortunately let it fall to the floor, by which it was smashed to pieces. This unlucky accident at once overbalanced his lordship's equanimity. He sprung to his feet in a fury of passion, and, darting over chairs and every impediment, rushed after the fellow, who fled precipitately downstairs. The dinner-party were thrown into convulsions of laughter, and had scarcely regained their composure when his lordship returned from the chase, and resumed his chair as if nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony.

James Paterson

X

THE HEALERS

The House-Surgeon ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

EXCEEDING tall, but built so well his height
Half-disappears in flow of chest and limb;
Moustache and whisker trooper-like in trim;
Frank-faced, frank-eyed, frank-hearted; always bright
And always punctual — morning, noon, and night;
Bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn;
Humorous, and yet without a touch of whim;
Gentle and amiable, yet full of fight;
His piety, though fresh and true in strain,
Has not yet whitewashed up his common mood
To the dead blank of his particular Schism:
Sweet, unaggressive, tolerant, most humane,
Wild artists like his kindly elderhood,
And cultivate his mild Philistinism.

W. E. Henley

Dr. Anderson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

DR. ANDERSON practised in Selkirk for forty-five years, and never refused to go to any case, however poor, or however deep in his debt, and however far off. One wife in Selkirk said to her neighbours, as he passed up the street, "There goes my honest doctor, that brought

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a' my ten bairns into the world, and ne'er got a rap for ane o' them."

His methodical habits, and perfect arrangement of his time, enabled him to overtake his very wide practice, and to forget no one. He rose generally at six every morning, often sooner, and saw his severe cases in the town early, thus enabling him to start for his long journeys; and he generally took a stage to breakfast of fifteen or twenty miles.

One morning he left home at six o'clock, and after being three miles up the Yarrow, met a poor barefoot woman, who had walked from St. Mary's Loch to have two teeth extracted. Out of his pocket with his "key" (she, of course, shouting "Murder! murder! mercy!"), down sat the good woman; the teeth were out at once, and the doctor rode on his journey, to breakfast at Eldinhope, fourteen miles up, calling on all his patients in Yarrow as he rode along. After breakfast, by Dryhope, and along St. Mary's Loch, to the famed Tibby's, whose son was badly, up to the head of the Loch of the Lows, and over the high hills into Ettrick, and riding up the Tima to Dalgliesh, and back down the Ettrick, landed at "Gideon's o' the Singlie" to dinner; and just when making a tumbler of toddy, a boy was brought into the kitchen, with a finger torn off in a threshing-mill. The doctor left after another tumbler, and still making calls about Ettrickbridge, etc., reached home about eight, after riding fifty miles; not to rest, however, for various messages await his return; all are visited, get medicines from him, for there were no laboratories in his days, then home to prepare all the various prescriptions for those he had seen during the long day.

He had just finished this when off he was called to a midwifery case, far up Ale Water.

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To show how pointed to time he was, one day he had to go to Buccleugh, eighteen miles up the Ettrick, and having to ride down the moors by Ashkirk, and then to go on to St. Boswell's to see old Raeburn, he wished a change of horse at Riddell — fixed one o'clock, and one of his sons met him at a point of the road at the very hour, though he had ridden forty miles through hills hardly passable.

I have seen him return from the head of Yarrow half frozen, and not an hour in bed till he had to rise and ride back the same road, and all without a murmur.

It was all on horseback in his day, as there was only one gig in the county; and his district extended west up the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow about twenty miles; south in Ale Water seven to ten miles; the same distance east; and north about fourteen miles by Tweedside, and banks of the Gala and Caddon. His early rising enabled him also to get through his other work, for he made up all his books at that time, had accounts ready, wrote all his business letters, of which he had not a few.

In coming home late in the night from his long journeys, he often slept on horseback for miles together. In fine, he was the hardest-worked man in the shire; always cheerful, and always ready to join in any cheerful and harmless amusement, as well as every good work; *but he killed himself by it*, bringing on premature decay.

He was many years Provost of the Burgh, took his full share of business, was the personal adviser of his patients, and had more curatorships than any one else in the county. What a pattern of active beneficence, bringing up three sons to his profession, giving his family a first-rate education, and never getting anything for the half of his every-day's work! We can fancy we see the handsome,

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swarthy, ruddy old man coming jogging (his normal pace) on his well-known mare down the Yarrow by Black Andro (a wooded hill), and past Foulshiels (Mungo Park's birth-place), after being all night up the glen with some "crying wife," and the cottagers at Glower-ower-'im, blessing him as he passed *sound asleep*, or possibly wakening him out of his dreams, to come up and "lance" the bairn's eye-tooth.

Dr. John Brown

Mr. Syme ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HIS life, till he won his victory, when he was half through it, was an almost continual combat with men and things. Sensitive, strong-willed, shy, having a stammer, bent upon reaching reality and the best in everything; he had to struggle with imperfect means, family disaster, and inadequate power of expressing his mind. He was full of genuine virtue and affection (the more the deeper in). With singular keenness and exactness of the outer and inner eye, he touched everything to the quick. He was ever ready for a joke, but as a habit of mind was serious and in earnest. Bent on getting knowledge at first hand, he was therefore somewhat neglectful of other men's knowledge, and especially if at third hand. Full of a child's enjoyment of Nature in her flowers and wilds, he had also all his days a passion for cultivating and enjoying fruits and flowers. He was kindly to oddities of all sorts; loving the best music, hating all other; little capable of poetry, but when capable it must be the best; not sentimental, rather sensible and sensitive, especially the first, but not without romance. He was the discoverer of the solubility of caoutchouc in coal-tar, and therefore entitled to an immense fortune had he patented it. He did not read much

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hard or heavy reading; it was diversion he sought rather than information. The action of his mind was so intense during his hours of work, that, like a race-horse, doing his day's work in not many minutes, though putting his capital of life into that supreme act, he needed and relished perfect *diastole* — relaxation; and, as Mr. Comrie of Penicuik said of himself, “his constitution could stand a great deal of ease,” though ready at any moment for any emergency and for the full play of his utmost.

I was the first to see him when struck down by *hemiplegia*. It was in Shandwick Place, where he had his chambers — sleeping and enjoying his evenings in his beautiful Millbank, with its flowers, its matchless orchids, and heaths, and azaleas, its bananas, and grapes, and peaches; with Blackford Hill — where Marmion saw the Scottish host mustering for Flodden — in front, and the Pentlands, with Cairketton Hill, their advanced guard, cutting the sky, its ruddy, porphyry *scaur*, holding the slanting shadows in its bosom. He was, as before said, in his room at Shandwick Place, sitting in his chair, having been set up by his faithful Blackbell. His face was distorted. He said — “John, this is the conclusion,” and so in much it was, to his, and our, and the world's sad cost. He submitted to his fate with manly fortitude, but he felt it to its uttermost. Struck down in his prime, full of rich power, abler than ever to do good to men; his soul surviving his brain, and looking on at its steady ruin during many sad months. He became softer, gentler, — more easily moved, even to tears, — but the judging power, the perspicacity, the piercing to the core, remained untouched. Henceforward, of course, life was maimed. How he bore up against this, resigning his delights of teaching, of doing good to men, of seeing and cherishing his students, of

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living in the front of the world; how he accepted all this, those only nearest him can know. I have never seen anything more pathetic than when near his death he lay speechless, but full of feeling and mind, and made known in some inscrutable way to his old gardener and friend, that he wished to see a certain orchid, which he knew should then be in flower. The big, clumsy, knowing Paterson, glum and victorious (he was for ever getting prizes at the Horticultural), brought it — the *Stanhopea tigrina* — in, without a word, — it was the very one. Radiant in beauty, white, with a brown freckle, like Imogen's mole, and like it, "right proud of that most delicate lodging"; he gazed at it, and bursting into a passion of tears, motioned it away as insufferable.

He had that quality of primary minds of attaching permanently those he had relations to. His students never ceased to love him and return to him from all regions of the world. He was in this a solar man, and had his planets pacing faithfully round him. He was somewhat slow in adapting new things, except his own. He desired to prove all things, and then he held fast that which was good. This was the case with chloroform and the antiseptic doctrine, which the world owes — and what a debt! — to his great son-in-law, Joseph Lister; but new-fangledness *per se* he disliked. He had beautiful hands, small and strong; and their work on skeletons of serpents in the College of Surgeons is still unmatched.

He was all his life a Liberal in politics. His style was the perfection of clearness and force, — his master having been William Cobbett. As a man, who himself knows how to use language, said of him, "he never wastes a drop of blood or of ink."

But the deeper you cut into him the richer, the sweeter,

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the stronger the substance. He was irritable at, and impatient of stupidity, and long-windedness, and pretence; and at falsehood, quackery, and trickery of all sorts, he went like a terrier at a rat.

Dr. John Brown

The Chief ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HIS brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil —
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratitudes reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.
We hold him for another Herakles,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

W. E. Henley

Mr. Lucas the Vet ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ANOTHER celebrity among my friends was Lucas, of Lutterworth, the famous veterinary. He was, I believe, the son of a parson, but took to horses and hunting before he was out of his teens. He was devoted to cock-fighting, and would sit over a cup of tea detailing his experiences. Once, he said, a quiet parson pestered him to give him a game cock to run with his birds, so he rode one afternoon into the rectory yard with the bird in a

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bag under his arm, and asked for the rector, who was all excitement to see this beauty. The bird was carefully released on the pavement, whereupon, spying a small pig that had crept away from his mother, it flew at him in a moment, and, driving a spur into his eye, killed the suckling on the spot. The gallant bird went back to his old run. These pugnacious birds had to be kept far apart from each other, and that is the explanation of the small, well-built, square brick huts with door and lock that one still sometimes meets with in the grazing-grounds of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire. In these, single warriors were isolated beyond the reach of cock-crow and challenge from any rival.

Lucas was in great request in the training-stables, and entire reliance was placed in his opinion and treatment. On a summons he would ride off astonishing distances on professional visits. He was a thoroughly independent as well as dependable man, and those who did not understand his high character and put themselves, in a way, on guard against him in his practice were made to feel their mistake. He told me that when Brassey took a contract for the construction of a branch line from Rugby, he wrote asking him to take the veterinary charge of his horses standing at that place, of which there were about forty in the stable. He rode off at once and was soon on the spot. He walked quickly from horse to horse, as was his custom, with no pretence of occult science, but just going up to each animal's head, as if to say, "Good morning." Having thus introduced himself to the whole string, he slipped into the office, and calling the horse-keeper in, shut the door. "Now," he said, "you will have to brand each horse's hoof with my numbers, first of all putting up close boarded partitions (stalls) between each pair. The first pair must

The Healers

be numbered 1-2, the next 3-4, and there must be a separate pail for the exclusive use of each pair. No time to be lost over this, and when you let me know that it is done, I will ride over again." The next letter that came was not from the horse-keeper, but from his employer, the owner of the animals, written in an offended style, "to remind Mr. Lucas that he engaged him as a veterinary surgeon, not to advise his man on stable management." Lucas wrote back that he knew perfectly what he was about, but as his advice was not of the nature Mr. Brassey anticipated, he trusted he would find some other more skilful person "to doctor the horses." The state of the case was this: Having just put his finger under the left jaw, and found the awful indication there of glanders, he was not going to advertise its presence by an inquiry or statement at the stables; he wanted to stop, as far as he could, the spread of the calamity, and, had he continued in office, would have killed some, got others down coal-pits, and saved as far as possible the heavy losses that ensued.

He had a practice of not sending in any account or making any charge for advice to those whom he regarded as acquaintances, and with whom as residents near Lutterworth he had for some time been associated; but he was quick to perceive if an outsider coming down to hunt thought he could take advantage of this disposition. A friend of mine wrote to Lucas asking him to examine his horse in my stable. He came the next day, found nothing the matter, and at once posted an account for the visit with a request for its discharge.

I remember a case in London where a dealer's warranty as to the eyesight of a horse came in question. Two eminent "vets" differed in their opinion, one holding that the sight was sound, the other that it was imperfect.

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Neither would yield, and the matter was referred to Lucas for final settlement. He came to the dealer's yard in London, walked round to the horse's head, and ordered a halter to be put on, and an empty stable-bucket to be placed in the middle of the yard. Taking the halter in his hand, he led the animal in a direct line for the bucket. The horse went forward, and blundered over it with his fore-legs. "Blind, without doubt," was the verdict, and blind, though not "stone blind," the creature was, as all bystanders could see.

He disliked casting horses, and could perform some of the severest operations with the horse on its legs.

Some of his friends who for years had benefited by his most valuable advice gratuitously, desiring to present him with some testimonial and acknowledgment of his kindness, raised a private fund for that purpose among themselves, in which, of course, I joined most heartily. Enough came in to warrant us in persuading him with some difficulty to sit for his portrait, and there was, I think, about £500 over. Then came a dinner at Lutterworth, which the subscribers attended with Lucas as the guest. Some excellent punch and a short speech, I think (but I was not present), from a hunting parson, was followed by unveiling the portrait of the good old gentleman with his high forehead and fine-cut features; then the balance of the fund in gold was placed in a bag on the table by his glass, and with some more conviviality the meeting broke up; and I was told that Lucas came away with others to the door, leaving the bag where it was on the table. One of the party reminded him that he had not taken up the gold. "Oh!" says he, "that will do for the waiters."

Albert Pell

XI

NIMROD'S HEROES

Mr. Lockley ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

FOX-HUNTING, however, was his favourite pursuit; and here, for two or three seasons, he achieved what was never attempted, or even thought of, by any other man. He was in the constant habit of hunting with the late Sir Edward Littleton's fox-hounds on Cannock Chase, whose hour of meeting was at daybreak; and after their morning sport was over, he used to go to the late Lord Talbot's hounds, whose country was on the other side the Trent, and whose hour of meeting was eleven. Three convenient bridges over the Trent afforded him this facility; and he frequently had the pleasure of seeing a fine day's sport with each of these packs. Modern men may ask, How was this done? The only answer to which is, that no day was ever too long, neither was any night ever too dark, for this determined sportsman. Early hours and temperate living, no doubt assisted him; and for the former he was always remarkable. Four hours' sleep, he was wont to say, were enough for a thrasher; and I

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well remember a description the late Mr. Stubbs was used to give of a run with Sir Edward Littleton's hounds, which he always prefaced by saying, "I breakfasted with Lockley at twelve o'clock at night."

There is no part of Mr. Lockley's life that creates more surprise, than the immense distance he has, all his life, been in the habit of riding to meet hounds. This he has, in great measure, been enabled to do from the very easy seat he has on his horse, and from his very temperate habits in the evening, and his very early rising in the morning. His exploits on the road, also, are, I should imagine, hardly to be exceeded by any one. Three times in one year he rode the same horse from Newmarket to his own house in one day, being 104 miles; and on another occasion, he rode a galloway from his own door to Northampton, and back again in the evening — making a distance of 120 miles. Three years ago he was seen by a friend of mine on the course at Newmarket one evening. About noon the next day but one, he was met by another friend of mine within six miles of his own house; and after refreshing himself he got upon another horse and was in Shrewsbury fair at six o'clock the next morning — sixty miles from his own door. What makes this most extraordinary is, that my friend who saw him at Newmarket declared to me that he could not have ridden his horse 10 miles to have possessed him at the end of it. He was, however, peculiarly marked, and therefore could not be mistaken; and we may presume that he came under the denomination of "a rum one to look at, but a devil to go."

The year before last, this extraordinary horseman performed what might almost be termed a miracle at his time of life — then 73. He left his own house at twelve o'clock one day; was at the fight between Spring and Neate

Nimrod's Heroes

by one o'clock on the next; rode home with me to my house after the fight; and in spite of all I could say to the contrary, was in London by four o'clock on the third day — *making 162 miles in 52 hours, on the same horse!*

Mr. Lockley's person — as will be seen by the print — is in perfect symmetry; but we must all yield to the influence of time, and he would have been a still better subject for the pencil twenty years back. "What a pity it is," says an elegant, but very forcible writer, "that God should break His own best workmanship into pieces, and demolish, by thousands, the finest structures of His own buildings!" But thus it is: Nature has fixed the limits of youth, beauty, and vigour to us all; and though we may struggle against her, she will make a ruin of us at last. As Milton, in a fine strain of melancholy, observes, we fall into "the sere and yellow leaf"; and when our hour comes, we drop. Mr. Lockley, however, may be said to give the lie to time; and had it not been for the accidents — amounting to the almost incredible number of seven, in two years, from horses, carriages, etc. — which he has met with, he would still be riding any distance to meet hounds; whereas he has unfortunately been confined to his couch for the last three months. His passion for fox-hunting still holds the same power over his mind; and, in the fatigue he was last season able to undergo, he is a striking instance of the good effect of a life spent in temperance, early hours, and field sport, contrasted with the softness of modern manners — perverting the order of Nature, by passing the finest part of the day in a bed. In short, it may be said of him, as has been said of another, his age is like the lusty winter — frosty, but kindly.

Though few can relish gross flattery, yet no man is insensible to delicate praise. There are many traits in

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Mr. Lockley's character well worthy of imitation; and his sins, as Lord Byron says, have been of "the softer order." In nothing, however, has he been more conspicuous than in a uniform command of temper, and a studious desire of avoiding giving offence. His hospitality, according to his means, has been proverbial; and he has been an excellent master to his servants; and though it cannot be said of him, that his early days were spent in the "soft securities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers," yet he has the command of language which would not reflect discredit upon either. As a companion he is highly entertaining; for by the help of an excellent memory he "draws all ages into one," as Seneca so happily terms it, and thus makes old age delightful.

There is another part of Mr. Lockley's character which I cannot do less than admire, and that is, what in sporting language may be called "the steady pace" at which he has travelled, so far, through life. He has always had a good house over his head. He has always had some good hunters in his stable. He has always had some race-horses at his trainer's. He has always had some brood-mares in his paddocks; and he has always had a young one or two coming up. He has always had some good pointers in his kennel. He has always had a pretty girl to wait at table. He has always had a good bottle of wine for his friends. He has always had some good stories to tell them; and he has always given them a hearty welcome. Reader! what more need be said?

Nimrod's Heroes

II

WE like to hear of coolness displayed in the last hour; and Socrates ordering a cock to *Æsculapius*, whilst the lamp might be said to have been glimmering in the socket, is one of the noblest instances handed down to us from antiquity. The last moments, however, of two celebrated sportsmen of our own times are by no means unworthy of record. I allude to John Lockley and John Burrell. John Lockley died like a gentleman. "Like a gentleman!" did I say? I should have said, *like a Christian*, among his friends, *as it was his wish to die*, in peace with all the world, and after a good run with hounds. This sort of exit is, in my opinion, worth all the tears and lamentations of those psalm-singing saints, who, when they quit this world, too often leave destitute and forlorn some son or daughter who may have incurred their displeasure by an imprudent marriage, or some trifling indiscretion to which our nature is so prone.

I confess I should have been sorry to have heard of my old brother sportsman having been surrounded by priests in his last moments — bedaubed with extreme unction, and perhaps alarmed into the belief that fox-hunting is a crime. Peace to his ashes!

Nimrod

Mr. John Hawkes ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ANOTHER celebrated character in our sporting catalogue is Mr. John Hawkes, who resided many years at Snitterfield in Warwickshire, but who has lately been living in Worcestershire, and only occasionally appearing in the former country. Mr. Hawkes is also a very old

Some Friends of Mine

Meltonian, having been a great deal in Leicestershire in the late Mr. Meynell's time, and distinguished by the friendship and confidence of that renowned sportsman. Mr. Hawkes has not only been a brilliant rider over a country, but was, at one time, supposed to be one of the best gentleman-jockeys of his day. "He was not only," to use the words of Mr. Buckle, "clever in the saddle, but right in the attics," his judgment in a race being particularly good; and had he been a jockey by profession, and three stone lighter than he is, he would have ridden many a winner of the Derby. Mr. Hawkes was born to ride, nature having cast him in one of her favourite moulds; I have heard that when in the army, in early life, he was considered a model for a light dragoon.

Mr. Hawkes having devoted himself to the interests of his family, has long withdrawn himself from the sporting world, and, indeed, from society in general, by which, it must be admitted, it has sustained a loss; for he is a man of much information, of very captivating manners, and in every respect a very worthy character. He has been said to view mankind through rather a contracted focus, if not with a jaundiced eye, and an expression which once dropped from him in my presence rather confirms the charge. A person asked him how he liked some particular horse—"I like," said he, "very few horses, very few women, and d——d few men!"

Nimrod

Mr. Stubbs ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

IT has been very justly remarked, that whatever we enter into, whether it be pleasure or business, we should do so with spirit; and thus it was with Mr. Stubbs:

Nimrod's Heroes

for if ever a man could be said to be enthusiastically devoted to fox-hunting, it was he. Indeed it was facetiously hinted, in the Epwell poem, that hunting six days in the week was not sufficient for this insatiable Nimrod, but that once in his life he cried “who-whoop” on a Sunday—

With his hat in the air, peeping out for a gate,
Neither looking, nor riding, by any means straight;
Mr. Stubbs — a crack rider, no doubt, in his time —
Who hunting on Sundays did ne'er deem a crime.

Agreeably to the Italian proverb, “*Se non è vero è ben' trovato*” — “If it is not true, it is a very good story;” and you shall have it as related to me.

Mr. Stubbs, when resident in Shropshire, which was very near to the church, had a fox in his keeping, which he intended turning out before his hounds on a Monday morning. On the Sunday preceding, having lain in his bed, resting from the fatigues of the week, till the good people had assembled at their prayers, his servant came to inform him that his fox had escaped. “Has he, by Jove!” said Mr. Stubbs. “Saddle the bay horse in an instant, and I will be after him.” So jumping out of bed, and forgetting the day of the week, he soon unkennelled the pack, and laid them on the scent of the fox. Puggy having lingered about the buildings which were close to the church, the hounds remained giving their tongues for some minutes, in seeming opposition to the parson in his pulpit; and it is said that each cried “Amen,” at the end of a twenty minutes’ burst — Mr. Stubbs having killed his fox, as the parson concluded his sermon. . . .

Mr. Stubbs having been a great frequenter of race-courses, his time, with the help of such other diversions as that season affords — almost all of which he partook

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of — was tolerably well occupied in the summer; but in a long frost in the winter, he may be said to have laboured heavily under that *tædium vitæ* which has been supposed so particularly to attach itself to us “unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.” During this time, he exhibited a most voracious appetite for novels, many volumes of which he would devour in a day, and would occasionally be seen returning them, by basketsful, to the two circulating libraries in the town. He was often heard to lament that there was not an Act of Parliament to enable all Sundays in the winter to fall together in a frost, which, he said, would strengthen the spirit of devotion by their repetition, without interfering with fox-hunting when the weather was open. After a good day’s sport, he always took some tea, and went to bed as soon as he got home, and towards nine or ten o’clock he would get up and enjoy the society of his family. His method of travelling was equally singular. He would go almost incredible distances in a day, in his gig, with relays of horses on the road — setting off at two o’clock in the morning, and his refreshment nothing but tea and cold meat on the journey.

At the festive board Mr. Stubbs was little more than a spectator, being remarkable for the temperance of his habits; but his conversation was highly amusing. He abounded in anecdote, was a great observer of mankind, and his remarks upon the follies and indiscretions of those twenty years younger than himself were irresistibly diverting. He was a very honourable man; and, what in my opinion entitled him to no small respect, *he was a warm friend to fox-hunting, and an enemy to no man!*

Nimrod

Nimrod's Heroes

Mr. Leech ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MR. LEECH was one of those characters of which the breed is nearly lost, and which, when gone, will never be again seen in this country — the plain, unadulterated English country gentleman, who, possessing full ten thousand a year, never left his seat, except he was called to his county town or went to visit his friends. Being a single man, he did not even keep a carriage of any sort till far advanced in years; but the whole pleasure of his life was centred in the enjoyment of field sports in the morning, and the society of his friends at night. In the present times, however, he would be considered *dead slow*. He dined at three o'clock if by himself, or if he had only a few intimate friends in his house; and, strange to say, though he kept fox-hounds, and hunted them himself for a long series of years — possessing also abilities quite above the common standard — he knew very little about fox-hunting.

Cicero says of Antony, that “he had a witty mirth which could be acquired by no art”; and the compliment might have been as justly paid to Mr. Leech. His company was sought after more than that of any other man in his neighbourhood; and so original was his wit, and so happily was it applied, that he might have been termed the very life and soul of every party he was in. Although naturally abstemious, yet in a party he never failed to sacrifice most freely to the god of wine, and his wit and good-humour seemed to increase with every glass he drank. The signal of *enough* — and he generally went the length of his tether — was an attempt to sing the first verse of a song, beginning with

Women and wine the heart delight.

Some Friends of Mine

I wish I could recollect a twentieth part of the smart repartees and witty sayings of Mr. Leech; but in the interval of time they are lost. One of his bottle-companions of the sacerdotal order asked him to go to church and hear him preach. He afterwards wished to know what he thought of his sermon. "Why," replied Mr. Leech, "*I like you better in bottle than in wood.*" He was very intimate with Sir Richard Puleston; and as Sir Richard sometimes borrowed his hounds, when he was himself without any in his kennel, and always sent them home in better tune than he received them, he generally called him "my huntsman Dick." Riding over to Emral one day, soon after Sir Richard had been having a fall of timber, which opened to the view his parish church, Mr. Leech remarked, that he could not think what had made his hunstman so well behaved lately, but, said he, "I've found it out; he does *now* sometimes get a sight of the church." Though never profane, Mr. Leech would have his joke. He was once asked if he ever went to church. "Oh yes," answered he, "*but I am no church glutton.*"

Inheriting a sound constitution, rising early in the morning, pursuing the sports of the field, and generally of temperate habits, Mr. Leech lived to (I think) the age of eighty-six; and as a proof that the charms of conversation and the pleasures of a social glass lived as long as he did, it is only necessary to observe, that, the year before he died, he sat down to dinner with a friend of his at Chester at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at two o'clock *the next morning* he got into his carriage to go home.

Mr. Leech is gone; and with him is gone *his sort of English gentleman*. He spent his money in the country from which he received it; he kept a most hospitable house; was a sincere friend and a most entertaining com-

Nimrod's Heroes

panion; and for these reasons, *he never spoke ill of any man*; he was ever in good humour; and in all his jokes he never forgot the wholesome lesson of the Satirist —

Who, for the poor renown of being smart
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Nimrod

Captain Bridges



EVERY one south of London, that moves in the sporting world, has heard of Captain Bridges, who has long been conspicuous for daring feats of horsemanship and coachmanship. The Captain is a gentleman born and bred, being a son of the late General Bridges, and resides at the Hermitage, situated in a beautiful part of the county of Hants. The following anecdote of Captain Bridges should not be lost to posterity — being so truly characteristic of an Englishman. Being out one day with the fox-hounds, he saw two gentlemen parleying with a farmer in a gateway, who refused to let them pass through it. The Captain rode up to them, and asked them what was the matter? "Why," said one of the gentlemen, "this farmer says he will murder the first man who attempts to go into his field." "Does he?" said the Captain: "then here goes, life for life;" and immediately charged him. The fellow aimed a desperate blow at his head with a very heavy stick, which, in spite of the velvet cap, would have felled him to the ground, if he had not had the good fortune to have avoided it; when, taking to his heels, the coward fled, with the Captain after him, and absolutely crept into a large covered drain, to avoid him. "Whoo-hoop!" said the Captain: "I've run him to ground, by G—d!"

Some Friends of Mine

I have already said that Captain Bridges is one of the best tandem-drivers in England. In the exercise of his art, he offers the following bet:—namely, *that he will throw any man out of the carriage without himself being thrown out*. Strange to say this bet has never been accepted, for the life as well as the money of the loser might be the forfeit.

Captain Bridges is so well known in Hampshire by the name of “The Captain,” that I hope he will pardon my applying to him the familiar, though honourable title.

Among his other accomplishments, he has the credit of riding a race so well, that when I once went to ride against him, I found he was more the favourite than his horse. “The Captain wins for a pound,” said a farmer in my hearing, as I first entered the course. Knowing there was a large field against him, I naturally asked the farmer, if he knew anything of the horse the Captain was going to ride? “Not I,” said the farmer; “but the Captain wins, and no one else for a pound.”

Captain Bridges hunts regularly with fox-hounds, and keeps a pack of harriers of his own. Were it necessary to show his devotion to the sport, this fact would be sufficient:—The last time I saw him out, he told me he was severely attacked by gout at three o’clock that morning; but, *determined to hunt*, he had taken two strong calomel pills, sixty drops of the gout medicine called Colchicum, on the top of which he puts a glass of hot gin and water, on his road to covert—as Mr. Ramsbottom says, “to keep things in their places.”

To describe the Captain’s dress would take a livelier pen than mine. His hat I have seen; and by the side of it, the Jolliffe, or any other I have met with, would hide their diminished heads. The waistcoat I have not

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seen; but I have been given to understand, that a person would be almost as much at a loss to say of what materials it was composed, as Mr. Warde was to inform a certain great personage who asked him, what hair his hat was made of? and perhaps would not be quite so happy in his conjecture.

Although, as I have before mentioned, Captain Bridges resides at the Hermitage, he does not live the life of a hermit — being what the world calls, “a jolly good fellow”; and I have reason to believe, that in these shady groves, the nightingale¹ oftener hears the Captain, than the Captain hears the nightingale. Captain Bridges, however, is all fun and good humour, and strongly reminds one of the lines of the poet —

And sure, there seem of human kind,
Some born to shun the common strife;
Some for amusive tasks designed,
To sooth the various ills of life.

Nimrod

Mr. Corbet ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

SUCCEEDING to a fine estate, Mr. Corbet went abroad after having concluded his education, and returned to his native country a finished gentleman of the Old School. To the last year of his life, he was remarkable for the neatness of his person and extremely gentlemanlike appearance. His manners were peculiarly adapted to a man at the head of a pack of fox-hounds, being civil and obliging to the whole field, and particularly

¹ In his convivial hours, Captain Bridges occasionally imitates the mail-coach horn so well as to be heard at a considerable distance.

Some Friends of Mine

so to the farmers, by whom he was so much respected that the destruction of a fox by foul play was never heard of in Warwickshire in his time. . . .

Although no man performed the duties of life more correctly than Mr. Corbet, yet he was wrapped up in his hounds. *His mind was with them, although corporeally absent*, as the following anecdote will prove. He had lost his hounds one day, as also had a friend of mine who was out with them; and as he was riding in search of them, he was passed by Mr. Corbet at a pretty slapping pace, when he exclaimed, "Pray, don't ride over the hounds, you will only spoil your own sport." The hounds were not within five miles of him at the time! It was wonderful, nevertheless, how he would make his appearance at the end of a run, without perhaps ever seeing a hound, as he would not ride over the fences.

In society Mr. Corbet was a most cheerful and entertaining companion, and often said a good thing. I was once present, when an anecdote was told of a gentleman having purchased a pack of fox-hounds; but on their arrival at his kennel his wife went into fits, in which she continued till the hounds were sent back again to their original owner. "If my wife had done so," said Mr. Corbet, "I would never have kissed her again till she took off her night-cap and cried Tally-ho!" . . .

The late Earl of Aylesford was no sportsman; but as a well-wisher to fox-hunting, and out of compliment to Mr. Corbet, he would sometimes make his appearance in the field when the hounds were drawing his coverts at Packington. On one of these occasions his Lordship had posted himself just behind Mr. Corbet in a very dirty ride in a covert. A hound spoke. "Hark!" said Lord Aylesford. "A puppy, my 'Lord,'" said Mr. C. Another

Nimrod's Heroes

hound spoke. "Hark! again," said the Earl. "Puppy," said Mr. C., softly. At last old Trojan challenged on him: "Trojan, G—d!" said Mr. Corbet; "a fox for a hundred!" when clapping spurs to his horse, with one of his cheering halloos, he suddenly disappeared in the covert, leaving the noble Earl not only enveloped in astonishment, but covered with such an "explosion of mud," that his situation could only be compared to that of Dr. Slop when "beluted and transubstantiated" by Obadiah on the coach-horse.

An excellent print of Mr. Corbet, by Mr. Weaver of Shrewsbury, was published some years since by subscription, and is to be found in almost every sportsman's house in Warwickshire, Shropshire, and the adjoining counties. He is mounted on a favourite grey horse, which he purchased of the Rev. Mr. Biggs, and is represented in the act of capping his hounds to a scent in a covert, having just unkennelled their fox. He is accompanied by Will Barrow, also on one of his favourite horses, and some hounds of the old Trojan sort; and the likenesses of all — particularly of Mr. C. — are well preserved. It is much to be lamented, that no able artist had taken a sketch of him in one of his very happiest moments — *in the midst of his hounds, when worrying their fox after a good run.* He was then seen to most advantage —

High waving the brush, with pleasure half mad;
Roaring out, "Hoicks, have at 'em, we've killed him, my lad!"
In a state of delight far exceeding all bounds —
See the Veteran Squire in the midst of his hounds.

A picture, however, whatever may be its merits, must be a bad substitute for such an original. Such a man never should have died! As an example to sportsmen —

Some Friends of Mine

as an example to gentlemen — as an example to all men — Nature for once should have gone out of her way: *John Corbet should have been immortal!* Death should have had no dominion over him — a whoo-whoop should never have been heard over his grave!!

Nimrod (C. J. Apperley)

XII

THE CHAMPIONS

The Old Swordsmen ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

FIG was the Atlas of the Sword, and may he remain the gladiating Statue! In him, Strength, Resolution, and unparallel'd Judgement conspired to form a matchless Master. There was a Majesty shone in his Countenance, and blazed in all his Actions, beyond all I ever saw. His right Leg bold and firm, and his left which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him the surprising Advantage already proved, and struck his Adversary with Despair and Panic. He had that peculiar way of stepping in, I spoke of in a *Parry*; he knew his Arm and its just time of moving, put a firm faith in that and never let his Adversary escape his *Parry*. He was just as much a greater Master, than any other I ever saw, as he was a greater Judge of *Time* and *Measure*.

Mr. Sherlock must be pronounced an elegant Swords-Man, with uncommon Merit. His Designs are true and just, encouraged by an active Wrist, and great Agility of Body. He pitches to the Small-Sword Posture, the recommendation which I here repeat. I know there are great Demurs against it, but I will venture to justify him in it. He is certainly right to use that Guard, most properly

Some Friends of Mine

called a Guard, which best stops the too near approach of his Adversary, and at the same time supplies him with more readiness to Action. But though I am willing to give every Man his due Merit, I cannot step into the Filth of Flattery; therefore must confess Mr. Sherlock is not faultless. I will point out one Defect, and leave it to Judges whether I am right in my Observation. It is his Subjection and Proneness to starting, by which he evidently may put himself in the Power of a Man of far less Abilities than himself, when, upon a bare Stamp with the other's Foot and Movement of his Sword, he has hurried back with Precipitation. Sure Mr. Sherlock must own he hereby gives his Opposer great Advantage; however, I leave him with this Acknowledgement, that if he had Mr. Johnson's firm stable Resolution, he would rival any I have mentioned.

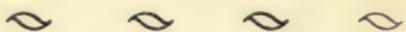
John Delforce. I conclude with John Delforce, and though he never fought with the Sword, I think it would be unpardonable not to give him a Place among the best of them; for sure none more fit, more able to bring up the Train. He is a very proper Case or Cover to the whole Picture, and may stand the guarding Centinel of the Art. I venture to proclaim him the only rival to Fig's memory. He is so well known for a Cudgeller on the Stage, that I need not lose any Time in reviving him to Thought. He is an uncontested Pattern among Spectators, and has made every Body sorely sensible of his Abilities with the Stick, who dared dispute it with him. My Head, my Arm, my Leg are strong Witnesses of his convincing Arm. As I said before, I have tried with them all, and must confess my Flesh, my Bones, remember him the best. He strongly evinces with the Stick, what he would execute with the Sword. John Delforce has every Ingredient to compound

The Champions

a perfect Swords-man, proper Strength, unerring Judgement, and sufficient Experience. He has a Spring in the Wrist more ready and powerful than any I have seen, and Fig seems to have bequeath'd to him his insight into *Time* and *Measure*.

Captain John Godfrey

Broughton and Whitaker



ADVANCE, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the *Boxers*. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the Characters with him: I know none so fit, so able to lead up the Van. This is giving him the living Preference to the rest; but, I hope, I have not given any Cause to say, that there has appeared in any of my Characters, a partial Tincture. I have throughout consulted nothing, but my unbiass'd Mind. Wherever I have praised, I have no Desire of pleasing; wherever decry'd, no Fear of offending. Broughton, by his many Merit, has bid the highest, therefore has my Heart. I really think all will poll with me, who poll with the same Principle. Sure there is some standing Reason for this Preference. What can be stronger than to say, that for Seventeen or Eighteen Years, he has fought every able *Boxer* that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the Case, we may venture to conclude from it. But not to build alone on this, let us examine farther into his Merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, Skill and Judgement equal to what can be acquired, undebauched Wind, and a bottom Spirit never to pronounce the word *Enough*. He fights the Stick as well as most Men, and understands a good deal of the

Some Friends of Mine

Small-Sword. This Practise has given him the Distinction of *Time* and *Measure* beyond the rest. He slops as regularly as the Swordsman, and carries his Blows truely in the Line; he steps not back, distrusting of himself to stop a Blow, and piddle in the Return, with an Arm unaided by his Body, producing but a kind of flyflap Blows; such as the Pastry Cooks used to beat those Insects from their Tarts and Cheese-cakes. No — Broughton steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming Blow, receives it with his guardian Arm; then with a general Summons of his swelling Muscles, and his firm Body seconding his Arm, and supplying it with all its Weight, pours the Pile-driving Force upon his Man.

That I may not be thought particular in dwelling too long upon Broughton, I leave him with this Assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a Battle to a warning Age, I shall never think he is to be beaten, till I see him beat. . . .

Much about this Time, there was one *Whitaker* who fought the *Venetian* Gondelier. He was a very strong Fellow, but a clumsy *Boxer*. He had two qualifications, very much contributing to help him out. He was very extraordinary for his throwing, and contriving to pitch his Weighty Body on the fallen Man. The other was that he was a hardy Fellow, and would bear a deal of Beating. This was the Man pitched upon to fight the *Venetian*. I was at *Slaughter's* Coffee-House when the Match was made, by a Gentleman of an advanced Station; he sent for Fig to procure a proper Man for him; he told him to take care of his Man, because it was for a large Sum; and the *Venetian* was a Man of extraordinary Strength, and famous for breaking the Jaw-bone in *Boxing*. Fig replied, in his rough Manner, I do not know Master, but he may break one

The Champions

of his own Countrymen's Jaw-bones with his Fist; but, I will bring him a man, and he shall not break his Jaw-bone with a Sledge-hammer in his hand.

The battle was fought at Fig's Amphitheatre, before a splendid company, the politest House of that kind I ever saw. While the *Gondolier* was stripping, my Heart yearned for my Countryman. His Arm took up all Observation; it was surprisingly large, long and muscular. He pitched himself forward with his right Leg, and his Arm full extended, and, as *Whitaker* approached, gave him a Blow on the side of the Head, that knocked him quite off the Stage, which was remarkable for its Height. *Whitaker's* Misfortune in his Fall was then the Grandeur of the Company, on which account they suffered no Common People in, that usually sit on the Ground and line the Stage round. It was then all clear, and *Whitaker* had nothing to stop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign Huzza on the Side of the *Venetian*, pronouncing our Countryman's Downfal; but *Whitaker* took no more Time than was required to get up again, when finding his Fault in standing out to the length of the other's Arm, he, with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy Mallet, and with one *English* Peg in the Stomach (quite a new Thing to Foreigners) brought him on his Breech. The Blow carried too much of the *English* Rudeness for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly Fists.

So fine a House was too engaging to Fig, not to court another. He therefore stepped up, and told the Gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the best Man in *London* on this Occasion: But to convince them to the contrary, he said, that, if they would come that Day se'n-night, he would bring a Man who should beat this *Whitaker*

Some Friends of Mine

in ten Minutes by fair hitting. This brought very near as great and fine a Company as the Week before. The Man was *Nathaniel Peartree*, who knowing the other's Bottom, and his deadly way of Flinging, took a most judicious Method to beat him. — Let his Character come in here — He was a most admirable *Boxer*, and I do not know one he was not a match for, before he lost his Finger. He was famous, like Pipes, for fighting at the Face, but stronger in his Blows. He knew *Whitaker's* Hardiness, and doubting of his being able to give him Beating enough, cunningly determined to fight at his Eyes. His judgement carried in his Arm so well, that in about Six Minutes both *Whitaker's* Eyes were shut up; when groping about awhile for his Man, and finding him not, he wisely gave out, with these odd Words — “Damme, I am not beat, but what signifies my fighting if I cannot see my man?”

Captain John Godfrey

Tom Cribb ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHEN some proud earl or rich patrician dies,
Unmoved we mark the storied marble rise,
Unmoved we read the praises blazoned forth,
And doubt the need if giv'n to wealth or worth;
But truth shall guide this record, and proclaim
Who raised himself without a crime to fame;
Whose heart was tender as his arm was strong;
Who still upheld the right, abhorred the wrong;
Who stood unconquered champion in that field,
Where hardy heroes nature's weapons wield —
“Twas poor Tom Cribb — beneath his ashes lie:
Peace to his spirit's immortality!”

H. D. Miles

The Champions

Jack Jackson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THREE were the Lades, the Hangers, the Bullocks, the Vernons, but give me Jack Jackson, as he stood alone amid the throng. I can see him now, as I saw him in '84, walking down Holborn Hill, towards Smithfield. He had on a scarlet coat, worked in gold at the button-holes, ruffles, and frill of fine lace, a small white stock, no collar (they were not then invented), a looped hat with a broad black band, buff knee breeches, and long silk strings, striped white silk stockings, pumps, and paste buckles; his waistcoat was pale blue satin, sprigged with white. It was impossible to look on his fine ample chest, his noble shoulders, his waist, (if anything too small), his large, but not too large hips (the fulcrum of the human form, whether male or female), his limbs, his balustrade calf and beautifully turned but not over delicate ankle, his firm foot, and peculiarly small hand, without thinking that nature had sent him or earth as a model. On he went at a good five miles and a half an hour, the envy of all men, and the admiration of all women.

As regards his face nature had not been bountiful; his forehead was rather low, and the mode he wore his hair made it peculiarly so. His cheek bones were high, and his nose and mouth coarse. His ears projected too much from his head, but his eyes were eyes to look at rather than look with; they were full and piercing, and formed a great portion of his power as a pugilist — with them he riveted his men.

Anatomists of the first standing examined Jackson, and artists and sculptors without number took sketches and models of his arm; but it was the extraordinary proportion of the man throughout that formed the wonder.

Some Friends of Mine

After 1795 Mr. Jackson resolved to teach others the art in which he himself excelled. For an instructor he had that invaluable requisite, temper; he was never too fast with his pupils. This made his initiatory lessons tedious to young gentlemen who go ahead, and it may readily be conceived that amid the aristocracy of England he had plenty of rough assailants to deal with. But he was always on his guard; there was no chance of rushing suddenly in and taking Jackson by surprise — he could not be flurried. Amid the other qualifications he had studied Lavater, and managed to reckon up his customers at first sight, and knew what he had to trust to. It had been said “he defied any man to hit him”; this is the truth but not the whole truth — he defied any man to hit whilst he (Jackson) stood merely on the defensive; in a fight, of course, it is impossible to avoid being hit.

His sparring was elegant and easy. He was peculiarly light upon his feet, a good judge of distance, and when he indulged his friends with a taste of his real quality, the delivery of his blow was only observable in its effect. It literally came like lightning, and was felt before it was seen. Most big men are comparatively slow, but he was as rapid as Owen Swift or Johnny Walker, and this, too, when upwards of fifty years of age.

Jackson not only told you what to do, but why you should do it; on this essential point, many capital instructors are and have been deficient. The want of this power of explaining the purpose of an action made young Dutch Sam and Richard Curtis bad instructors, though they were finished pugilists, and, which does not always follow, capital sparrings.

Jackson was not unmindful of the fact that art never ends. If there was anything new in the gymnastic, eques-

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trian, or pedestrian way, there be assured was Jackson; not merely witnessing the exhibition, but examining the means by which the effects were produced. He was consequently often at Astley's and the Surrey, when Ireland, the jumper, was there, and knew all the famous fencers, funambulists, dancers, and riders of his day, and his day was a long one.

Of his private character, what can be said more than that all his pupils became his friends. Save with Dan Mendoza, it is not known that he ever had a quarrel. He was a careful man, not a mean man — saving, but not penurious. It is to be remembered, too, from his peculiar situation, continued calls were made upon his purse by the ruffianly and profligate, who claimed a brotherhood that he utterly and properly repudiated.

H. D. Miles

Jack Randall ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

IN a twenty-four feet ring a better general or a more consummate tactician was never seen: judgment and decision were manifest in all his movements. His heart is in the right place; his head cool and collected to take advantage in the most prompt style of the disorder of the opponent before him; his mind looking confidently forward to nothing but victory.

In short, as a pugilist he is Nonpareil. Randall's style seems the *ne plus ultra* of the art of self-defence. Out of the ropes, however, he is one of the most simple of human beings. Yet Lavater, with all his knowledge of physiognomy, might have looked at his mug, and looked at it again and again, and not have discovered his real character from

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the lineaments of his face. If Randall cannot express himself in the sentimental manner of Sterne, gammon the tender pa of society with the platonic taste of a Rousseau, or wind up a tale with the speciousness of a Joseph Surface, he can be backed against them all for the possession of genuine feeling.

A common observer might say he was a rough, illiterate fellow, for he does not attempt to conceal his deficiencies. He has no affectation about his composition — deception does not belong to him, and bluntness is his forte. He is indignant at what he thinks wrong; and is not over nice in his expressions, whenever such a subject is the theme of argument. He admires truth; and his honesty, if not Brutus-like, is as staunch and incorruptible. A liar will be sure to hear of his fault from him. Though education has done little for him, experience has given him “the time of day.”

But, kind reader, if thou hadst seen him relieve an ould Irish woman, at “peep of day” with the only half-crown he was master of, as she was going to market with an empty pocket and basket, anxious to support two of her orphan grandchildren to prevent their going to the parish, when she had solicited him for only twopence to aid her charitable design; — if you had seen the effect of her plaintive tale, and the blessings she invoked upon his head for this real act of benevolence; his turning aside to weep; and the jeers he experienced from his companions upon the weakness he had displayed; — if you had also witnessed him pushing the crowd aside the instant he was proclaimed the conqueror over Turner, to grapple with the hand of his great rival in friendship, and seen the big tear stealing down his cheek, in admiration of the bravery of his opponent; — if you had known as the writer did, of his refusal to prosecute a man and his wife whom he had trusted in the bosom

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of his family, and who, under the mask of friendship, had robbed him at various periods of £300 — I don't know what you might have said of him, but Burns would have told us, despite his defects, "a man's a man for a' that." And such a man was Jack Randall.

H. D. Miles

II

OF all the great men of this age, in poetry, philosophy, or pugilism, there is no one of such transcendent talent as Randall; — no one who combines the finest natural powers with the most elegant and finished acquired ones.

The late Professor Stewart (who has left the learned ring) is acknowledged to be clever in philosophy, but he is a left-handed metaphysical fighter at best, and cannot be relied upon at closing with his subject. Lord Byron is a powerful poet, with a mind weighing fourteen stone; but he is too sombre a hitter, and is apt to lose his temper. — Randall has no defect, or at least he has not yet betrayed the appearance of one. His figure is remarkable, when *peeled*, for its statue-like beauty, and nothing can equal the alacrity with which he uses either hand, or the coolness with which he *receives*. His goodness on his legs, Boxiana (a Lord Eldon in the skill and caution of his judgments) assures us, is unequalled. He doubles up an opponent, as a friend lately delcared, as easily as though he were picking a flower, or pinching a girl's cheek.

He is about to fight Jos. Hudson, who challenged him lately at the Royal Tennis Court. Randall declared that "though he had declined fighting, he would *accommodate Joshua*"; a kind and benevolent reply, which does equal honour to his head and heart. The editor of this little volume, like Goldfinch in the *Road to Ruin*,

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“would not stay away for a thousand pounds.” He has already looked about for a tall horse and a taxed cart, and he has some hopes of compassing a drab coat and a white hat, for he has no wish to appear singular at such scenes.

III

“None but himself can be his parallel!”

WITH marble-coloured shoulders, — and keen eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white, —
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing size, —
Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or stop, — and kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies, —
The Nonpareil stands! Fame, whose bright eyes run
o'er

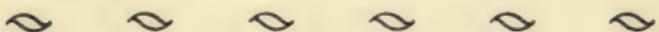
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
“Randall, — John, — Irish Parents — age not known,—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!”

J. Hamilton Reynolds

XIII

THE ADVENTURERS

Flinter



ON the day of my arrival I dined at the *table d'hôte* of the principal inn, kept by a Genoese. The company was very miscellaneous, French, Germans, and Spaniards, all speaking in their respective languages, whilst at the ends of the table, confronting each other, sat two Catalan merchants, one of whom weighed nearly twenty stone, grunting across the board in their harsh dialect. Long, however, before dinner was concluded, the conversation was entirely engrossed and the attention of all present directed to an individual who sat on one side of the bulky Catalan. He was a thin man of about the middle height, with a remarkably red face, and something in his eyes which, if not a squint, bore a striking resemblance to it. He was dressed in a blue military frock, and seemed to take much more pleasure in haranguing than in the fare which was set before him. He spoke perfectly good Spanish, yet his voice betrayed something of a foreign accent. For a long time he descanted with immense volubility on war and all its circumstances, freely criticising the conduct of the generals, both Carlist and Christinos, in the present struggle, till at last he exclaimed,

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“Had I but twenty thousand men allowed me by the government, I would bring the war to a conclusion in six months.”

“Pardon me, Sir,” said a Spaniard who sat at the table, “the curiosity which induces me to request the favour of your distinguished name.”

“I am Flinter,” replied the individual in the military frock, “a name which is in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in Spain. I am Flinter the Irishman, just escaped from the Basque provinces and the claws of Don Carlos. On the decease of Ferdinand I declared for Isabella, esteeming it the duty of every good cavalier and Irishman in the Spanish service to do so. You have all heard of my exploits, and permit me to tell you they would have been yet more glorious had not jealousy been at work and cramped my means. Two years ago I was despatched to Estremadura, to organize the militias. The bands of Gomez and Cabrera entered the province and spread devastation around. They found me, however, at my post; and had I been properly seconded by those under my command, the two rebels would never have returned to their master to boast of their success. I stood behind my intrenchments. A man advanced and summoned us to surrender. ‘Who are you?’ I demanded. ‘I am Cabrera,’ he replied; ‘And I am Flinter,’ I retorted, flourishing my sabre; ‘retire to your battalions or you will forthwith die the death.’ He was awed and did as I commanded. In an hour we surrendered. I was led a prisoner to the Basque provinces; and the Carlists rejoiced in the capture they had made, for the name of Flinter had long sounded amongst the Carlist ranks. I was flung into a loathsome dungeon, where I remained twenty months. I was cold; I was naked; but I did not on that account despond, my spirit was too indomitable for such weakness. My keeper

The Adventurers

at last pitied my misfortunes. He said that 'it grieved him to see so valiant a man perish in inglorious confinement.' We laid a plan to escape together; disguises were provided, and we made the attempt. We passed unobserved till we arrived at the Carlist lines above Bilbao; there we were stopped. My presence of mind, however, did not desert me. I was disguised as a carman, as a Catalan, and the coolness of my answers deceived my interrogators. We were permitted to pass, and soon were safe within the walls of Bilbao. There was an illumination that night in the town, for the lion had burst his toils, Flinter had escaped, and was once more returned to reanimate a drooping cause. I have just arrived at Santander on my way to Madrid, where I intend to ask of the government a command, with twenty thousand men."

Poor Flinter! a braver heart and a more gasconading mouth were surely never united in the same body. He proceeded to Madrid, and through the influence of the British ambassador, who was his friend, he obtained the command of a small division, with which he contrived to surprise and defeat, in the neighbourhood of Toledo, a body of the Carlists, commanded by Orejita, whose numbers more than trebled his own. In reward for this exploit he was persecuted by the government, which, at that time, was the moderado or *juste milieu*, with the most relentless animosity; the prime minister, Ofalia, supporting with all his influence numerous and ridiculous accusations of plunder and robbery brought against the too successful general by the Carlist canons of Toledo. He was likewise charged with a dereliction of duty, in having permitted, after the battle of Valdepeñas, which he likewise won in the most gallant manner, the Carlist force to take possession of the mines of Almaden, although the government, who

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were bent on his ruin, had done all in their power to prevent him from following up his successes by denying him the slightest supplies and reinforcements. The fruits of victory thus wrested from him, his hopes blighted, a morbid melancholy seized upon the Irishman; he resigned his command, and in less than ten months from the period when I saw him at Santander, afforded his dastardly and malignant enemies a triumph which satisfied even them, by cutting his own throat with a razor.

Ardent spirits of foreign climes, who hope to distinguish yourselves in the service of Spain, and to earn honours and rewards, remember the fate of Columbus, and of another as brave and as ardent — Flinter!

George Borrow

Jim Bowie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE first day after crossing the Mississippi the Missionary was overtaken by a horseman, dressed in a buckskin garb, armed with rifle, pistols, and a hunting knife. They entered into conversation, and he found his travelling companion an intelligent, agreeable gentleman, well acquainted with the geography of the country. They journeyed together for several days, one not asking the other his name or his business, until they reached a town in Texas which had been made the head-quarters of desperadoes and refugees from justice from every State. There he gave notice he would preach at night in the court-house. At the hour appointed the court-house was filled with men, only a few women. He said he gave out a hymn and all sang it and sang it well; but when he took his text and attempted to preach, he was saluted by one with the bray of an ass, another by the hooting of an owl, and kindred noises.

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Disliking to leave without preaching, he waited until the interruptions subsided, for three several times, when his travelling companion, whom he did not know was present, arose in the midst of the congregation and said, "Men, this man has come here to preach to you — you need preaching to, and I'll be d — d if he shan't preach to you. The next man that disturbs him shall fight me. My name's Jim Bowie." The preacher added that after the announcement of the name Jim Bowie he never had a more respectful and attentive congregation. It is hardly necessary to say that James Bowie laid down his life at the Alamo, in the State of Texas. Greece, in ancient times, had her Thermopylæ, from which only three persons escaped. The Alamo was the American Thermopylæ, from whence only one woman and a negro boy escaped.

Travis, the commandant, Crockett and James Bowie, his subordinates, a trio of heroes! Patriotism mourns their fate, and memory will bedew their graves with her tears as long as noble deeds move the human heart with pleasurable emotions. In truth, every man who fell at the Alamo was a hero, because not one asked or expected quarter. They fought to protect the infant settlements of Texas from savage destruction.

Major Truman

Walker ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

"THE Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny" — the greatest filibuster of modern times — was a lawyer, and followed the profession in several States. He also studied two other professions — medicine and divinity. He was a Tennesseean; small in stature, quiet in manner, always

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self-possessed, and attracted the eye chiefly by his own enormous gray orbs, which gave him the title above. He was a born adventurer. Yet was he gentle in speech and subdued in demeanour. His information was wide. He frequently had personal altercations and fought several duels, but went into conflicts of every kind with phenomenal composure. His habits were good, and he was generally well liked. A mighty visionary was he. His ambition was to effect a conquest on the Isthmus as a nucleus for a broad dominion to be extended into Mexico and South America. In both Honduras and Nicaragua he was a conqueror. The land was his, and the people at his feet, but Anglo-Saxon power overthrew him. After being driven out of Nicaragua, he repaired to New York to devise other plans of conquest. Colonel E. C. Marshall there met him by chance, under the gas-light. He was enthusiastic over his Honduras scheme — said that it dwarfed all his former plans. He was going to establish a great republic between the continents. It is believed by those who knew him that had he succeeded in establishing his power he would have been a wise and beneficent ruler. His political knowledge was great. General Walker had all Europe and half of America against him. He had not been long in Honduras when the forces from a British fleet, well knowing that Uncle Sam would interfere, captured him and turned him over to the native Honduras authorities. He was promptly shot. The fate of Walker was that of Henry A. Crabbe and State Senator McCoun, two lawyers of this State, who led an expedition into Sonora, Mexico, in 1857. Crabbe was from Tennessee, and practised law in Stockton. He was one term senator from San Joaquin. His name, which was that of his father, once prominent at the Tennessee bar, was before the Know Nothing caucus with

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those of Foote and Ferguson for United States Senator. McCoun was in the Senate from Contra Costa County. He was a Kentuckian. They entered Sonora with a few hundred men, relying upon an uprising of the people against the Government. They were attacked by a force largely superior in numbers and retreated into a church, which was set on fire by a burning fagot attached to an arrow shot into the roof. Compelled to march out, they were captured in a body, and summarily and ignominiously put to death.

They were stationed in rows in front of their open graves, hands tied behind them, and shot in the back. McCoun, on hearing the command to fire, quickly faced about, and received his bullet in his breast. He was a man of commanding form and noble spirit. Crabbe, who had a wife, a Mexican lady, in California, was given time to write to her a letter, and he was then beheaded.

Major Truman

II

HE was a brick: let this be said
Above my brave dishonored dead.
I ask no more, this is not much,
Yet I disdain a colder touch
To memory as dear as his;
For he was true as any star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss;
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,

Some Friends of Mine

And never moved at anything;
A dash of sadness in his air,
Born, may be, of his over care,
And, may be, born of a despair
In early love — I never knew;
I question'd not as many do,
Of things as sacred as this is;
I only knew that he to me
Was all a father, friend, could be;
I sought to know no more than this
Of history of him or his.
A piercing eye, a princely air,
A presence like a chevalier,
Half angel and half Lucifer;
Fair fingers, jewell'd manifold
With great gems set in hoops of gold;
Sombréro black, with plume of snow
That swept his long silk locks below;
A red serape with bars of gold,
Heedless falling, fold on fold;
A sash of silk, where flashing swung
A sword as swift as serpent's tongue,
In sheath of silver chased in gold;
A face of blended pride and pain,
Of mingled pleading and disdain
With shades of glory and of grief;
And Spanish spurs with bells of steel
That dash'd and dangl'd at the heel —
The famous filibuster chief
Stood by his tent 'mid tall brown trees
That top the fierce Cordilleras,
With brawn arm arch'd above his brow; —
Stood still — he stands, a picture, now —

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Long gazing down the sunset seas.
Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead
His heart was black, his hands were red,
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it all undenied.
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than any one
That I have known beneath the sun,
Sinner, Saint, or Pharisee,
As boy or man, for any cause;
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame:
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

Joaquin Miller

The Breitmann



OUR first glimpse of the true vigorous Hans is in the story of his feats in the gymnasium:

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
Dey make shimmastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
De ladies coomed in to see;

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Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
All in der gal-lerie.

Dey ashk: "Vhere ish der Breitmann?"
Und dey tremple mit awe and fear
Vhen dey see him schwingen py de toes,
A trinken' lager beer.

The Breitmann here is of the tribe of Falstaff. One need not call Mr. Leland a Shakespeare to point out there is much that is Falstaffian in his hero.

Later, however, the Breitmann's hedonistic creed comes forth. It is sheer Omarism, even to the brink of wistfulness and that persistent consciousness of the transitoriness of all enjoyable things: sheer Omarism, but better, for it has vigour behind it. Thus:

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,
Vhere madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen — or
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!
O keep a liddel sprung!
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:
To go it while you're yung!
Und age vas nefer coom to him,
To him Spring plooms afresh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

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And, again:

O vot ve vant to quickest come,
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.
Dis Life ish boot a passin' from
De efer-gomin-on.
De closer dat ve looks at id,
De shsmaller it ish grow;
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein
He makes it fastest go.

And —

“De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe;
Das Werden’s all von whirling droonk,”
Said Breitemann, said he.

And finally —

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Droo all dis earthly land
A vorkin’ out life’s mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree!

Reading this, one half wonders that no Breitmann Club exists for the exploitation of such a simple creed. Omar, who said much the same, was eternally dragging mysticism in. The Breitmann made no such mistake. “Drink,” cries Omar, “drink, drink,” in untiring iteration; but there is no evidence that he ever drank himself. His counsel is the end of it. When was he seen “schwingen

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py de toes a trinken' lager beer"? The Breitmann not only talked, he did things:

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered thick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
Und dat infernal quick;
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool as gool couldt pe:
"Id's shoost a-goin' to shdrike six,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

That was the Breitmann. Of Omar are no such stories told. At most he invented an almanack.

But the Breitmann's greatest deed was to go to church. The ballad of "Breitmann's Going to Church" is Mr. Leland's high-water mark: a superb exercise in grotesque art. It all came of the obstinacy of the bold von Stossenheim, who had "theories of Gott." Stossenheim held that no man could win paradise but by self-mortification. He took Breitmann on "de angles of de moral oxyyen," and convinced him that for his soul's sake he should attend service. The church being decided upon, one of the soldiers — for it was in war time — offered the information that twenty barrels of whiskey were hidden under the floor of it:

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt beside de fence,
Und gried: "O Captain Breitmann, see
Die finger Providence!"
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles befor,
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

The Adventurers

On the road to church the company attacked and slaughtered — massacred rather — a Rebel band; then they passed on and found the church. While some hunted for the whiskey ("Pe referent, men; remember," said Breitmann to the searchers, "dis ish a Gotteshaus") another played the organ; and tears roiled down the Breitmann's face as he thought of his childhood:

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifully efer yet
 Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singen dey
 Might indo Himmel win:
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
 Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Suddenly came news of an advancing host of Rebels. There was a fierce fight, and Breitmann's party won, but not until Stossenheim was killed. He died sighing:

Wohl auf, my soul o'er de mountains!
 Wohl auf — well ofer de sea!
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
 Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
 Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
 Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

It is a pity that Mr. Leland did not tell us of Breitmann's death. He gave some faint forecast of it in an account of Hans in sickness. Falstaff, nearing his end, babbled of green fields. Breitmann, flung from his "philosopede" (for Hans was among the early cyclists),

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and picked up stunned, murmured in his unconsciousness this song:

Ash soomer pring de roses,
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!

Ash winter pring de ice-wind,
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring de pill.
Boot sing Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!

The Breitmann's death must have been magnificent.

XIV

WILD IRISHMEN

Bryan Maguire ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE deeds of Byran Maguire continued till a still more recent period "to fright the islanders from their propriety." He was a large burly man, with a bull-neck and clumsy shoulders. His face, though not uncomely, was disfigured by enormous whiskers, and he assumed on all occasions a truculent and menacing aspect. He had been in the army serving abroad, and, it was said, dismissed the service. He availed himself of his military character, and appeared occasionally in the streets in a gaudy glittering uniform, armed with his sword, saying it was the uniform of his Corps. When thus accoutred, he strolled through the streets, looking round on all that passed with a haughty contempt.

His ancestors were among the reguli of Ireland, and one of them was a distinguished Irish leader in 1641. He therefore assumed the port and bearing which he thought became the son of an Irish king. The streets were formerly more covered with dirt than they are now, and the only mode of passing from one side to the other was by a narrow crossing made by mud heaped up on

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each side. It was Bryan's glory to take sole possession of one of these, and to be seen with his arms folded across his ample chest, stalking along in solitary magnificence. Any unfortunate wayfarer who met him on the path was sure to be hurled into the heap of mud at one side of it. The sight was generally attractive, and a crowd usually collected at each end of the path to gaze on him or prudently wait until he had passed.

His domestic habits were in keeping with his manner abroad. When he required the attendance of a servant he had a peculiar manner of ringing the bell. His pistols always lay on the table beside him, and instead of applying his hand to the bell-pull in the usual way, he took up a pistol and fired it at the handle of the bell, and continued firing until he hit it and so caused the bell below to sound. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance.

Another of his royal habits was the mode of passing his time. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols.

Sketches of Irish Life Sixty Years Ago

Wild Irishmen

Mr. Barrington



HE said no more but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. "I have done it, by G—d!" (cried he, exultingly;) "'twas better late than never!" and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. "See here!" continued he, "the cowardly rascal!"

"Heavens!" cried I, "French, are you mad?"

"Mad!" replied he, "no, no! I followed your own advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to '*challenge the array*' and there I challenged the *head* of the array, that cowardly Lyons! — he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail — see, here they are, — the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-Sheriff."

I was thunderstruck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not in *liquor* at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took words in their commonest acceptation.

He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great "*array*" and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him.

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Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving-knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing,) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.

Mr. Lyons was a remarkably fine, handsome man; and, having lived very much abroad, was by no means acquainted with the humours of Irish country gentlemen, with whom he had associated but little, and by whom he was not at all liked; and this his first reception must have rather surprised him.

Mr. Flood, one of the grand jury, afterwards informed me, that no human gravity could possibly withstand the astonishment and ludicrous figure of the mutilated High Sheriff; the laugh, consequently, was both loud and long. Nobody chose to interfere in the concern; and as Mr. Lyons had sustained no bodily injury, he received very little condolment amongst the country gentlemen.

Jonas Barrington

Pat Power ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

PAT POWER of Daragle was a fat robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion called Bob Briscoe; when taking aim he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it, so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another

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who had less inclination to use his own; and when a friend of his declined a challenge, Power immediately took it for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the South of Ireland he knighted many persons, without much regard to their merit or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honours in this way. Among his knights were the recorder, the paymaster of a regiment, and a lieutenant. Power was in a Coffee-house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights. He abused them all, particularly "a fellow called B——, a beggarly half-pay lieutenant."

The gentleman turned pale and in confusion immediately left the Coffee-room. "Do you know who that is?" said a person present. "No," said Power; "I never saw him before." "That's Sir J. B—— whom you have been abusing." "In that case," said Power, with great unconcern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent Attorney, sat down upon a desk stool, and told him instantly to draw his will, as he had no time to lose. The will was drawn and executed, and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry. He explained the circumstance, and said he expected to find a message at his house before him.

"Never fear," said Cooke, "the knight is an *Englishman*, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said." Cooke prophesied truly.¹

When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue

¹ A similar anecdote is told of a Mr. Bligh. It is probable that both he and Power, having acquired celebrity in the same line, may have been the heroes of similar achievements.

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and clumsy appearance. On one occasion a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arms and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen.

Presently his servant appeared with two more covered

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dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol.

Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other."

The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning Power paid it for them along with his own.

Sketches of Irish Life Sixty Years Ago

XV

THE MASTERS

Julius Cæsar ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

AS a warrior and a general, we behold him not in the least inferior to the greatest and most admired commanders the world ever produced. For whether we compare him with the Fabii, the Scipios, and Metelli, with the generals of his own time, or those who flourished a little before him, with Sylla, Marius, the two Luculli, or with Pompey himself, whose fame in every military excellence reached the skies, Cæsar's achievements bear away the palm. One he surpassed in the difficulty of the scene of action, another in the extent of the countries he subdued; this, in the number and strength of the enemies he overcame, that, in the savage manners and treacherous disposition of the people he humanized; one in mildness and clemency to his prisoners, another, in bounty and munificence to his troops; and all, in the number of battles that he won, and enemies that he killed. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul, he took 800 cities by assault, conquered 300 nations, and fought pitched battles at different times with 3,000,000 of men, 1,000,000 of which he cut in pieces, and made another 1,000,000 prisoners.

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Such, moreover, was the affection of his soldiers, and their attachment to his person, that they who under other commanders were nothing above the common rate of men, became invincible where Cæsar's glory was concerned, and met the most dreadful dangers with a courage that nothing could resist. To give three or four instances:

Acilius, in a sea-fight near Marseilles, after he had boarded one of the enemy's ships, had his right hand cut off with a sword, yet he still held his buckler in his left, and pushed it in the enemy's faces, till he defeated them, and took the vessel.

Cassius Scæva, in the battle of Dyrrhachium, after he had an eye shot out with an arrow, his shoulder wounded with one javelin, his thigh run through with another, and had received 130 darts upon his shield, called out to the enemy, as if he would surrender himself. Upon this, two of them came up to him, and he gave one of them such a stroke upon the shoulder with his sword, that the arm dropped off; the other he wounded in the face, and made him retire. His comrades then came up to his assistance, and he saved his life.

In Britain, some of the vanguard happened to be entangled in a deep morass, and were there attacked by the enemy, when a private soldier, in the sight of Cæsar, threw himself into the midst of the assailants, and, after prodigious exertions of valour, beat off the barbarians, and rescued the men. After which, the soldier, with much difficulty, partly by swimming, partly by wading, passed the morass, but in the passage lost his shield. Cæsar, and those about him, astonished at the action, ran to meet him with acclamations of joy; but the soldier, in great distress, threw himself at Cæsar's feet, and, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon for the loss of his shield.

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In Africa, Scipio having taken one of Cæsar's ships, on board of which was Granius Petronius, lately appointed quæstor, put the rest to the sword, but told the quæstor he gave him his life, Petronius answered, "It is not the custom of Cæsar's soldiers to take, but to give quarter," and immediately plunged his sword in his breast.

This courage, and this great ambition, were cultivated and cherished, in the first place, by the generous manner in which Cæsar rewarded his troops, and the honours which he paid them: for his whole conduct showed, that he did not accumulate riches in the course of his wars, to minister to luxury, or to serve any pleasures of his own; but that he laid them up in a common bank, as prizes to be obtained by distinguished valour, and that he considered himself no farther rich than as he was in a condition to do justice to the merit of his soldiers. Another thing that contributed to make them invincible was their seeing Cæsar always take his share in danger, and never desire any exemption from labour and fatigue.

As for his exposing his person to danger, they were not surprised at it, because they knew his passion for glory; but they were astonished at his patience under toil, so far in all appearance above his bodily powers. For he was of a slender make, fair, of a delicate constitution, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits. He had the first attack of the falling sickness at Corduba. He did not, however, make these disorders a pretence for indulging himself. On the contrary, he sought in war a remedy for his infirmities, endeavouring to strengthen his constitution by long marches, by simple diet, by seldom coming under covert. Thus he contended with his distemper, and fortified himself against its attacks.

When he slept, it was commonly upon a march, either

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in a chariot or a litter, that rest might be no hindrance to business. In the day time he visited the castles, cities, and fortified camps, with a servant at his side, whom he employed, on such occasions, to write for him, and with a soldier behind, who carried his sword. By these means he travelled so fast, and with so little interruption, as to reach the Rhone in eight days after his first setting out for those parts from Rome.

He was a good horseman in his early years, and brought that exercise to such perfection by practice, that he could sit a horse at full speed with his hands behind him. In this expedition he also accustomed himself to dictate letters as he rode on horseback, and found sufficient employment for two secretaries at once, or, according to Oppius, for more. It is also said, that Cæsar was the first who contrived to communicate his thoughts by letter to his friends, who were in the same city with him, when any urgent affair required it, and the multitude of business or great extent of the city did not admit of an interview.

Of his indifference with respect to diet they give us this remarkable proof. Happening to sup with Valerius Leo, a friend of his at Milan, there was sweet ointment poured upon the asparagus, instead of oil. Cæsar ate of it freely, notwithstanding, and afterwards rebuked his friends for expressing their dislike of it. "It was enough," said he, "to forbear eating, if it was disagreeable to you. He who finds fault with any rusticity, is himself a rustic."

One day, as he was upon an excursion, a violent storm forced him to seek shelter in a poor man's hut, where there was only one room, and that scarce big enough for a man to sleep in. Turning, therefore, to his friends, he said, "Honours for the great, and necessaries for the infirm," and immediately gave up the room to Oppius,

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while himself and the rest of the company slept under a shed at the door.

Plutarch, in Langhorne's Translation

The Emperor ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHEN I think of the Great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer-green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the waterfall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads: I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy, the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with woeful tenderness, the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance, the night-violets sighed; with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the mignonnette, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend. I am speaking of the Court garden of Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon — the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and the glaciers thundered in the distance — I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi — I saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo — I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids, naught around save powder, smoke, and the Mamelukes — I saw the Emperor in the battle

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of Austerlitz — ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road! — I saw, I heard the battle of Jena — *dum, dum, dum* — I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram — no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheep-skin.

But what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest and with my own eyes *him*, Hosannah! the Emperor!

It was exactly in the Avenue of the Court garden at Düsseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the “general march” — yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation that no one should dare, under penalty of five dollars’ fine, ride through the Avenue. And the Emperor with his *cortège* rode directly down the Avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly — had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand — one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races — and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, “Thou

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shalt have no gods before me!" A smile, which warmed and tranquillized every heart, flitted over the lips — and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existaît plus* — those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing — those lips needed but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men; it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one and by their shaded hues.

The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world; and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write all the days of his life.

The Emperor rode calmly straight through the Avenue; no policeman stopped him; behind his *cortège* rode proudly, loaded with gold and ornaments, on panting horses; the trumpets pealed; near me crazy Aloysius spun round and snarled the names of his generals; not far off growled the tipsy Gumpert, and the multitude cried with a thousand voices, "*Es lebe der Kaiser!*" — Long live the Emperor!

Heinrich Heine (translated by C. G. Leland)

The Masters

Shaun ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

[Scene:— *Before Dublin Castle.* — Night — a Clansman of Shaun O'Neill discovers his Chief's head on a pole.]

GOD'S wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know the pride

Of dying on the battle-field, their broken spear beside,
When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.

May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of man,

Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;

For sure, O God! — and you know all, whose thought for all sufficed —

To expiate these Saxon sins they'd want another Christ.

Is it thus, O Shaun the haughty! Shaun the valiant! that we meet —

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?

Have *I* no chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defence,

Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-tower,

Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough with power;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,

Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

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That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of
Columbkill,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks
of Derry Hill,
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and
to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met
their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his
stormy cheers;
Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it,
your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court
among.

Just think, O Shaun ! the same moon shines on Liffey as
on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to
despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and
ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin
towers.
Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler
still —
My heart? I had no heart — 'twas yours — 'twas yours!
to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief — your life, your
soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun — with proud
O'Neill it died.

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You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as
Spanish steel —
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief,
O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled the
sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty"
with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow
for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild" — and who's not wild to see
his hearth-stone razed?
He was "merciless as fire" — ah, ye kindled him — he
blazed!
He was "proud" — yes, proud of birthright, and because
he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking
spray,
He was wild, insane for vengeance — ay! and preached it
till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands" to clutch
their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!" Ye Saints, he
makes no breath:
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost
from death.
Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster
lost?
"Dost hear, *dost hear?* By Randolph led, the troops the
Foyle have crossed!"

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He's truly dead ! he must be dead ! nor is his ghost about —
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a
shout :
The pale face droopeth northward — ah ! his soul must
loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann
the Fair !
I'll speed me Ulster-wards — your ghost must wander
there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its
hate again.

John Savage

XVI

MONK AND LOVER

Fra Filippo Lippi ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

EUGENIUS. Filippo! I am informed by my son Cosimo de' Medici of many things relating to thy life and actions, and, among the rest, of thy throwing off the habit of a friar. Speak to me as to a friend. Was that well done?

Filippo. Holy Father, it was done most unadvisedly.

Eugenius. Continue to treat me with the same confidence and ingenuousness; and, beside the remuneration I intend to bestow on thee for the paintings wherewith thou hast adorned my palace, I will remove with my own hand the heavy accumulation of thy sins, and ward off the peril of fresh ones, placing within thy reach every worldly solace and contentment.

Filippo. Infinite thanks, Holy Father, from the innermost heart of your unworthy servant, whose duty and wishes bind him alike and equally to a strict compliance with your paternal commands.

Eugenius. Was it a love of the world and its vanities that induced thee to throw aside the frock?

Filippo. It was indeed, Holy Father! I never had the courage to mention it in confession among my manifold offences.

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Eugenius. Bad, bad! Repentance is of little use to the sinner, unless he pour it from a full and overflowing heart into the capacious ear of the confessor. Ye must not go straightforward and bluntly up to your Maker, startling him with the horrors of your guilty conscience. Order, decency, time, place, opportunity, must be observed.

Filippo. I have observed the greater part of them: time, place, and opportunity.

Eugenius. That is much. In consideration of it, I hereby absolve thee.

Filippo. I feel quite easy, quite new-born.

Eugenius. I am desirous of hearing what sort of feelings thou experiencest when thou givest loose to thy intractable and unruly wishes. Now, this love of the world, what can it mean? A love of music, of dancing, of riding? What, in short, is it in thee?

Filippo. Holy Father! I was ever of a hot and amorous constitution.

Eugenius. Well, well! I can guess, within a trifle, what that leads unto. I very much disapprove of it, whatever it may be. And then? and then? Prythee go on: I am inflamed with a miraculous zeal to cleanse thee.

Filippo. I have committed many follies, and some sins.

Eugenius. Let me hear the sins; I do not trouble my head about the follies; the Church has no business with them. The State is founded on follies, the Church on sins. Come, then, unsack them.

Filippo. Concupiscence is both a folly and a sin. I felt more and more of it when I ceased to be a monk, not having (for a time) so ready means of allaying it.

Eugenius. No doubt. Thou shouldst have thought again and again before thou strippedst off the cowl.

Filippo. Ah, Holy Father, I am sore at heart. I thought

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indeed how often it had held two heads together under it, and that stripping it off was double decapitation. But compensation and contentment came, and we were warm enough without it.

Eugenius. I am minded to reprove thee gravely. No wonder it pleased the Virgin, and the saints about her, to permit that the enemy of our faith should lead thee captive into Barbary.

Filippo. The pleasure was all on their side.

Eugenius. I have heard a great many stories both of males and females who were taken by Tunisians and Algerines; and although there is a sameness in certain parts of them, my especial benevolence toward thee, worthy Filippo, would induce me to lend a vacant ear to thy report. And now, good Filippo, I could sip a small glass of muscatel or Orvieto, and turn over a few bleached almonds, or essay a smart dried apricot at intervals, and listen while thou relatest to me the manners and customs of that country, and particularly as touching thine own adversities. First, how wast thou taken?

Filippo. I was visiting at Pesaro my worshipful friend the canonico Andrea Paccone, who delighted in the guitar, played it skilfully, and was always fond of hearing it well accompanied by the voice. My own instrument I had brought with me, together with many gay Florentine songs, some of which were of such a turn and tendency that the canonico thought they would sound better on water, and rather far from shore, than within the walls of the canonicate. He proposed, then, one evening when there was little wind stirring, to exercise three young abbates¹ on their several parts, a little way out of hearing from the water's edge.

¹ Little boys wearing clerical habits are often called *abbati*.

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Eugenius. I disapprove of exercising young abbates in that manner.

Filippo. Inadvertently, O Holy Father! I have made the affair seem worse than it really was. In fact, there were only two genuine abbates; the third was Donna Lisetta, the good canonico's pretty niece, who looks so archly at your Holiness when you bend your knees before her at bedtime.

Eugenius. How? Where?

Filippo. She is the angel on the right-hand side of the Holy Family, with a tip of amethyst-coloured wing over a basket of figs and pomegranates. I painted her from memory: she was then only fifteen, and worthy to be the niece of an archbishop. Alas! she never will be: she plays and sings among the infidels, and perhaps would eat a landrail on a Friday as reluctantly as she would a roach.

Eugenius. Poor soul! So this is the angel with the amethyst-coloured wing? I thought she looked wanton: we must pray for her release — from the bondage of sin. What followed in your excursion?

Filippo. Singing, playing, fresh air, and plashing water stimulated our appetites. We had brought no eatable with us but fruit and thin *marzopane*, of which the sugar and rose-water were inadequate to ward off hunger; and the sight of a fishing-vessel between us and Ancona raised our host's immoderately. "Yonder smack," said he, "is sailing at this moment just over the very best sole bank in the Adriatic. If she continues her course and we run toward her, we may be supplied, I trust in God, with the finest fish in Christendom. Methinks I see already the bellies of those magnificent soles bestar the deck, and emulate the glories of the orient sky." He

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gave his orders with such a majestic air, that he looked rather like an admiral than a priest.

Eugenius. How now, rogue! Why should not the churchman look majestically and courageously! I myself have found occasion for it, and exerted it.

Filippo. The world knows the prowess of your Holiness.

Eugenius. Not mine, not mine, Filippo! but his who gave me the sword and the keys, and the will and the discretion to use them. I trust the canonico did not misapply his station and power, by taking the fish at any unreasonably low price; and that he gave his blessing to the remainder, and to the poor fishermen and to their nets.

Filippo. He was angry at observing that the vessel, while he thought it was within hail, stood out again to sea.

Eugenius. He ought to have borne more manfully so slight a vexation.

Filippo. On the contrary, he swore bitterly he would have the master's ear between his thumb and forefinger in another half-hour, and regretted that he had cut his nails in the morning lest they should grate on his guitar. "They may fish well," cried he, "but they can neither sail nor row; and, when I am in the middle of that tub of theirs, I will teach them more than they look for." Sure enough he was in the middle of it at the time he fixed; but it was by the aid of a rope about his arms, and the end of another laid lustily on his back and shoulders. "Mount, lazy, long-chined turnspit, as thou valuest thy life," cried Abdul, the corsair, "and away for Tunis." If silence is consent, he had it. The captain, in the Sicilian dialect, told us we might talk freely, for he had taken his siesta.

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“Whose guitars are those?” said he. As the canonico raised his eyes to heaven and answered nothing, I replied, “Sir, one is mine; the other is my worthy friend’s there.” Next he asked the canonico to what market he was taking those young slaves, pointing to the abbates. The canonico sobbed, and could not utter one word. I related the whole story; at which he laughed. He then took up the music, and commanded my reverend guest to sing an air peculiarly tender, invoking the compassion of a nymph, and calling her cold as ice. Never did so many or such profound sighs accompany it. When it ended, he sang one himself in his own language, on a lady whose eyes were exactly like the scimitars of Damascus, and whose eyebrows met in the middle like the cudgels of prize-fighters. On the whole, she resembled both sun and moon, with the simple difference that she never allowed herself to be seen, lest all the nations of the earth should go to war for her, and not a man be left to breathe out his soul before her. This poem had obtained the prize at the University of Fez, had been translated into the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish languages, and was the favourite lay of the corsair. He invited me, lastly, to try my talent. I played the same air on the guitar, and apologized for omitting the words, from my utter ignorance of the Moorish. Abdul was much pleased, and took the trouble to convince me that the poetry they conveyed, which he translated literally, was incomparably better than ours. “Cold as ice!” he repeated, scoffing: anybody might say that who has seen Atlas; but a genuine poet would rather say “Cold as a lizard or a lobster.” There is no controverting a critic who has twenty stout rowers and twenty well-knotted rope-ends. Added to which, he seemed to know as much of the matter as the generality of those who talk about it. He was gratified

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by my attention and edification, and thus continued: "I have remarked in the songs I have heard, that these wild woodland creatures of the West, these nymphs, are a strange fantastical race. But are your poets not ashamed to complain of their inconstancy? Whose fault is that? If ever it should be my fortune to take one, I would try whether I could not bring her down to the level of her sex; and, if her inconstancy caused any complaints, by Allah! they should be louder and shriller than ever rose from the throat of Abdul." I still thought it better to be a disciple than a commentator.

Eugenius. If we could convert this barbarian and detain him awhile at Rome, he would learn that women and nymphs (and inconstancy also) are one and the same. These cruel men have no lenity, no suavity. They who do not as they would be done by, are done by very much as they do. Women will glide away from them like water: they can better bear two masters than half one; and a new metal must be discovered before any bars are strong enough to confine them. But proceed with your narrative.

Filippo. Night had now closed upon us. Abdul placed the younger of the company apart; and, after giving them some boiled rice, sent them down into his own cabin. The sailors, observing the consideration and distinction with which their master had treated me, were civil and obliging. Permission was granted me, at my request, to sleep on deck.

Eugenius. What became of your canonico?

Filippo. The crew called him a conger, a priest, and a porpoise.

Eugenius. Foul-mouthed knaves! could not one of

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these terms content them? On thy leaving Barbary was he left behind?

Filippo. Your Holiness consecrated him, the other day, Bishop of Macerata.

Eugenius. True, true; I remember the name, Saccone. How did he contrive to get off?

Filippo. He was worth little at any work; and such men are the quickest both to get off and to get on. Abdul told me he had received three thousand crowns for his ransom.

Eugenius. He was worth more to him than to me. I received but two first-fruits, and such other things as of right belong to me by inheritance. The bishopric is passably rich: he may serve thee.

Filippo. While he was a canonico he was a jolly fellow — not very generous, for jolly fellows are seldom that; but he would give a friend a dinner, a flask of wine or two in preference, and a piece of advice as readily as either. I waited on Monsignor at Macerata, soon after his elevation.

Eugenius. He must have been heartily glad to embrace his companion in captivity, and the more especially as he himself was the cause of so grievous a misfortune.

Filippo. He sent me word he was so unwell he could not see me. "What!" said I to his valet, "is Monsignor's complaint in his eyes?" The fellow shrugged up his shoulders, and walked away. Not believing that the message was a refusal to admit me, I went straight upstairs, and finding the door of an ante-chamber half open, and a chaplain mulling an egg-posset over the fire, I accosted him. The air of familiarity and satisfaction he observed in me left no doubt in his mind that I had been invited by his patron. "Will the man never come?" cried his lord-

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ship. "Yes, Monsignor!" exclaimed I, running in and embracing him; "behold him here!" He started back, and then I first discovered the wide difference between an old friend and an egg-posset.

Eugenius. Son Filippo, thou hast seen but little of the world, and art but just come from Barbary. Go on.

Filippo. "Fra Filippo," said he gravely, "I am glad to see you. I did not expect you just at present. I am not very well: I had ordered a medicine, and was impatient to take it. If you will favour me with the name of your inn, I will send for you when I am in a condition to receive you; perhaps within a day or two." "Monsignor," said I, "a change of residence often gives a man a cold, and oftener a change of fortune. Whether you caught yours upon deck (where we last saw each other), from being more exposed than usual, or whether the mitre holds wind, is no question for me, and no concern of mine."

Eugenius. A just reproof, if an archbishop had made it. On uttering it, I hope thou kneeledst and kissedst his hand.

Filippo. I did not, indeed.

Eugenius. O, there wert thou greatly in the wrong. Having, it is reported, a good thousand crowns yearly of patrimony, and a canonicate worth six hundred more, he might have attempted to relieve thee from slavery, by assisting thy relatives in thy redemption.

Filippo. The three thousand crowns were the uttermost he could raise, he declared to Abdul; and he asserted that a part of the money was contributed by the inhabitants of Pesaro. "Do they act out of pure mercy?" said he. "Ay, they must; for what else could move them in behalf of such a lazy, unserviceable, street-fed cur?" In the morning, at sunrise, he was sent aboard. And now, the

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vessel being under-weigh, "I have a letter from my lord Abdul," said the master, "which, being in thy language, two fellow-slaves shall read unto thee publicly.". They came forward and began the reading: "Yesterday I purchased these two slaves from a cruel, unrelenting master, under whose lash they have laboured for nearly thirty years. I hereby give orders that five ounces of my own gold be weighed out to them." Here one of the slaves fell on his face; the other lifted up his hands, praised God, and blessed his benefactor.

Eugenius. The pirate, the unconverted pirate?

Filippo. Even so. "Here is another slip of paper for thyself to read immediately in my presence," said the master. The words it contained were "Do thou the same, or there enters thy lips neither food nor water until thou landest in Italy. I permit thee to carry away more than double the sum: I am no sutler; I do not contract for thy sustenance." The canonico asked of the master whether he knew the contents of the letter; he replied, no. "Tell your master, lord Abdul, that I shall take them into consideration." "My lord expected a much plainer answer; and commanded me, in case of any such as thou hast delivered, to break this seal." He pressed it to his forehead, and then broke it. Having perused the characters reverentially, "Christian! dost thou consent?" The canonico fell on his knees, and overthrew the two poor wretches who, saying their prayers, had remained in the same posture before him, quite unnoticed. "Open thy trunk and take out thy money-bag, or I will make room for it in thy bladder." The canonico was prompt in the execution of the command. The master drew out his scales, and desired the canonico to weigh with his own hand five ounces. He groaned and trembled: the balance was un-

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steady. "Throw in another piece: it will not vitiate the agreement," cried the master. It was done. Fear and grief are among the thirsty passions, but add little to the appetite. It seemed, however, as if every sigh had left a vacancy in the stomach of the canonico. At dinner, the cook brought him a salted bonito, half an ell in length; and in five minutes his Reverence was drawing his middle finger along the white backbone out of sheer idleness, until were placed before him some as fine dried locusts as ever provisioned the tents of Africa, together with olives the size of eggs and colour of bruises, shining in oil and brine. He found them savoury and pulpy; and, as the last love supersedes the foregoing, he gave them the preference, even over the delicate locusts. When he had finished them, he modestly requested a can of water. A sailor brought a large flask, and poured forth a plentiful supply. The canonico engulfed the whole, and instantly threw himself back in convulsive agony. "How is this!" cried the sailor. The master ran up, and, smelling the water, began to buffet him; exclaiming, as he turned round to all the crew, "How came this flask here?" All were innocent. It appeared, however, that it was a flask of mineral water, strongly sulphureous, taken out of a Neapolitan vessel laden with a great abundance of it for some hospital in the Levant. It had taken the captor by surprise in the same manner as the canonico. He himself brought out instantly a capacious stone jar covered with dew, and invited the sufferer into the cabin. Here he drew forth two richly-cut wine-glasses, and, on filling one of them, the outside of it turned suddenly pale, with a myriad of invisible drops, and the senses were refreshed with the most delicious fragrance. He held up the glass between himself and his guest, and, looking at it attentively, said, "Here is no appearance of

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wine: all I can see is water. Nothing is wickeder than too much curiosity: we must take what Allah sends us, and render thanks for it, although it fall far short of our expectations. Beside, our Prophet would rather we should even drink wine than poison.” The canonico had not tasted wine for two months — a longer abstinence than ever canonico endured before. He drooped; but the master looked still more disconsolate. “I would give whatever I possess on earth rather than die of thirst,” cried the canonico. “Who would not?” rejoined the captain, sighing and clasping his fingers. “If it were not contrary to my commands, I could touch at some cove or inlet.” “Do for the love of Christ!” exclaimed the canonico. “Or even sail back,” continued the captain. “O Santa Vergine!” cried in anguish the canonico. “Despondency,” said the captain, with calm solemnity, “has left many a man to be thrown overboard: it even renders the plague, and many other disorders, more fatal. Thirst, too, has a powerful effect in exasperating them. Overcome such weaknesses, or I must do my duty. The health of the ship’s company is placed under my care; and our lord Abdul, if he suspected the pest, would throw a Jew, or a Christian, or even a bale of silk, into the sea: such is the disinterestedness and magnanimity of my lord Abdul.” “He believes in fate, does he not?” said the canonico. “Doubtless; but he says it is as much fated that he should throw into the sea a fellow who is infected, as that the fellow should have ever been so.” “Save me, O save me!” cried the canonico, moist as if the spray had pelted him. “Willingly, if possible,” answered calmly the master. “At present I can discover no certain symptoms; for sweat, unless followed by general prostration, both of muscular strength and animal spirits, may be cured without a

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hook at the heel." "Giesu-Maria!" ejaculated the canonico.

Eugenius. And the monster could withstand that appeal?

Filippo. It seems so. The renegade who related to me, on my return, these events as they happened, was very circumstantial. He is a Corsican, and had killed many men in battle, and more out; but is (he gave me his word for it) on the whole an honest man.

Eugenius. How so? Honest? And a renegade?

Filippo. He declared to me that, although the Mahometan is the best religion to live in, the Christian is the best to die in; and that, when he has made his fortune, he will make his confession, and lie snugly in the bosom of the Church.

Eugenius. See here the triumphs of our holy faith! The lost sheep will be found again.

Filippo. Having played the butcher first.

Eugenius. Return we to that bad man, the master or captain, who evinced no such dispositions.

Filippo. He added, "The other captives, though older men, have stouter hearts than thine." "Alas! They are longer used to hardships," answered he. "Dost thou believe, in thy conscience," said the captain, "that the water we have aboard would be harmless to them? for we have no other; and wine is costly; and our quantity might be insufficient for those who can afford to pay for it." "I will answer for their lives," replied the canonico. "With thy own?" interrogated sharply the Tunisian. "I must not tempt God," said, in tears, the religious man. "Let us be plain," said the master. "Thou knowest thy money is safe: I myself counted it before thee when I brought it from the scrivener's. Thou hast sixty broad gold pieces: wilt thou be answerable, to the whole amount of

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them, for the lives of thy two countrymen if they drink this water?" "O sir!" said the canonico, "I will give it, if, only for these few days of voyage, you vouchsafe me one bottle daily of that restorative wine of Bordeaux. The other two are less liable to the plague: they do not sorrow and sweat as I do. They are spare men. There is enough of me to infect a fleet with it; and I cannot bear to think of being any wise the cause of evil to my fellow-creatures." "The wine is my patron's," cried the Tunisian; "he leaves everything at my discretion: should I deceive him?" "If he leaves everything at your discretion," observed the logician of Pesaro, "there is no deceit in disposing of it." The master appeared to be satisfied with the argument. "Thou shalt not find me exacting," said he; "give me the sixty pieces, and the wine shall be thine." At a signal, when the contract was agreed to, the two slaves entered bringing a hamper of jars. "Read the contract before thou signest," cried the master. He read: "How is this? how is this? *Sixty golden ducats to the brothers Antonio and Bernabo Panini, for wine received from them?*" The aged men tottered under the stroke of joy; and Bernabo, who would have embraced his brother, fainted.

On the morrow there was a calm, and the weather was extremely sultry. The canonico sat in his shirt on deck, and was surprised to see, I forget which of the brothers, drink from a goblet a prodigious draught of water. "Hold!" cried he angrily: "you may eat instead; but putrid or sulphureous water, you have heard, may produce the plague, and honest men be the sufferers by your folly and intemperance." They assured him the water was tasteless, and very excellent, and had been kept cool in the same kind of earthen jars as the wine. He tasted it and lost his patience. It was better, he protested, than any wine in the

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world. They begged his acceptance of the jar containing it. But the master, who had witnessed at a distance the whole proceeding, now advanced; and, placing his hand against it, said sternly, "Let him have his own." Usually, when he had emptied the second bottle, a desire of converting the Mahometans came over him; and they showed themselves much less obstinate and refractory than they are generally thought. He selected those for edification who swore the oftenest and loudest by the prophet; and he boasted in his heart of having overcome, by precept and example, the stiffest tenet of their abominable creed. Certainly they drank wine, and somewhat freely. The canonico clapped his hands, and declared that even some of the apostles had been more pertinacious recusants of the faith.

Eugenius. Did he so? Cappari! I would not have made him a bishop for twice the money if I had known it earlier. Could not he have left them alone? Suppose one or other of them did doubt and persecute, was he the man to blab it out among the heathen?

Filippo. A judgment, it appears, fell on him for so doing. A very quiet sailor, who had always declined his invitations, and had always heard his arguments at a distance and in silence, being pressed and urged by him, and reproved somewhat arrogantly and loudly, as less docile than his messmates, at last lifted up his leg behind him, pulled off his right slipper, and counted deliberately and distinctly thirty-nine sound strokes of the same on the canonico's broadest tablet, which (please your Holiness) might be called, not inaptly, from that day, the tablet of memory. In vain he cried out. Some of the mariners made their moves at chess, and waved their left hands as if desirous of no interruption; others went backward and forward about their business,

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and took no more notice than if their messmate was occupied in caulking a seam or notching a flint. The master himself, who saw the operation, heard the complaint in the evening, and lifted up his shoulders and eyebrows as if the whole were quite unknown to him. Then, acting as judge-advocate, he called the young man before him and repeated the accusation. To this the defence was purely interrogative. "Why would he convert me? I never converted him." Turning to his spiritual guide, he said, "I quite forgive thee; nay, I am ready to appear in thy favour, and to declare that, in general, thou hast been more decorous than people of thy faith and profession usually are, and hast not scattered on deck that inflammatory language which I, habited in the dress of a Greek, heard last Easter. I went into three churches; and the preachers in all three denounced the curse of Allah on every soul that differed from them a tittle. They were children of perdition, children of darkness, children of the devil, one and all. It seemed a matter of wonder to me, that, in such numerous families and of such indifferent parentage, so many slippers were kept under the heel. Mine, in an evil hour, escaped me; but I quite forgive thee. After this free pardon, I will indulge thee with a short specimen of my preaching. I will call none of you a generation of vipers, as ye call one another; for vipers neither bite nor eat during many months of the year. I will call none of you wolves in sheep's clothing; for, if ye are, it must be acknowledged that the clothing is very clumsily put on. You priests, however, take people's souls aboard whether they will or not, just as we do your bodies; and you make them pay much more for keeping these in slavery than we make you pay for setting you free, body and soul together. You declare that the precious souls, to the especial care of which Allah

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has called and appointed you, frequently grow corrupt, and stink in his nostrils. Now, I invoke thy own testimony to the fact: thy soul, gross as I imagine it to be from the greasy wallet that holds it, had no carnal thoughts whatsoever, and that thy carcass did not even receive a fly-blow while it was under my custody. Thy guardian angel (I speak it in humility) could not ventilate thee better. Nevertheless, I should scorn to demand a single maravedi for my labour and skill, or for the wear and tear of my pantofle. My reward will be in Paradise, where a Houri is standing in the shade, above a vase of gold and silver fish, with a kiss on her lip, and an unbroken pair of green slippers in her hand for me.” Saying which, he took off his foot again the one he had been using, and showed the sole of it, first to the master, then to all the crew; and declared it had become (as they might see) so smooth and oily by the application, that it was dangerous to walk on deck in it.

Eugenius. See, what notions these creatures have, both of their fool’s paradise and of our holy faith! The seven sacraments, I warrant you, go for nothing! Purgatory, purgatory itself, goes for nothing!

Filippo. Holy Father, we must stop thee. *That* does not go for nothing, however.

Eugenius. Filippo! God forbid I should suspect thee of any heretical taint; but this smells very like it. If thou hast it now, tell me honestly. I mean, hold thy tongue. Florentines are rather lax. Even Son Cosimo might be stricter, so they say—perhaps his enemies. The great always have them abundantly, beside those by whom they are served, and those also whom they serve. Now would I give a silver rose, with my benediction on it, to know of a certainty what became of those poor creatures, the abbates. The initiatory rite of Mahometanism is

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most diabolically malicious. According to the canons of our Catholic Church, it disqualifies the neophyte for holy orders, without going so far as adapting him to the choir of the pontifical chapel. They limp; they halt.

Filippo. Beatitude! Which of them?

Eugenius. The unbelievers: they surely are found wanting.

Filippo. The unbelievers too?

Eugenius. Ay, ay, thou half renegade! Couldst not thou go over with a purse of silver, and try whether the souls of these captives be recoverable! Even if they should have submitted to such unholy rites, I venture to say they have repented.

Filippo. The devil is in them if they have not.

Eugenius. They may become again as good Christians as before.

Filippo. Easily, methinks.

Eugenius. Not so easily; but by aid of Holy Church in the administration of indulgences.

Filippo. They never wanted those, whatever they want.

Eugenius. The corsair, then, is not one of those ferocious creatures which appear to connect our species with the lion and panther.

Filippo. By no means, Holy Father! He is an honest man; so are many of his countrymen, bating the sacrament.

Eugenius. Bating! Poor beguiled Filippo! Being unbaptized, they are only as the beasts that perish: nay worse; for, the soul being imperishable, it must stick to their bodies at the last day, whether they will or no, and must sink with it into the fire and brimstone.

Filippo. Unbaptized! Why, they baptize every morning.

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Eugenius. Worse and worse! I thought they only missed the stirrup; I find they overleap the saddle. Obstinate, blind reprobates! of whom it is written — of whom it is written — of whom, I say, it is written — as shall be manifest before men and angels in the day of wrath.

Filippo. More is the pity; for they are hospitable, frank and courteous. It is delightful to see their gardens, when one has not the weeding and irrigation of them. What fruit! What foliage! What trellises! What alcoves! What a contest of rose and jessamine for supremacy in odour, of lute and nightingale for victory in song! And how the little bright ripples of the docile brooks, the fresher for their races, leap up against one another, to look on! And how they chirrup and applaud, as if they too had a voice of some importance in these parties of pleasure that are loath to separate!

Eugenius. Parties of pleasure! Birds, fruits, shallow-running waters, lute-players, and wantons! Parties of pleasure! And composed of these! Tell me now, *Filippo*, tell me truly, what complexion in general have the disreeter females of that hapless country.

Filippo. The colour of an orange-flower, on which an over-laden bee has left a slight suffusion of her purest honey.

Eugenius. We must open their eyes.

Filippo. Knowing what excellent hides the slippers of this people are made of, I never once ventured on their less perfect theology, fearing to find it written that I should be abed on my face the next fortnight. My master had expressed his astonishment that a religion so admirable as ours was represented, should be the only one in the world the precepts of which are disregarded by all conditions of men. “Our Prophet,” said he, “our Prophet ordered us to go forth and conquer; we did it: yours ordered you to

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sit quiet and forbear; and, after spitting in his face, you threw the order back into it, and fought like devils."

Eugenius. The barbarians talk of our Holy Scriptures as if they understood them perfectly. The impostor they follow has nothing but fustian and rhodomontade in his impudent lying book from beginning to end. I know it, Filippo, from those who have contrasted it, page by page, paragraph by paragraph, and have given the knave his due.

Filippo. Abdul is by no means deficient in a good opinion of his own capacity and his Prophet's all-sufficiency; but he never took me to task about my faith or his own.

Eugenius. How wert thou mainly occupied?

Filippo. I will give your Holiness a sample both of my employments and of his character. He was going one evening to a country-house, about fifteen miles from Tunis; and he ordered me to accompany him. I found there a spacious garden, overrun with wild flowers, and most luxuriant grass, in irregular tufts, according to the dryness or the humidity of the spot. The clematis overtopped the lemon and orange-trees; and the perennial pea sent forth here a pink blossom, here a purple, here a white one, and, after holding (as it were) a short conversation with the humbler plants, sprang up about an old cypress, played among its branches, and mitigated its gloom. White pigeons, and others in colour like the dawn of day, looked down on us and ceased to coo, until some of their companions, in whom they had more confidence, encouraged them loudly from remoter boughs, or alighted on the shoulders of Abdul, at whose side I was standing. A few of them examined me in every position their inquisitive eyes could take; displaying all the advantages of their versatile necks, and

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pretending querulous fear in the midst of petulant approaches.

Eugenius. Is it of pigeons thou art talking, O Filippo? I hope it may be.

Filippo. Of Abdul's pigeons. He was fond of taming all creatures — men, horses, pigeons, equally; but he tamed them all by kindness. In this wilderness is an edifice not unlike our Italian chapter-houses built by the Lombards, with long narrow windows, high above the ground. The centre is now a bath, the waters of which, in another part of the enclosure, had supplied a fountain, at present in ruins, and covered by tufted canes, and by every variety of aquatic plants. The structure has no remains of roof; and, of six windows, one alone is unconcealed by ivy. This had been walled up long ago, and the cement in the inside of it was hard and polished. "Lippi!" said Abdul to me, after I had long admired the place in silence, "I leave to thy superintendence this bath and garden. Be sparing of the leaves and branches; make paths only wide enough for me. Let me see no mark of hatchet or pruning-hook, and tell the labourers that whoever takes a nest or an egg shall be impaled."

Eugenius. Monster! So then he would really have impaled a poor wretch for eating a bird's egg? How disproportionate is the punishment to the offence!

Filippo. He efficiently checked in his slaves the desire of transgressing his command. To spare them as much as possible, I ordered them merely to open a few spaces, and to remove the weaker trees from the stronger. Meanwhile I drew on the smooth blank window the figure of Abdul and of a beautiful girl.

Eugenius. Rather say handmaiden: choicer expression, more decorous.

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Filippo. Holy Father! I have been lately so much out of practice, I take the first that comes in my way. Handmaiden I will use in preference for the future.

Eugenius. On then! And God speed thee!

Filippo. I drew Abdul with a blooming handmaiden. One of his feet is resting on her lap, and she is drying the ankle with a saffron robe, of which the greater part is fallen in doing it. That she is a bondmaid is discernible, not only by her occupation, but by her humility and patience, by her loose and flowing brown hair, and by her eyes expressing the timidity at once of servitude and of fondness. The countenance was taken from fancy, and was the loveliest I could imagine; of the figure I had some idea, having seen it to advantage in Tunis. After seven days Abdul returned. He was delighted with the improvement made in the garden. I requested him to visit the bath. "We can do nothing to that," answered he, impatiently. "There is no sudatory, no dormitory, no dressing-room, no couch. Sometimes I sit an hour there in the summer, because I never found a fly in it; the principal curse of hot countries, and against which plague there is neither prayer nor amulet, nor indeed any human defence." He went away into the house. At dinner, he sent me from his table some quails and ortolans, and tomatoes and honey and rice; beside a basket of fruit covered with moss and bay-leaves, under which I found a verdino fig, deliciously ripe, and bearing the impression of several small teeth, but certainly no reptile's.

Eugenius. There might have been poison in them, for all that.

Filippo. About two hours had passed, when I heard a whirr and a crash in the windows of the bath (where I had dined and was about to sleep), occasioned by the

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settling and again the flight of some pheasants. Abdul entered. "Beard of the Prophet! what hast thou been doing? That is myself! No, no, Lippi! Thou never canst have seen her: the face proves it; but those limbs! thou hast divined them aright; thou hast had sweet dreams then! Dreams are large possessions; in them the possessor may cease to possess his own. To the slave, O Allah, to the slave is permitted what is not his! — I burn with anguish to think how much — yea, at that very hour. I would not another should, even in a dream — But, Lippi! thou never canst have seen above the sandal?" To which I answered, "I never have allowed my eyes to look even on that. But if any one of my lord Abdul's fair slaves resembles, as they surely must all do, in duty and docility, the figure I have represented, let it express to him my congratulations on his happiness." "I believe," said he, "such representations are forbidden by the Koran; but, as I do not remember it, I do not sin. There it shall stay, unless the angel Gabriel comes to forbid it." He smiled in saying so.

Eugenius. There is hope of this Abdul. His faith hangs about him more like oil than pitch.

Filippo. He inquired of me whether I often thought of those I loved in Italy, and whether I could bring them before my eyes at will. To remove all suspicion from him, I declared I always could, and that one beautiful object occupied all the cells of my brain by night and day. He paused and pondered, and then said, "Thou dost not love deeply." I thought I had given the true signs. "No, Lippi, we who love ardently, we, with all our wishes, all the efforts of our souls, cannot bring before us the features which, while they were present, we thought it impossible we ever could forget. Alas, when we most love the absent,

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when we most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are changed into less lovely."

Eugenius. What figures now have these unbelievers?

Filippo. Various in their combinations as the letters or the numerals; but they all, like these, signify something. Almeida (did I not inform your Holiness?) has large hazel eyes—

Eugenius. Has she? Thou never toldest me that. Well, well, and what else has she? Mind! Be cautious! Use decent terms.

Filippo. Somewhat pouting lips.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! What did they pout at?

Filippo. And she is rather plump than otherwise.

Eugenius. No harm in that.

Filippo. And moreover is cool, smooth, and firm as a nectarine gathered before sunrise.

Eugenius. Ha! ha! Do not remind me of nectarines. I am very fond of them; and this is not the season! Such females as thou describest are said to be among the likeliest to give reasonable cause for suspicion. I would not judge harshly, I would not think uncharitably; but, unhappily, being at so great a distance from spiritual aid, peradventure a desire, a suggestion, an inkling—ay? If she, the lost Almeida, came before thee when her master was absent— which I trust she never did— But those flowers and shrubs and odours and alleys and long grass and alcoves might strangely hold, perplex, and entangle two incautious young persons—ay?

Filippo. I confessed all I had to confess in this matter, the evening I landed.

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Eugenius. Ho! I am no candidate for a seat at the rehearsal of confessions; but perhaps my absolution might be somewhat more pleasing and unconditional. Well! well! Since I am unworthy of such confidence, go about thy business — paint! paint!

Filippo. Am I so unfortunate as to have offended your Beatitude?

Eugenius. Offend *me*, man! Who offends *me*? I took an interest in thy adventures, and was concerned lest thou mightest have sinned; for, by my soul, Filippo, those are the women that the devil hath set his mark on.

Filippo. It would do your Holiness's heart good to rub it out again, wherever he may have had the cunning to make it.

Eugenius. Deep! Deep!

Filippo. Yet it may be got at; she being a Biscayan by birth, as she told me, and not only baptized, but going by sea along the coast for confirmation, when she was captured.

Eugenius. Alas, to what an imposition of hands was this tender young thing devoted! Poor soul!

Filippo. I sigh for her myself when I think of her.

Eugenius. Beware lest the sigh be mundane, and lest the thought recur too often. I wish it were presently in my power to examine her myself on her condition. What thinkest thou! Speak.

Filippo. Holy Father, she would laugh in your face.

Eugenius. So lost!

Filippo. She declared to me she thought she should have died, from the instant she was captured until she was comforted by Abdul; but that she was quite sure she should if she were ransomed.

Eugenius. Has the wretch then shaken her faith?

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Filippo. The very last thing he would think of doing. Never did I see the virtue of resignation in higher perfection than in the laughing, light-hearted Almeida.

Eugenius. Lamentable! Poor lost creature! lost in this world and in the next.

Filippo. What could she do? How could she help herself?

Eugenius. She might have torn his eyes out, and have died a martyr.

Filippo. Or have been bastinadoed, whipped, and given up to the cooks and scullions for it.

Eugenius. Martyrdom is the more glorious the greater the indignities it endures.

Filippo. Almeida seems unambitious. There are many in our Tuscany who would jump at the crown over those sloughs and briers rather than perish without them: she never sighs after the like.

Eugenius. Nevertheless, what must she witness! What abominations! What superstitions!

Filippo. Abdul neither practises nor exacts any other superstition than ablutions.

Eugenius. Detestable rites, without our authority! I venture to affirm that, in the whole of Italy and Spain, no convent of monks or nuns contains a bath; and that the worst inmate of either would shudder at the idea of observing such a practice in common with the unbeliever. For the washing of the feet indeed we have the authority of the earlier Christians; and it may be done, but solemnly and sparingly. Thy residence among the Mahometans, I am afraid, hath rendered thee more favourable to them than beseems a Catholic, and thy mind, I do suspect, sometimes goes back into Barbary unreluctantly.

Filippo. While I continued in that country, although

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I was well treated, I often wished myself away, thinking of my friends in Florence — of music, of painting, of our villegiatura at the vintage-time; whether in the green and narrow glades of Pratolino, with lofty trees above us, and little rills unseen, and little bells about the necks of sheep and goats, tinkling together ambiguously; or amid the gray quarries, or under the majestic walls of ancient Fiesole; or down in the woods of the Doccia, where the cypresses are of such girth that, when a youth stands against one of them, and a maiden stands opposite, and they clasp it, their hands at the time do little more than meet. Beautiful scenes, on which Heaven smiles eternally, how often has my heart ached for you! He who hath lived in this country can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose. Barbary hath also the blessing of climate; and, although I do not desire to be there again, I feel sometimes a kind of regret at leaving it. A bell warbles the more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth. In like manner, the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality: what is harsh is dropped in the space between. There is in Abdul a nobility of soul on which I often have reflected with admiration. I have seen many of the highest rank and distinction, in whom I could find nothing of the great man, excepting a fondness for low company, and an aptitude to shy and start at every spark of genius or virtue that sprang up above or before them. Abdul was solitary, but affable; he was proud, but patient and complacent. I ventured once to ask him how the master of so rich a house in the city, of so many

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slaves, of so many horses and mules, of such cornfields, of such pastures, of such gardens, woods, and fountains, should experience any delight or satisfaction in infesting the open sea, the high-road of nations? Instead of answering my question, he asked me in return, whether I would not respect any relative of mine who avenged his country, enriched himself by his bravery, and endeared to him his friends and relatives by his bounty? On my reply in the affirmative, he said that his family had been deprived of possessions in Spain, much more valuable than all the ships and cargoes he could ever hope to capture, and that the remains of his nation were threatened with ruin and expulsion.

“I do not fight,” said he, “whenever it suits the convenience, or gratifies the malignity or the caprice, of two silly, quarrelsome princes; drawing my sword in perfectly good-humour, and sheathing it again at word of command, just when I begin to get into a passion. No: I fight on my own account; not as a hired assassin, or still baser journeyman.”

Eugenius. It appears, then, really that the infidels have some semblances of magnanimity and generosity?

Filippo. I thought so when I turned over the many changes of fine linen; and I was little short of conviction when I found at the bottom of my chest two hundred Venetian zecchins.

Eugenius. *Corpo di Bacco!* Better things, far better things, I would fain do for thee, not exactly of this description; it would excite many heart-burnings. Information has been laid before me, *Filippo*, that thou art attached to a certain young person, by name, *Lucrezia*, daughter of *Francesco Buti*, a citizen of *Prato*.

Filippo. I acknowledge my attachment: it continues.

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Eugenius. Furthermore, that thou hast offspring by her.

Filippo. Alas, 'tis undeniable!

Eugenius. I will not only legitimatize the said offspring by *motu proprio* and rescript to consistory and chancery —

Filippo. Holy Father! Holy Father! For the love of the Virgin, not a word to consistory or chancery, of the two hundred zecchins. As I hope for salvation, I have but forty left; and thirty-nine would not serve them.

Eugenius. Fear nothing. Not only will I perform what I have promised, not only will I give the strictest order that no money be demanded by any officer of my courts, but, under the seal of St. Peter, I will declare thee and Lucrezia Buti man and wife.

Filippo. Man and wife!

Eugenius. Moderate thy transport.

Filippo. O Holy Father, may I speak?

Eugenius. Surely, she is not the wife of another?

Filippo. No indeed.

Eugenius. Nor within the degrees of consanguinity and affinity?

Filippo. No, no, no. But — man and wife! Consistory and chancery are nothing to this fulmination.

Eugenius. How so?

Filippo. It is man and wife the first fortnight, but wife and man ever after. The two figures change places: the unit is the decimal, and the decimal is the unit.

Eugenius. What then can I do for thee?

Filippo. I love Lucrezia: let me love her; let her love me. I can make her at any time what she is not: I could never make her again what she is.

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Eugenius. The only thing I can do, then, is to promise I will forget that I have heard anything about the matter. But to forget it I must hear it first.

Filippo. In the beautiful little town of Prato, reposing in its idleness against the hill that protects it from the north, and looking over fertile meadows, southward to Poggio Cajano, westward to Pistoja, there is the convent of Santa Margarita. I was invited by the sisters to paint an altarpiece for the chapel. A novice of fifteen, my own sweet Lucrezia, came one day alone to see me work at my Madonna. Her blessed countenance had already looked down on every beholder lower by the knees. I myself, who made her, could almost have worshipped her.

Eugenius. Not while incomplete: no half-virgin will do.

Filippo. But there knelt Lucrezia! There she knelt! First looking with devotion at the Madonna, then with admiring wonder and grateful delight at the artist. Could so little a heart be divided? 'Twere a pity! There was enough for me: there is never enough for the Madonna. Resolving on a sudden that the object of my love should be the object of adoration to thousands, born and unborn, I swept my brush across the maternal face, and left a blank in heaven. The little girl screamed: I pressed her to my bosom.

Eugenius. In the chapel?

Filippo. I knew not where I was: I thought I was in Paradise.

Eugenius. If it was not in the chapel, the sin is venial. But a brush against a Madonna's mouth is worse than a beard against her votary's.

Filippo. I thought so too, Holy Father!

Eugenius. Thou sayest thou hast forty zecchins: I

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will try in due season to add forty more. The fisherman must not venture to measure forces with the pirate. Farewell! I pray God, my son Filippo, to have thee alway in His holy keeping.

W. S. Landor

XVII

SIX PAINTERS

Leonardo da Vinci



HE drew on paper also with so much care and so perfectly, that no one has ever equalled him in this respect: I have a head by him in chiaroscuro, which is divine. Leonardo was indeed so imbued with power and grace by the hand of God, and was endowed with so marvellous a facility in reproducing his conceptions, his memory also was always so ready in the service of his intellect, that he won all men by his discourse, and the force of his arguments. . . .

In conversation Leonardo was so pleasing that he won the hearts of all, and though possessing so small a patrimony only that it might almost be called nothing, while he yet worked very little, he still constantly kept many servants and horses, taking extraordinary delight in the latter: he was indeed fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this it is related, that when he passed places where birds were sold, he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost. Leonardo was

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so highly favoured by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection, that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness, and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him. . . .

Leonardo was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, beards, or hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such, more than commonly attractive, through the whole day, until the figure of the person would become so well impressed on his mind that, having returned home, he would draw him as readily as though he stood before him. Of heads thus obtained there exist many, both masculine and feminine; and I have myself several of them drawn with a pen by his own hand, in the book of drawings so frequently cited.

On the death of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, in the year 1493, Ludovico Sforza was chosen in the same year to be his successor, when Leonardo was invited with great honour to Milan by the Duke, who delighted greatly in the music of the lute, to the end that the master might play before him; Leonardo therefore took with him a certain instrument which he had himself constructed almost wholly of silver, and in the shape of a horse's head, a new and fanciful form calculated to give more force and sweetness to the sound. Here Leonardo surpassed all the musicians who had assembled to perform before the Duke; he was besides one of the best *improvisatori* in verse existing at that time, and the Duke, enchanted with the admirable conversation of Leonardo, was so charmed by his varied gifts that he delighted beyond measure in his society, and prevailed on him to paint an altar-piece, the

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subject of which was the Nativity of Christ, which was sent by the Duke as a present to the Emperor. For the Dominican monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, he also painted a Last Supper, which is a most beautiful and admirable work; to the heads of the Apostles in this picture the master gave so much beauty and majesty that he was constrained to leave that of Christ unfinished, being convinced that he could not impart to it the divinity which should distinguish an image of Christ. The whole work indeed is executed with inexpressible diligence even in its most minute part, among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude, that the linen-cloth itself could scarcely look more real.

It is related that the Prior of the Monastery was excessively importunate in pressing Leonardo to complete the picture; he could in no way comprehend wherefore the artist should sometimes remain half a day together absorbed in thought before his work, without making any progress that he could see; this seemed to him a strange waste of time, and he would fain have had him work away as he could make the men do who were digging in his garden, never laying the pencil out of his hand. Not content with seeking to hasten Leonardo, the Prior even complained to the Duke, and tormented him to such a degree that the latter was at length compelled to send for Leonardo, whom he courteously entreated to let the work be finished, assuring him nevertheless that he did so because impelled by the importunities of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing the Prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length respecting

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art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be labouring least, their minds being occupied in invention, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of Christ, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace demanded for the representation of Divinity incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his master, had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the Creator of the world; with regard to that second, however, he would make search, and, after all, if he could find no better, there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior. This made the Duke laugh with all his heart; he declared Leonardo to be completely in the right, and the poor Prior, in confusion, went away to drive on the digging in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace. . . .

The death of Leonardo caused great sorrow to all who had known him, nor was there ever an artist who did more honour to the art of painting. The radiance of his countenance, which was splendidly beautiful, brought cheerfulness to the heart of the most melancholy, and the power of his word could move the most obstinate to say, "No," or "Yes," as he desired. He possessed so great a degree of physical strength, that he was capable of restraining the most impetuous violence, and was able to bend one

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of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horseshoe, as if it were lead; with the generous liberality of his nature, he extended shelter and hospitality to every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence; the poorest and most insignificant abode was rendered beautiful and honourable by his works; and as the city of Florence received a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, so did it suffer a more than grievous loss at his death.

Vasari

Piero di Cosimo



BEYOND all doubt Piero di Cosimo has given evidence in his works of the richest and most varied power of invention, with indubitable originality and a certain subtlety in the investigation of difficulties which have rarely been exceeded. His inquiries into the more recondite properties of Nature, in her external forms, were conducted with a zeal that rendered him regardless of the amount of time or labour bestowed on whatever might be the matter in hand. While seeking to penetrate the secrets of his art, no effort was too severe; he would endure any hardship for the mere love which he bore to the pursuit, and in the hope of obtaining an advantage for the vocation of his choice, Piero di Cosimo was indeed so earnestly devoted to the interests of art as to become totally regardless of himself and his personal convenience, insomuch that he would allow himself no better food than hard eggs, and, to save firing, he cooked these only when he had prepared a fire to boil his glues, varnishes, etc.; nor would he cook them even thus by six or eight at a time, but boiled them by fifties; he would then set them apart

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in a basket, and ate them at any moment when he felt the necessity for food. This mode of existence suited him perfectly, so that all others appeared to him to be mere slavery in comparison with his own. He was much disturbed by the cries of children, the sound of bells, the singing of the monks, and even by the coughing of men. When the rain was falling in torrents, he delighted to see the water streaming down from the roofs and pour splashing to the ground; but lightning caused him excessive terror, insomuch that he would shut himself up when he heard thunder, and, fastening the window and door of his room, would wrap his head in his cloak and crouch in a corner until the storm had subsided. Piero di Cosimo was extremely amusing and varied in conversation, and would sometimes say things so facetious and original that his hearers would be ready to die with laughing; but when he had attained to old age, and was near his eightieth year, he became so strangely capricious that no one could endure to be with him. He would not suffer even his scholars to be about him, so that his unsocial rudeness of manner caused him to be destitute of all aid in the helplessness of his age. He would sometimes be seized with a desire to get to his work, when, his palsied state preventing him, he would fall into fits of rage, and labour to force his trembling hands to exertions of which they were no longer capable; while thus raving or muttering, the mahl-stick would drop from his grasp, or even the pencils themselves would fall from his fingers, so that it was pitiable to behold. The flies on the wall would sometimes arouse him to anger, nay, even the very shadows became an offence to him, and thus, sickening of mere old age, the few friends who still continued to visit him exhorted the dying man to make his peace with God; but

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he put them off from day to day, not that he was an impious or unbelieving person; he was, on the contrary, a very zealous Christian, though of so rude a life, but he did not believe himself to be so near death — nay, was convinced to the contrary. He would sometimes discourse largely of the torments endured by those who die of lingering diseases, and remark how deplorably they must suffer who find their strength, mental and bodily, alike gradually decaying, and see themselves to be dying by little and little, which he declared must needs be a great affliction; he would then abuse all physicians, apothecaries, and sick-nurses, declaring that they suffered their patients to die of hunger; next he would expatiate on the wretchedness of having to swallow syrups or potions of any kind; would enumerate the various martyrdoms endured from other curative processes, talk of the cruelty of being roused up to take physic when a man would rather sleep on, the torment of having to make a will, the wretchedness of seeing kinsfolk wailing around one, and the misery of being shut up in a dark room. Of death by the hand of justice, on the contrary, he would speak in terms of the highest commendation. It must be such a fine thing to be led forth to one's death in that manner; to see the clear, bright, open air, and all that mass of people; to be comforted, moreover, with sugar-plums and kind words; to have the priests and the people all praying for you alone, and to enter into Paradise with the angels. He considered the man who departed from this life suddenly to have singular good fortune, and thus would he dilate in a manner the most extraordinary, turning everything to the strangest significations imaginable.

Vasari

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Luca Signorelli



THE excellent painter, Luca Signorelli, was, in his day, most highly renowned through all Italy, and his works were held in more esteem than those of any other master have been at any time, seeing that in his paintings he showed the true mode of depicting the nude form, and proved that it can be made, although not without consummate art and much difficulty, to appear as does the actual life. Nor am I surprised that the works of Luca were ever highly extolled by Michelagnolo, or that for his divine work of the Last Judgment, painted in the chapel, he should have courteously availed himself, to a certain extent, of the inventions of that artist.

It is related of Luca Signorelli that he had a son killed in Cortona, a youth of singular beauty in face and person, whom he had tenderly loved. In his deep grief, the father caused his child to be despoiled of his clothing, and, with extraordinary constancy of soul, uttering no complaint and shedding no tear, he painted the portrait of his dead child, to the end that he might still have the power of contemplating, by means of the work of his own hands, that which nature had given him, but which an adverse fortune had taken away.

Having executed works for almost all the princes of Italy, and having become old, Luca Signorelli returned to Cortona, where, in his last years, he worked for his pleasure rather than from any other motive, and because, having ever been accustomed to labour, he could not prevail on himself to live in idleness. In this his old age then he painted a picture for the Nuns of Santa Margherita, in Arezzo, and one for the brotherhood of San Girolamo, the last being partly at the cost of Messer Niccolo

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Gamurrini, doctor of laws and auditor of the Ruota, whose portrait, taken from the life, is in the picture; he is kneeling before the Madonna, to whose protection he is recommended by San Niccolo, who is also depicted in the same painting. This work was transported from Cortona to Arezzo by the members of that brotherhood, who bore it on their shoulders from the first-named city to the last, when Luca also, old as he was, determined on repairing to Arezzo, to see the picture in its place, and also that he might visit his kindred and friends. During his stay in Arezzo his abode was in the "Casa Vasari," where I was then a little child of eight years old, and I remember that the good old man, who was exceedingly courteous and agreeable, having heard from the master who was teaching me my first lessons that I attended to nothing in school but drawing figures, turned round to Antonio, my father, and said to him, "Antonio, let Georgino by all means learn to draw, that he may not degenerate, for even though he should hereafter devote himself to learning, yet the knowledge of design, if not profitable, cannot fail to be honourable and advantageous." Then turning to me, who was standing immediately before him, he said, "Study well, little kinsman." He said many other things respecting me which I refrain from repeating, because I know that I have been far from justifying the opinion which that good old man had of me. Being told that I suffered, as was the case at that age, so severely from bleeding at the nose as sometimes to be left fainting and half-dead thereby, he bound a jasper round my neck with his own hand, and with infinite tenderness: this recollection of Luca will never depart while I live. Having placed his picture in its destined position, Luca returned to Cortona, being accompanied to a considerable distance on his road by

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many of the citizens, as well as by his friends and relations, and this was an honour well merited by the excellences and endowments of this master, who always lived rather in the manner of a noble and a gentleman than in that of a painter.

When the Cardinal of Cortona desired to have a picture from the hand of Luca, the latter, although very old and afflicted with palsy, depicted the Baptism of Christ by St. John, in fresco, on the wall of the palace chapel, on that side namely whereon the altar stands; but he could not entirely finish it, seeing that while still working at this picture he died, having attained the eighty-second year of his age.

Luca Signorelli was a man of the most upright life, sincere in all things, affectionate to his friends, mild and amiable in his dealings with all, most especially courteous to every one who desired his works, and very efficient as well as kind in the instruction of his disciples. He lived very splendidly, took much pleasure in clothing himself in handsome vestments, and was always held in the highest esteem for his many good qualities, both in his own country and in others.

Vasari

Old Crome ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

SEEK'ST models? to Gainsborough and Hogarth turn, not names of the world, may be, but English names — and England against the world! A living master? why, there he comes! thou hast had him long, he has long guided thy young hand towards the excellence which is yet far from thee, but which thou canst attain if thou shouldst persist and wrestle, even as he has done, 'midst gloom and despondency — ay, and even contempt; he who now comes up the creaking stair to

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thy little studio in the second floor to inspect thy last effort before thou departest, the little stout man whose face is very dark, and whose eye is vivacious; that man has attained excellence, destined some day to be acknowledged, though not till he is cold, and his mortal part returned to its kindred clay. He has painted, not pictures of the world, but English pictures, such as Gainsborough himself might have done; beautiful rural pieces, with trees which might well tempt the wild birds to perch upon them: thou needest not to run to Rome, brother, where lives the old Mariolater, after pictures of the world, whilst at home there are pictures of England; nor needest thou even go to London, the big city, in search of a Master, for thou hast one at home in the old East Anglian town who can instruct thee whilst thou needest instruction. Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive 'midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done — the little dark man with the brown coat and the top boots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England — and England against the world! — thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master — Crome.

George Borrow

Richard Cosway



COSWAY is the last of these I shall mention. At that name I pause, and must be excused if I consecrate to him a *petit souvenir* in my best manner; for he was Fancy's child. What a fairy palace was his of specimens of art, antiquarianism, and *virtù*, jumbled all together in

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the richest disorder, dusty, shadowy, obscure, with much left to the imagination, (how different from the finical, polished, petty, modernised air of some Collections we have seen!) and with copies of the old masters, cracked and damaged, which he touched and retouched with his own hand, and yet swore they were the genuine, the pure originals. All other collectors are fools to him: they go about with painful anxiety to find out the realities:— he *said* he had them — and in a moment made them of the breath of his nostrils and of the fumes of a lively imagination. His was the crucifix that Abelard prayed to — a lock of Eloise's hair — the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham — the first finished sketch of the Jocunda — Titian's large colossal profile of Peter Aretine — a mummy of an Egyptian king — a feather of a phoenix — a piece of Noah's Ark. Were the articles authentic? What matter? — his faith in them was true. He was gifted with a *second-sight* in such matters: he believed whatever was incredible. Fancy bore sway in him; and so vivid were his impressions, that they included the substances of things in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one. He believed in Swedenborgianism — he believed in animal magnetism — he had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity — he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense, as we speak to a servant down-stairs through a conduit-pipe. Richard Cosway was not the man to flinch from an *ideal* proposition. Once, at an Academy dinner, when some question was made whether the story of Lambert's Leap was true, he started up, and said it was; for he was the person that performed it: — he once assured me that the knee-pan of King James I. in the ceiling at Whitehall was nine feet across (he had

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measured it in concert with Mr. Cipriani, who was repairing the figures) — he could read in the Book of the Revelations without spectacles, and foretold the return of Buonaparte from Elba — and from St. Helena! His wife, the most lady-like of Englishwomen, being asked in Paris what sort of a man her husband was, made answer — “*Toujours riant, toujours gai.*” This was his character. He must have been of French extraction. His soul appeared to possess the life of a bird; and such was the jauntiness of his air and manner, that to see him sit to have his half-boots laced on, you would fancy (by the help of a figure) that, instead of a little withered elderly gentleman, it was Venus attired by the Graces. His miniatures and whole-length drawings were not merely fashionable — they were fashion itself. His imitations of Michael Angelo were not the thing. When more than ninety, he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smiled, with unabated good-humour, at the vanity of human wishes. Take him with all his faults and follies, we scarce “shall look upon his like again!”

W. Hazlitt

Corot ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THAT he was of no particular importance in his home we have plenty of evidence. Emmanuel Dammarie tells a story of a dinner at the Barbizon about 1867, at which both he and Corot were present. Corot being the oldest guest was served first, and received the wing of a chicken. He laughingly disclaimed his right to this “regal portion and regal honour,” saying that since he had abandoned trade (now nearly fifty years ago) his family

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had always regarded him as of no importance, a man to be served last and with a "drum-stick." "Give me that now," he said, "and don't start me with bad habits!"

For the greater part of his life the world treated him as an artist in much the same way as his family treated him as a man; but with regard to his art Corot was more sensitive than he was with regard to his personal position, and there is little doubt that he suffered keenly from the neglect shown him by the general public, the picture-dealers, and those in authority at l'Institut. "Alas! I am still in the Catacombs," he used to exclaim despairingly, when year after year saw his work amongst the worst hung at the salons and exhibitions. But once back in his studio, surrounded by the work which he loved so dearly, his sunny nature reasserted itself and he would cry — "But I have my art — that remains!"

His attitude towards his own work seems to have been more that of a lover than of a critic. He thought humbly of himself, wondering that any one should care to pay so much as 10,000 francs for one of his pictures, content to accept the judgment of his parents, who placed the engraver of one of his works above the artist himself, rarely, if ever, comparing himself with other artists, and then always to their advantage. "Rousseau?" he said. "Ah, yes, he is an eagle, and I — I am a lark, who sings sweet songs among the light clouds of a grey day." And when the world took him at his own valuation and passed him by we find no sign of bitterness, no throwing aside of the brush in despair, only a severe withdrawing of himself into himself, and a smiling acceptance of the verdict.

Once — it was at the Salon of 1851, the last held in the Louvre — we are told Corot deliberately set himself to find out what the general public would have to say to his

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work could their attention be drawn to it. He had a landscape very badly hung in the entrance-hall, and most persons simply passed through without seeing it at all. Knowing that people are like sheep — where one goes another follows — Corot stopped opposite his own picture for a while in order to induce others to look at it. A young couple approached. "It seems to me that this isn't bad," said the young man; "there's something in it." "Oh, come along," said his companion, "it's frightful." "*Tiens!*" said Corot to himself, for he was fond of telling the tale, "it serves you right for wishing for the criticism of the public." This same picture afterwards sold for 12,000 francs, and the purchaser was so pleased at becoming possessed of it that he gave a fête in honour of the event.

Corot was not the man to force his work or his own view of it on the public: he gave the world what it demanded, and what was rejected he kept for his own pleasure. Jean Rousseau tells us that, going one day to his friend's studio, he found him engaged on a life-sized portrait of a woman. "What a virile and supple painting with which to have delighted the eyes of Velasquez or Goya!" he cried. "You will surely let the world see this?" "Do you think so?" replied Corot, with a sigh; "when it will not even pardon me my smallest figures!"

But "the love of Art is not a sickness from which one may be cured, it is a vocation, unconsciously listened to and irresistibly obeyed." And this was how it appeared to Corot. "It must be confessed," said he one day, "that if painting be a folly it is a sweet one. I defy any one to find in me any of the traces of the cares, ambitions, or remorse that ravage the features of so many. Ought I not, therefore, to love the occupation which gives me health, happiness, and content?"

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Yet for all his enthusiasm, Corot's attitude towards art as a profession was always one of practical common sense. Placed himself by happy circumstance above the necessity for turning his beloved work into the means of supplying his daily needs, he was always keen on saving others from the possibility of having thus to degrade their art. Many aspirants came to him to consult upon the advisability of taking up painting as a career. "Have you fifteen hundred *livres de rente*," Corot would ask, "to ensure your liberty? Can you dine off a hunk of bread as I have done many a time? I never found myself any the thinner for it the next morning, so it is not very dangerous — and at need I recommend it." If the aspirant chanced to be the son of wealthy parents, and told Corot so, he would reply, "So much the better, you can amuse yourself with painting."

Simplicity was the law of his own life. For years, as we have seen, he pursued his art under the greatest difficulties as to outward conveniences, content, in Paris, with the smallest of studios, and when living at Ville d'Avray with his parents never even attempting to have a studio on the spot, but laboriously walking to and fro to his Paris "flat" to record an impression. He was an incessant worker, arriving at his studio at eight a.m., and working there until, as he said, "*le bon Dieu* put his lamps out" at dusk. His midday meal, a light one, was taken on a rickety table in the corner of the studio, and it was the drawer of this table which served him in later years as a bank — a bank from which he constantly supplied the wants of those less fortunate than himself. Of his tender-hearted benevolence endless stories are told, and this benevolence was so well known that it was often imposed upon. He himself tells us that his heart felt so light after a deed of

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charity that his work "went better," and that on these occasions he would sing as he painted, adding words to his tune somewhat in the following style: "Here we place a lit — tle — boy — la-la-la, our lit — tle boy requires a cap there 'tis — there 'tis — la-la!" and so on.

Corot had lived on so little for so many years that even when he grew comparatively rich he needed no money for his own pleasures. But for a friend in need he would not hesitate to spend even large sums.

Honoré Daumier had lived for years at Valmondois in a small house, which he had hoped to be able to purchase. Far from the realisation of his hope, however, there came a day when he was threatened with eviction. Corot, hearing of the matter, hastened to the spot, bought the property, paying cash down for it, and gave the title-deeds to his friend. "You are the only man in the world," said Daumier, with emotion, "from whom I could accept such a gift without a blush."

But Daumier was not the only well-known name with which Corot's generosity is connected. Shortly before his death he was engaged in a large pecuniary transaction with a certain dealer, and was due to receive some thousands of francs. When the money was being paid over to him, Corot placed aside 10,000 francs, and returned it to the dealer. "Will you be so good," he said, "as to take this and pay every year for the next ten years a pension of 1000 francs to Madame Millet, the widow of my friend?" . . .

One morning a dealer had come to pay Corot a small sum of 500 francs. Whilst they were talking, a woman with two children came in. She told a piteous tale of the illness of her husband, a model — they had no money and were starving. Corot said his purse was at home, he could give her nothing, and he pushed her gently towards the door.

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Arrived there, he pressed into her hand the 500 franc note just paid him by the dealer, explaining that *he had no change!* Another anecdote shows us how great was his dislike to being found out in his charitable acts. Some of his money was invested in house property, the management of which was entrusted to a relative. When rents were due and the tenants could not pay, they would come direct to their landlord, complaining that the manager was hard-hearted. "I can't listen to your complaints," Corot would say, "but here is the money to pay the rent; only whatever you do, don't say where it came from, or I shall get into terrible trouble!"

We can imagine that the calls on such generosity were endless, and that even Corot's patience sometimes failed. On one occasion he is said to have been "out of humour," perhaps from too great a demand upon his kindness, and to have denied a friend who asked for the modest sum of 5000 francs. Scarcely, however, had the man left his studio when Corot was seized with remorse. He hurried to the famous drawer, took out a roll of notes, and hastening to his friend's studio, heartily abused himself and his "niggardly ways," and pressed on his friend an even larger sum than he had been asked for. . . .

Of Corot's absorption in his work and his detachment from the affairs of the world around him there are many stories. . . .

Of the Coup d'État (December, 1851) he only became aware two months after it had taken place, and when informed of it by a friend he confessed that he had been so busy painting that he had not opened a newspaper for three months. Of literature the artist was almost as ignorant as of politics. It is said that on one occasion, hearing Victor Hugo's name mentioned, he remarked, "It

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would seem, then, that Victor Hugo is a man well known in literature." He used occasionally to buy books at the old stalls on the Quay, but it was for their shape or colour, not for their literary contents. He was no reader, the only work he was ever known to study being Corneille's tragedy of *Polyeucte*, and that he was still reading at the end of twenty years. As each year came by, he would say, "Now this year I really must finish *Polyeucte*"; but he never reached the end! . . .

In the words of Dupré: "As a painter we might replace him with difficulty, as a man — never."

E. Birnstingl and A. Pollard

XVIII

THE POETS

Thormod ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

IT is told so, that when the battle was ended Thormod walked over to where Day and his men had taken their stand after the battle, because there was no light for fighting because of the night. The franklins beset Day and his men so that they should not get away by night, and they meant to set upon them as soon as it was light. Day spake, "Is there any man in my company that can make a plan by which we may get away whether the franklins will or no, for I know that they will set upon us as soon as it is light if we bide here?" There was no man that made answer to his speech, and when Thormod saw that there was no counsel to be got of them, then he spake. "Why should not a plan be found for this?" says he. Day asked, "Who is the man that speaks so valiantly?" He answers, "His name is Thormod." Day spake, "Art thou Thormod Coalbrow's poet?" "That self-same man," says Thormod. Spake Day, "What plan is it that thou seest by which we may get away with our company?" Thormod answers, "Ye shall cut down timber and make great fires of the brush and carry the stumps, as many as may be in front of the fires, and there

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shall be four men by each fire, and three shall keep walking about the fire, but one shall feed the fire. And when ye have done thus for some time, then slake all the fires at once, and then go your ways and make no stay neither to-day nor to-morrow, but the franklins will think that there must be come a mort of men when they see it all alive by the fires. . . . But when it is morning, then they will see the trick, and I think it likely that they will fare after you, but by that time there will be so great a distance between you that I think it will be of no use." Spake Day, "Art thou wounded at all, Thormod?" He answers, "Far from it." Spake Day, "Then do thou come eastward to Sweden with me, and I will treat thee well there, and thou hast no kind of good to look for here." Thormod answers, "It can never be fated for me to serve another king now that king Olave is fallen." Then Thormod turned away, but Day and his men took the plan he had told them of, and so got away. . . .

Now it must be told of Thormod that he took it much to heart that he was but lightly wounded, and he grieved greatly over it and believed he could tell that he could not be worthy by reason of his sins to fall with the king. And now he prays to king Olaf with a good will that he would look upon him. Then he spake by himself and said, "Dost not thou, holy king Olave, mean to bring that about for me which thou didst promise me, that thou wouldest not cast me off [lit. cast me to the winds] if thy will was to stand?" And with that he heard a string twang, and an arrow was shot, and it struck Thormod under the left arm into the inwards. He was mighty well pleased with this wound, and spake, "I think that this man has drawn his bow with the best of luck, and I know now that that shall come about that was to be." Thormod walked over to

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where the king's body was, and sat him down and broke the shaft off the arrow.

Thormod heard a man calling among the fallen in the franklins' company, "Is there any man among the fallen that can crack a jest or a joke? I was never anywhere before where folks were so lacking in spirit. I know that many a man can speak cheerily though he be wounded." Then a man answered him, "Right ill have ye fared by ill counsel to-day, but ye heed it not, yea, though ye are lying on the verge of hell or death." "Who is it that answers me?" says he. "Thou mayst call me Heming; but who art thou?" "Hearrande is my name, and I remember that I had a son whose name was Heming, and he went to Jerusalem; I loved him very dearly." "But there can be no man less happy over his father than I am," quoth Heming; "ye have behaved far too ill towards the king." "We have not followed good counsel," quoth Hearrande, "but I would like thee to come hither, and that we make peace together." Spake Heming, "I will not tread in the blood of you franklins, but do thou rather come hither and so die, if needs must, in the blood of the king's men, and that will be some sort of consecration to thee." Answers Hearrande, "I would like to know what thy hurt is; I think I can tell thereby what sort of man thou art." He answers, "I am standing on my knees among the fallen, for the slain have fallen so thick about me that I cannot fall down, but half my guts are in the grass, and what is thy hurt, father?" Hearrande spake, "There is a spear through me." Thormod perceived that Hearrande crawled toward Heming, and then died there.

Now Thormod's wound began to give him much discomfort, as was to be looked for: then he walked up to the houses, towards a barley-barn wherein king Olaf's

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men that were wounded had been carried. Thormod had his naked sword in his hand, and as he walked in there came a man out meeting him. Thormod asked him his name, and he said he was called Cimbe. Thormod asked, "Wast thou in the battle?" "I was," says he, "with the franklins that got the best of it." "Art thou at all wounded?" says Thormod. "Barely," says Cimbe, "and wast thou in the battle at all?" Thormod answers, "I was with them that got the best of it." Cimbe saw that Thormod had a gold ring on his arm, and spake, "Thou must be a king's man; give me the gold ring and I will hide thee. The farmers will pay thee for thy rebellion if thou come in their way; but art thou wounded at all?" Thormod answers, "I am not so wounded that I need a leech, and take the ring if thou wilt; I have lost more now than that I should take as much pleasure in a gold ring as I did before." Cimbe stretched forth his hand, wishing to take the ring. Thormod made a sweep with his sword, and cut of Cimbe's hand, and declared that he should not steal with that hand any more. . . . [Cimbe bore his wound ill. Thormod said he should try how wounds should be borne.] Then Cimbe went away, but Thormod stood where he was.

Then there came a man running out of the barn to fetch wood for fuel, and a woman was warming water in a kettle for cleaning men's wounds. Thormod walked up to a wall-post and leaned against it. Then the woman spake to Thormod, "Who art thou? Art thou a king's man, or art thou one of the franklins' company?" Thormod answered, and quoth the verse —

It can be seen that we were with Olave:
I got a wound and little quarter.
The archers have nearly done for the left-handed poet.

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The woman spake, "Why wilt thou not have thy wound bound up if thou art badly wounded?" Thormod answers, "I have no wound that needs binding." The woman spake, "Thou wilt be able to tell me what we have long talked over this evening, who it was that bore himself best and foremost in the battle and cared least about defending himself." Then Thormod quoth the verse —

Proud was Olave's heart at Stickle-stead;
I saw all men try to cover themselves, save the king only.

The woman spake, "Who bore himself best on the king's side?" Thormod quoth the verse —

I saw Harold defending himself well beside Olave;
Ring and Day went up to the moot of hard swords;
They stood gallantly under their red shields, the four princes.

The woman spake, "Why art thou so wan?". . .
Then Thormod quoth the verse —

I am neither red nor ruddy, lady;
No one cares for me, a wounded man.
The deep traces of the Danish weapons
And of Day's storm . . .

And when he had quethed this, he died standing against the wall-post, and he did not fall to the ground till he was dead.

King Harold Sigurdson filled up the verse that Thormod had made. "Of Day's Storm smart," said he, "that is what the poet must have meant to say."

Origines Islandicae

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Shelley ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

THERE was a pond at the foot of the hill, before ascending it, and on the left of the road; it was formed by the water which had filled an old quarry: whenever he was permitted to shape his course as he would, he proceeded to the edge of this pool, although the scene had no other attractions than a certain wildness and barrenness. Here he would linger until dusk, gazing in silence on the water, repeating verses aloud, or earnestly discussing themes that had no connection with surrounding objects. Sometimes he would raise a stone as large as he could lift, deliberately throw it into the water as far as his strength enabled him; then he would loudly exult at the splash, and would quietly watch the decreasing agitation, until the last faint ring and almost imperceptible ripple disappeared on the still surface. "Such are the effects of an impulse on the air," he would say; and he complained of our ignorance of the theory of sound — that the subject was obscure and mysterious, and many of the phenomena were contradictory and inexplicable. He asserted that the science of acoustics ought to be cultivated, and that by well devised experiments valuable discoveries would undoubtedly be made; and he related many remarkable stories, connected with the subject which he had heard or read. Sometimes, he would busy himself in splitting the slaty stones, in selecting thin and flat pieces, and in giving them a round form; and when he had collected a sufficient number, he would gravely make ducks and drakes with them, counting, with the utmost glee, the number of bounds, as they flew along skimming the surface of the pond. He was a devoted worship-

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per of the water-nymphs; for whenever he found a pool, or even a small puddle, he would loiter near it, and it was no easy task to get him to quit it. He had not yet learned that art, from which he afterwards derived so much pleasure — the construction of paper boats. He twisted a morsel of paper into a form that a lively fancy might consider a likeness of a boat, and committing it to the water, he anxiously watched the fortunes of the frail bark, which, if it was not soon swamped by the faint winds and miniature waves, gradually imbibed water through its porous sides and sank. Sometimes, however, the fairy vessel performed its little voyage, and reached the opposite shore of the puny ocean in safety. It is astonishing with what keen delight he engaged in this singular pursuit. It was not easy for an uninitiated spectator to bear with tolerable patience the vast delay, on the brink of a wretched pond upon a bleak common, and in the face of a cutting northeast wind, on returning to dinner from a long walk at sunset on a cold winter's day; nor was it easy to be so harsh as to interfere with a harmless gratification, that was evidently exquisite. It was not easy, at least, to induce the shipbuilder to desist from launching his tiny fleets, so long as any timber remained in the dockyard. I prevailed once, and once only; it was one of those bitter Sundays that commonly receive the new year; the sun had set, and it had almost begun to snow. I had exhorted him long in vain, with the eloquence of a frozen and famished man, to proceed; at last, I said in despair — alluding to his never ending creations, for a paper-navy that was to be set afloat simultaneously lay at his feet, and he was busily constructing more, with blue and swollen hands —“Shelley, there is no use in talking to you; you are the Demiurgus of Plato!” He instantly caught up the whole flotilla, and bounding homeward

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with mighty strides, laughed aloud, laughed like a giant, as he used to say. So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value: the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondent, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanting — he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied Gopher wood; but learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed farther upon the integrity of the copy; the work itself was always respected. It has been said, that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river without the materials for indulging those inclinations, which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank-post bill for fifty pounds; he hesitated long but yielded at last; he twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favours those who frankly and fully trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturesome owner had waited its arrival with patient solitude.

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II

SHELLEY also was always reading; at his meals a book lay by his side, on the table, open. Tea and toast were often neglected, his author seldom; his mutton and potatoes might grow cold; his interest in a work never cooled. He invariably sallied forth, book in hand, reading to himself, if he was alone, if he had a companion reading aloud. He took a volume to bed with him, and read as long as his candle lasted; he then slept — impatiently no doubt — until it was light, and he recommenced reading at the early dawn.

One day we were walking together, arm-in-arm, under the gate of the Middle Temple, in Fleet Street; Shelley, with open book, was reading aloud; a man with an apron said to a brother operative, "See, there are two of your damnation lawyers; they are always reading!" The tolerant Philosopher did not choose to be reminded that he had once been taken for a lawyer; he declared the fellow was an ignorant wretch! He was loth to leave his books to go to bed, and frequently sat up late reading; sometimes indeed he remained at his studies all night. In consequence of this great watching, and of almost incessant reading, he would often fall asleep in the day-time — dropping off in a moment — like an infant. He often quietly transferred himself from his chair to the floor, and slept soundly on the carpet, and in the winter upon the rug, basking in the warmth like a cat; and like a cat his little round head was roasted before a blazing fire. If any one humanely covered the poor head to shield it from the heat, the covering was impatiently put aside in his sleep. "You make your brains boil, Bysshe. I have seen and heard the steam rushing out violently at your nostrils and ears!"

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Southey was addicted to reading his terrible epics — before they were printed — to any one, who seemed to be a fit subject for the cruel experiment. He soon set his eyes on the new-comer, and one day having effected the capture of Shelley he immediately lodged him securely in a little study upstairs, carefully locking the door upon himself and his prisoner and putting the key in his waistcoat pocket. There was a window in the room, it is true, but it was so high above the ground that Baron French himself would not have attempted it. "Now you shall be delighted," Southey said; "but sit down." Poor Bysshe sighed, and took his seat at the table. The author seated himself opposite, and placing his MS. on the table before him, began to read slowly and distinctly. The poem, if I mistake not, was "The Curse of Kehamah." Charmed with his own composition the admiring author read on, varying his voice occasionally, to point out the finer passages and invite applause. There was no commendation; no criticism; all was hushed. This was strange. Southey raised his eyes from the neatly written MS. Shelley had disappeared. This was still more strange. Escape was impossible; every precaution had been taken, yet he had vanished. Shelley had glided noiselessly from his chair to the floor, and the insensible young Vandal lay buried in profound sleep underneath the table. No wonder the indignant and injured bard afterwards enrolled the sleeper as a member of the Satanic school and inscribed his name, together with that of Byron, on a gibbet! I have been told on his own authority, that wherever Southey passed the night in travelling, he bought some book, if it were possible to pick one up on a stall, or in a shop, and wrote his own name and the name of the place at the bottom of the title-page, and the date including the day of the week. This in-

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scription, he found, served in some measure the purpose of a journal, for when he looked at such a date it reminded him, through the association of ideas, of many particulars of his journey. I have a small volume in the German language, thus inscribed by Southey, at the foot of the title-page; the place is some town in France.

Bysshe chanced to call, one afternoon, during his residence at Keswick, on his new acquaintance, a man eminent, and of rare epic fertility. It was at four o'clock; Southey and his wife were sitting together at their tea after an early dinner, for it was washing-day. A cup of tea was offered, which was accepted, and a plate piled high with tea-cakes was handed to the illustrious visitor; of these he refused to partake with signs of strong aversion. He was always abstemious in his diet, at this period of his life peculiarly so; a thick hunch of dry bread, possibly a slice of brown bread and butter, might have been welcome to the Spartan youth; but hot tea-cakes heaped up, in a scandalous profusion, well buttered, blushing with currants or sprinkled thickly with caraway seeds, and reeking with allspice, shocked him grievously. It was a Persian apparatus, which he detested — a display of excessive and unmanly luxury by which the most powerful empires have been overthrown, that threatened destruction to all social order, and would have rendered abortive even the divine Plato's scheme of a frugal and perfect republic.

A poet's dinner is never a very heavy meal; on a washing-day, we may readily believe that it is as light as his own fancy. So far in the day Southey, no doubt, had fared sparingly; he was a hale, healthy, hearty man, breathing the keen mountain air, and working hard, too hard, poor fellow; he was hungry and did not shrink from the tea-cakes which had been furnished to make up for his scanty midday

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repast. Shelley watched his unworthy proceedings, eyeing him with pain and pity. Southey had not noticed his distress, but he held his way, clearing the plates of buttered currant-cakes, and buttered seed-cakes, with an equal relish. "Why! Good God, Southey!" Bysshe suddenly exclaimed, for he could no longer contain his boiling indignation. "I am ashamed of you! It is awful, horrible, to see such a man as you are greedily devouring this nasty stuff!" "Nasty stuff, indeed! How dare you call my tea-cakes nasty stuff, sir?" Mrs. Southey was charming, but it is credibly reported that she was also rather sharp.

"Nasty stuff! What right have you, pray, Mr. Shelley, to come into my house, and to tell me to my face that my tea-cakes, which I made myself, are nasty; and to blame my husband for eating them? How in the world can they be nasty? I washed my hands well before I made them, and I sprinkled them with flour. The board and the rolling-pin were quite clean; they had been well scraped and sprinkled with flour. The flour was taken out of the meal-tub, which is always kept locked; here is the key! There was nothing nasty in the ingredients, I am sure; we have a very good grocer in Keswick. Do you suppose, I would put anything nasty into them? What right have you to call them nasty! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and not Mr. Southey; he surely has a right to eat what his wife puts before him! Nasty stuff! I like your impertinence!"

In the course of this animated invective, Bysshe put his face close to the plate, and curiously scanned the cakes. He then took up a piece and ventured to taste it, and finding it very good, he began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. The servant, a neat, stout, little, ruddy Cumberland

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girl, with a very white apron, brought in a fresh supply, these also the brother philosopher soon dispatched, eating one against the other in generous rivalry. Shelley then asked for more, but no more were to be had; the whole batch had been consumed. The lovely Edith was pacified on seeing that her cakes were relished by the two hungry poets, and she expressed her regret that she did not know Mr. Shelley was coming to take tea with her, or she would have made a larger provision. Harriet, who told me the tale, added: "We were to have hot tea-cake every evening 'for ever.' I was to make them myself, and Mrs. Southey was to teach me."

The Divine poet, like many other wiser men, used to pass very readily and suddenly from one extreme to the other. I myself witnessed, some years later, a like rapid transition. When he resided at Bishopsgate, I usually walked down from London, and spent Sunday with him. One frosty Saturday, in the middle of the winter, being overcome by hunger, I halted by the way — it was a rare occurrence — for refreshment, at a humble inn on Hounslow Heath. I had just taken my seat on a Windsor chair, at a small round beechen table in a little dark room with a well-sanded floor, when I saw Bysshe striding past the window. He was coming to meet me; I went to the door and hailed him.

"Come along! It is dusk; tea will be ready; we shall be late!" "No! I must have something to eat first; come in!" He walked about the room impatiently. "When will your dinner be ready? what have you ordered?" "I asked for eggs and bacon, but they have no eggs; I am to have some fried bacon." He was struck with horror, and his agony was increased at the appearance of my dinner. Bacon was proscribed by him; it was gross and abominable.

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It distressed him greatly at first to see me eat the bacon; but he gradually approached the dish, and, studying the bacon attentively, said, "So this is bacon!" He then ate a small piece. "It is not so bad either!" More was ordered; he devoured it voraciously. "Bring more bacon!" It was brought, and eaten. "Let us have another plate." "I am very sorry, gentlemen," said the old woman, "but indeed I have no more in the house." The Poet was angry at the disappointment, and rated her. "What business has a woman to keep an inn, who has not enough bacon in the house for her guests? She ought to be killed!"

"Really, Gentlemen, I am very sorry to be out of bacon; but I only keep by me as much as I think will be wanted. I can easily get more from Staines; they have very good bacon always in Staines!" "As there is nothing more to be had, come along, Bysshe; let us go home to tea!" "No! Not yet; she is going to Staines, to get us some more bacon."

"She cannot go to-night; come along."

He departed with reluctance, grumbling as we walked homewards at the scanty store of bacon, lately condemned as gross and abominable. The dainty rustic food made a strong impression upon his lively fancy, for when we arrived the first words he uttered were, "We have been eating bacon together on Hounslow Heath, and do you know it was very nice. Cannot we have bacon here, Mary?"

"Yes, you can, if you please; but not to-night. Here is your tea; take that!"

"I had rather have some more bacon!" sighed the Poet.

T. J. Hogg

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III

LET me return to Shelley. Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another: and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds, with the fallen and afflicted.

This is the man against whom such clamours have been raised by the religious *à la mode*, and by those who live and lap under their tables: this is the man whom, from one false story about his former wife, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice and injustice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation, that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies the third place among our poets of the present age — no humble station — for no other age since that of Sophocles has produced on the whole earth so many of such merits — and is incomparably the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose writers.

W. S. Landor

Walter Savage Landor



I

I DO not assert that my grief remains for days or even hours together, violent or unremitting, although it has done so once or twice: but seldom have I thought of a

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friend or companion, be it at the distance of thirty or forty years, that the thought is not as intense and painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy, as though I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations. If anything could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their grave stories upon the ground in the midst of eunuchs and fiddlers; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, orators and preachers, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius points to the bones of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! and does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amidst the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world!

II

IT has been my fortune and felicity, from my earliest days, to have avoided all competitions. My Tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of latin poetry for the Prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should be a winner at the forthcoming *Eucænia*.

Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*: cut the worst of them through the middle,

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and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

III

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

IV

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

TO my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arms bend now my steps to steady;
She who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

V

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

W. S. Landor

XIX

THE TALKERS

Thomas De Quincey



THE next slide of the lantern is to represent a quite peculiar and abnormal case. It introduces a strangely fragile, unsubstantial, and puerile figure, wherein, however, resided one of the most potent and original spirits that ever frequented a tenement of clay. He shall be called, on account of associations that may or may not be found out, Thomas Papaverius. But how to make palpable to the ordinary human being one so signally divested of all the material and common characteristics of his race, yet so nobly endowed with its rarer and loftier attributes, almost paralyzes the pen at the very beginning.

In what mood and shape shall he be brought forward? Shall it be as first we met at the table of Lucullus, whereto he was seduced by the false pretence that he would there meet with one who entertained novel and anarchical opinions regarding *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius? No one speaks of waiting dinner for him. He will come and depart at his own sweet will, neither burdened with punctualities nor burdening others by exacting them. The festivities of the afternoon are far on when a commotion is heard in the hall as if some dog or other stray animal had forced its

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way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival—he opens the door, and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? a street-boy of some sort? His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-coloured belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list-shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter night; and the trousers—some one suggests that they are inner linen garments blackened with writing-ink, but that Papaverius never would have been at the trouble so to disguise them. What can be the theory of such a costume? The simplest thing in the world—it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand. Had chance thrown to him a court single-breasted coat, with a bishop's apron, a kilt, and top-boots, in these he would have made his entry.

The first impression that a boy has appeared vanishes instantly. Though in one of the sweetest and most genial of his essays he shows how every man retains so much in him of the child he originally was—and he himself retained a great deal of that primitive simplicity—it was buried within the depths of his heart—not visible externally. On the contrary, on one occasion when he corrected an erroneous reference to an event as being a century old, by saying that he recollects its occurrence, one felt almost a surprise at the necessary limitation in his age, so old did he appear, with his arched brow loaded with thought, and the countless little wrinkles which engrained his skin, gathering thickly round the curiously expressive and subtle lips. These lips are speedily opened by some casual remark, and presently the flood of talk passes forth from them, free, clear, and continuous—never rising into declamation—never losing a certain

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mellow earnestness, and all consisting of sentences as exquisitely jointed together as if they were destined to challenge the criticism of the remotest posterity. Still the hours stride over each other, and still flows on the stream of gentle rhetoric, as if it were *labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*. It is now far into the night, and slight hints and suggestions are propagated about separation and home-going. The topic starts new ideas on the progress of civilization, the effect of habit on men in all ages, and the power of the domestic affections. Descending from generals to the special, he could testify to the inconvenience of late hours; for, was it not the other night that, coming to what was, or what he believed to be, his own door, he knocked, and knocked, but the old woman within either couldn't or wouldn't hear him, so he scrambled over a wall, and, having taken his repose in a furrow, was able to testify to the extreme unpleasanliness of such a couch. The predial groove might indeed nourish kindly the infant seeds and shoots of the peculiar vegetable to which it was appropriated, but was not a comfortable place of repose for adult man.

Shall I try another sketch of him, when, travel-stained and foot-sore, he glided in on us one night like a shadow, the child by the fire gazing on him with round eyes of astonishment, and suggesting that he should get a penny and go home — a proposal which he subjected to some philosophical criticism very far wide of its practical tenor. How far he had wandered since he had last refreshed himself, or even whether he had eaten food that day, were matters on which there was no getting articulate utterance from him. Though his costume was muddy, however, and his communications about the material wants of life very hazy, the ideas which he had stored up during his

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wandering poured themselves forth as clear and sparkling, both in logic and language, as the purest fountain that springs from a Highland rock.

How that wearied, worn, little body was to be refreshed was a difficult problem: soft food disagreed with him — the hard he could not eat. Suggestions pointed at length to the solution of that vegetable unguent to which he had given a sort of lustre, and it might be supposed that there were some fifty cases of acute toothache to be treated in the house that night. How many drops? Drops! nonsense. If the wine-glasses of the establishment were not beyond the ordinary normal size, there was no risk — and so the weary is at rest for a time.

At early morn a triumphant cry of *Eureka!* calls me to his place of rest. With his unfailing instinct he has got at the books, and lugged a considerable heap of them around him. That one which specially claims his attention — my best bound quarto — is spread upon a piece of bedroom furniture readily at hand, and of sufficient height to let him pore over it as he lies recumbent on the floor, with only one article of attire to separate him from the condition in which Archimedes, according to the popular story, shouted the same triumphant cry. He had discovered a very remarkable anachronism in the commonly received histories of a very important period. As he expounded it, turning up his unearthly face from the book with an almost painful expression of grave eagerness, it occurred to me that I had seen something like the scene in Dutch paintings of the Temptation of St. Anthony.

Suppose the scene changed to a pleasant country-house, where the enlivening talk has made a guest forget

The lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,

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that lie between him and his place of rest. He must be instructed in his course, but the instruction reveals more difficulties than it removes, and there is much doubt and discussion, which Papaverius at once clears up as effectually as he had ever dispersed a cloud of logical sophisms; and this time the feat is performed by a stroke of the thoroughly practical, which looks like inspiration — he will accompany the forlorn traveller, and lead him through the difficulties of the way — for have not midnight wanderings and musings made him familiar with all its intricacies? Roofed by a huge wideawake, which makes his tiny figure look like the stalk of some great fungus, with a lantern of more than common dimensions in his hand, away he goes down the wooded path, up the steep bank, along the brawling stream, and across the waterfall — and ever as he goes there comes from him a continued stream of talk concerning the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, and other kindred matters. Surely if we two were seen by any human eyes, it must have been supposed that some gnome, or troll, or kelpie was luring the listener to his doom. The worst of such affairs as this was the consciousness that, when left, the old man would continue walking on until, weariness overcoming him, he would take his rest, wherever that happened, like some poor mendicant. He used to denounce, with his most fervent eloquence, that barbarous and brutal provision of the law of England which rendered sleeping in the open air an act of vagrancy, and so punishable, if the sleeper could not give a satisfactory account of himself — a thing which Papaverius never could give under any circumstances. After all, I fear this is an attempt to describe the indescribable. It was the commonest of sayings when any of his friends were mentioning to each other “his last,” and creating mutual shrugs

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of astonishment, that, were one to attempt to tell all about him, no man would believe it, so separate would the whole be from all the normal conditions of human nature.

The difficulty becomes more inextricable in passing from specific little incidents to an estimation of the general nature of the man. The logicians lucidly describe definition as being *per genus et differentiam*. You have the characteristics in which all of the *genus* partake as common ground, and then you individualize your object by showing in what it differs from the others of the genus. But we are denied this standard for Papaverius, so entirely did he stand apart, divested of the ordinary characteristics of social man — of those characteristics without which the human race as a body could not get on or exist. For instance, those who knew him a little might call him a loose man in money matters; those who knew him closer laughed at the idea of coupling any notion pecuniary or other like responsibility with his nature. You might as well attack the character of the nightingale, which may have nipped up your five-pound note and torn it to shreds to serve as nest-building material. Only immediate craving necessities could ever extract from him an acknowledgment of the common vulgar agencies by which men subsist in civilized society; and only while the necessity lasted did the acknowledgment exist. Take just one example, which will render this clearer than any generalities. He arrives very late at a friend's door, and on gaining admission — a process in which he often endured impediments — he represents, with his usual silver voice and measured rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his being then and there invested with a sum of money in the current coin of the realm — the amount limited, from the nature of his necessities, which he very freely states, to seven shillings and sixpence.

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Discovering, or fancying he discovers, signs that his eloquence is likely to be unproductive, he is fortunately reminded that, should there be any difficulty in connection with security for the repayment of the loan, he is at that moment in possession of a document, which he is prepared to deposit with the lender — a document calculated, he cannot doubt, to remove any feeling of anxiety which the most prudent person could experience in the circumstances. After a rummage in his pockets, which develops miscellaneous and varied, but as yet by no means valuable possessions, he at last comes to the object of his search, a crumpled bit of paper, and spreads it out — a fifty-pound bank-note! The friend, who knew him well, was of opinion that, had he, on delivering over the seven shillings and sixpence, received the bank-note, he never would have heard anything more of the transaction from the other party. It was also his opinion that, before coming to a personal friend, the owner of the note had made several efforts to raise money on it among persons who might take a purely business view of such transactions; but the lateness of the hour, and something in the appearance of the thing altogether, had induced these mercenaries to forget their cunning, and decline the transaction.

He stretched till it broke the proverb that to give quickly is as good as to give twice. His giving was quick enough on the rare occasions when he had wherewithal to give, but then the act was final and could not be repeated. If he suffered in his own person from this peculiarity, he suffered still more in his sympathies, for he was full of them to all breathing creatures, and, like poor Goldy, it was agony to him to hear the beggar's cry of distress, and to hear it without the means of assuaging it, though in a departed fifty pounds there were doubtless the elements

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for appeasing many a street wail. All sums of money were measured by him through the common standard of immediate use; and with more solemn pomp of diction than he applied to the bank-note, might he inform you that, with the gentleman opposite, to whom he had hitherto been entirely a stranger, but who happened to be nearest to him at the time when the exigency occurred to him, he had just succeeded in negotiating a loan of "twopence." He was and is a great authority in political economy. I have known great anatomists and physiologists as careless of their health as he was of his purse, whence I have inferred that something more than a knowledge of the abstract truth of political economy is necessary to keep some men from pecuniary imprudence, and that something more than a knowledge of the received principles of physiology is necessary to bring others into a course of perfect sobriety and general obedience to the laws of health. Further, Papaverius had an extraordinary insight into practical human life; not merely in the abstract, but in the concrete; not merely as a philosopher of human nature, but as one who saw into those who passed him in the walk of life with the kind of intuition attributed to expert detectives — a faculty that is known to have belonged to more than one dreamer, and is one of the mysteries in the nature of J. J. Rousseau; and, by the way, like Rousseau's, his handwriting was clear, angular, and unimpassioned, and not less uniform and legible than printing — as if the medium of conveying so noble a thing as thought ought to be carefully, symmetrically, and decorously constructed, let all other material things be as neglectfully and scornfully dealt with as may be.

This is a long *proemium* to the description of his characteristics as a book-hunter — but these can be briefly

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told. Not for him were the common enjoyments and excitements of the pursuit. He cared not to add volume unto volume, and heap up the relics of the printing-press. All the external niceties about pet editions, peculiarities of binding or of printing, rarity itself, were no more to him than to the Arab or the Hottentot. His pursuit, indeed, was like that of the savage who seeks but to appease the hunger of the moment. If he catch a prey just sufficient for his desires, it is well; yet he will not hesitate to bring down the elk or the buffalo, and, satiating himself with the choicer delicacies, abandon the bulk of the carcass to the wolves or the vultures. So of Papaverius. If his intellectual appetite were craving after some passage in the *Œdipus*, or in the *Medeia*, or in Plato's *Republic*, he would be quite contented with the most tattered and valueless fragment of the volume, if it contained what he wanted; but, on the other hand, he would not hesitate to seize upon your tall copy in russia gilt and tooled. Nor would the exemption of an *editio princeps* from everyday sordid work restrain his sacrilegious hands. If it should contain the thing he desires to see, what is to hinder him from wrenching out the twentieth volume of your *Encyclopédie Méthodique* or Ersch und Gruber, leaving a vacancy like an extracted front tooth, and carrying it off to his den of Cacus? If you should mention the matter to any vulgar-mannered acquaintance given to the unhallowed practice of jeering, he would probably touch his nose with his extended palm and say: "Don't you wish you may get it?" True, the world at large has gained a brilliant essay on Euripides or Plato — but what is that to the rightful owner of the lost sheep?

The learned world may very fairly be divided into those who return the books borrowed by them, and those who

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do not. Papaverius belonged decidedly to the latter order. A friend addicted to the marvellous boasts that, under the pressure of a call by a public library to replace a mutilated book with a new copy, which would have cost £30, he recovered a volume from Papaverius, through the agency of a person specially bribed and authorized to take any necessary measures, insolence and violence excepted—but the power of extraction that must have been employed in such a process excites very painful reflections. Some legend, too, there is of a book creditor having forced his way into the Cacus den, and there seen a sort of rubble-work inner wall of volumes, with their edges outwards, while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheepskin and the aristocratic russet, were squeezed into certain tubs drawn from the washing establishment of a confiding landlady. In other instances the book has been recognized at large, greatly enhanced in value by a profuse edging of manuscript notes from a gifted pen—a phenomenon calculated to bring into practical use the speculations of the civilians about pictures painted on other people's panels. What became of all his waifs and strays, it might be well not to inquire too curiously. If he ran short of legitimate *tabula rasa* to write on, do you think he would hesitate to tear out the most convenient leaves of any broad-margined book, whether belonging to himself or another? Nay, it is said he once gave in copy written on the edges of a tall octavo *Somnium Scipionis*; and as he did not obliterate the original matter, the printer was rather puzzled, and made a funny jumble between the letterpress Latin and the manuscript English. All these things were the types of an intellectual vitality which despised and thrust aside all that was gross or material in that wherewith it came in contact. Surely never did the

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austerities of monk or anchorite so entirely cast all these away as his peculiar nature removed them from him. It may be questioned if he ever knew what it was "to eat a good dinner," or could even comprehend the nature of such a felicity. Yet in all the sensuous nerves which connect as it were the body with the ideal, he was painfully susceptible. Hence a false quantity or a wrong note in music was agony to him; and it is remembered with what ludicrous solemnity he apostrophized his unhappy fate as one over whom a cloud of the darkest despair had just been drawn — a peacock had come to live within hearing distance from him, and not only the terrific yells of the accursed biped pierced him to the soul, but the continued terror of their recurrence kept his nerves in agonizing tension during the intervals of silence.

Peace be with his gentle and kindly spirit, now for some time separated from its grotesque and humble tenement of clay. It is both right and pleasant to say that the characteristics here spoken of were not those of his latter days. In these he was tended by affectionate hands; and I have always thought it a wonderful instance of the power of domestic care and management that, through the ministrations of a devoted offspring, this strange being was so cared for, that those who came in contact with him then, and then only, might have admired him as the patriarchal head of an agreeable and elegant household.

J. H. Burton

Crabb Robinson



HE was always called "old Crabb," and that is the only name which will ever bring up his curious image to me. He was in the true old English sense of the word, a

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“character”; one whom a very peculiar life, certainly, and perhaps also a rather peculiar nature to begin with, had formed and moulded into something so exceptional and singular that it did not seem to belong to ordinary life, and almost caused a smile when you saw it moving there. “An aberrant form,” I believe, the naturalists call the seal and such things in natural history; odd shapes that can only be explained by a long past, and which swim with a certain incongruity in their present *milieu*. Now “old Crabb” was (to me at least) just like that. You watched with interest and pleasure his singular gestures, and his odd way of saying things, and muttered, as if to keep up the recollection, “And *this* is the man who was the friend of Goethe, and is the friend of Wordsworth!” There was a certain animal oddity about “old Crabb,” which made it a kind of mental joke to couple him with such great names, and yet he was to his heart’s core thoroughly coupled with them. If you leave out all his strange ways (I do not say Dr. Sadler has quite left them out, but to some extent he has been obliged, by place and decorum, to omit them), you lose the life of the man. You cut from the Ethiopian his skin, and from the leopard his spots. I well remember poor Clough, who was then fresh from Oxford, and was much puzzled by the corner of London to which he had drifted, looking at “old Crabb” in a kind of terror for a whole breakfast-time, and muttering in mute wonder, almost to himself, as he came away, “Not at all the regular patriarch.” And certainly no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of an insipid regularity either in face or nature.

Mr. Robinson was one of the original founders of University College, and was for many years both on its senate and council; and as he lived near the College he was fond

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of collecting at breakfast all the elder students — especially those who had any sort of interest in literature. Probably he never appeared to so much advantage, or showed all the best of his nature, so well as in those parties. Like most very cheerful old people, he at heart preferred the company of the very young; and a set of young students, even after he was seventy, suited him better as society than a set of grave old men. Sometimes, indeed, he would invite — I do not say some of his contemporaries, few of them even in 1847 were up to breakfast parties, but persons of fifty and sixty — those whom young students call old gentlemen. And it was amusing to watch the consternation of some of them at the surprising youth and levity of their host. They shuddered at the freedom with which we treated him. Middle-aged men, of feeble heads and half made reputations, have a nice dislike to the sharp arguments and the unsparing jests of "boys at college"; they cannot bear the rough society of those who, never having tried their own strength, have not yet acquired a fellow-feeling for weakness. Many such persons, I am sure, were half hurt with Mr. Robinson for not keeping those "impudent boys" more at a just distance; but Mr. Robinson liked fun and movement, and disliked the sort of dignity which shelters stupidity. There was little to gratify the unintellectual part of man at these breakfasts, and what there was was not easy to be got at. Your host, just as you were sitting down to breakfast, found he had forgotten to make the tea, then he could not find his keys, then he rang the bell to have them searched for; but long before the servant came he had gone off into "Schiller-Goethe," and could not the least remember what he had wanted. The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came, and then there was much interest in

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seeing a steady literary man, who did not understand the region, in agonies at having to hear three stories before he got his tea, one again between his milk and his sugar, another between his butter and his toast, and additional zest in making a stealthy inquiry that was sure to intercept the coming delicacies by bringing on Schiller and Goethe.

It is said in these memoirs that Mr. Robinson's parents were very good-looking, and that when married they were called the handsome couple. But in his old age very little regular beauty adhered to him, if he ever had any. His face was pleasing from its animation, its kindness, and its shrewdness, but the nose was one of the most slovenly which nature had ever turned out, and the chin of excessive length, with portentous power of extension.

But, perhaps, for the purpose of a social narrator (and in later years this was Mr. Robinson's position), this oddity of feature was a gift. It was said, and justly said, that Lord Brougham used to punctuate his sentences with his nose; just at the end of a long parenthesis he *could*, and did, turn up his nose, which served to note the change of subject as well, or better, than a printed mark. Mr. Robinson was not so skilful as this, but he made a very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis, and just at the point of a story pushed it out, and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh, and the oddity of the gesture helped you in laughing. . . .

Of course, these stories came over and over again. It is the excellence of a reminiscent to have a few good stories, and his misfortune that people will remember what he says. In Mr. Robinson's case an unskilled person could often see the anecdote somewhere impending, and there

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was often much interest in trying whether you could ward it off or not. There was one great misfortune which had happened to his guests, though he used to tell it as one of the best things that had ever happened to himself. He had picked up a certain bust of Wieland by Schadow, which it appears had been lost, and in the finding of which Goethe, even Goethe, rejoiced. After a very long interval I still shudder to think how often I have heard that story; it was one which no skill or care could long avert, for the thing stood opposite our host's chair, and the sight of it was sure to recall him. Among the ungrateful students to whom he was so kind, the first question always asked of any one who had breakfasted at his house was, "Did you undergo the *bust*?"

A reader of these memoirs would naturally and justly think that the great interest of Mr. Robinson's conversation was the strength of the past memory; but quite as amusing or more so was the present weakness. He never could remember names, and was very ingenious in his devices to elude the defect.

There is a story in these memoirs:—

"I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his name. And it was not until after half an hour's worry that I recollect he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came — 'Your commands, sir?' — 'Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I am to dine to-day.' He smiled. I went on: 'The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me,

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for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here.'"

And at his breakfasts it was always the same; he was always in difficulty as to some person's name or other, and he had regular descriptions which recurred, like Homeric epithets, and which he expected you to apply to the individual. Thus poor Clough always appeared—"That admirable and accomplished man. You know whom I mean. The one who never says anything." And of another living poet he used to say: "Probably the most able, and certainly the most consequential, of all the young persons I know. You know which it is. The one with whom I could never *presume* to be intimate. The one whose father I knew so many years." And another particular friend of my own always occurred as "That great friend of yours that has been in Germany—that most accomplished and interesting person—that most able and excellent young man. Sometimes I like him, and sometimes I *hate* him. You," turning to me, "know whom I mean, you villain!" And certainly I did know; for I had heard the same adjectives, and been referred to in the same manner very many times.

Walter Bagehot

James Northcote ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

OF all the Academicians, the painters, or persons I have ever known, Mr. Northcote is the most to my taste. It may be said of him truly,

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
His infinite variety.

Indeed, it is not possible he should become tedious, since, even if he repeats the same thing, it appears quite new from

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his manner that breathes new life into it, and from his eye, that is as fresh as the morning. How you hate any one who tells the same story or anticipates a remark of his — it seems so coarse and vulgar, so dry and inanimate! There is something like injustice in this preference — but no! it is a tribute to the spirit that is in the man. Mr. Northcote's manner is completely *extempore*. It is just the reverse of Mr. Canning's oratory. All his thoughts come upon him unawares, and for this reason they surprise and delight you, because they have evidently the same effect upon his mind. There is the same unconsciousness in his conversation that has been pointed out in Shakespear's dialogues; or you are startled with one observation after another, as when the mist gradually withdraws from a landscape and unfolds objects one by one. His figure is small, shadowy, emaciated; but you think only of his face, which is fine and expressive. His body is out of the question. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the *naïveté*, and unaffected, but delightful ease of the way in which he goes on — now touching upon a picture — now looking for his snuff-box — now alluding to some book he has been reading — now returning to his favourite art. He seems just as if he was by himself or in the company of his own thoughts, and makes you feel quite at home. If it is a Member of Parliament, or a beautiful woman, or a child, or a young artist that drops in, it makes no difference; he enters into conversation with them in the same unconstrained manner, as if they were inmates in his family. Sometimes you find him sitting on the floor, like a schoolboy at play, turning over a set of old prints; and I was pleased to hear him say the other day, coming to one of some men putting off in a boat from a shipwreck — “*That* is the grandest and most original thing I ever did!” This was

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not egotism, but had all the beauty of truth and sincerity. . . .

He has always some pat allusion or anecdote. A young engraver came into his room the other day, with a print which he had put into the crown of his hat in order not to crumple it, and he said it had been nearly blown away several times in passing along the street. "You put me in mind," said Northcote, "of a bird-catcher at Plymouth, who used to put the birds he had caught into his hat to bring them home, and one day meeting my father in the road, he pulled off his hat to make him a low bow, and all the birds flew away!" Sometimes Mr. Northcote gets to the top of a ladder to paint a palm-tree or to finish a sky in one of his pictures; and in this situation he listens very attentively to anything you tell him. I was once mentioning some strange inconsistencies of our modern poets; and on coming to one that exceeded the rest, he descended the steps of the ladder one by one, laid his pallet and brushes deliberately on the ground, and coming up to me, said — "You don't say so, it's the very thing I should have supposed of them: yet these are the men that speak against Pope and Dryden." Never any sarcasms were so fine, so cutting, so careless as his. The grossest things from his lips seem an essence of refinement: the most refined became more so than ever. Hear him talk of Pope's *Epistle to Jervas*, and repeat the lines —

Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul,
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim;
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

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Or let him speak of Boccaccio and his story of Isabella and her pot of basil, in which she kept her lover's head and watered it with her tears, "and how it grew, and it grew, and it grew," and you see his own eyes glisten, and the leaves of the basil-tree tremble to his faltering accents!

W. Hazlitt

XX

TWO BOOKWORMS

The Literary Antiquary



THE squire receives great sympathy and support, in his antiquated humours, from the parson, of whom I made some mention on my former visit to the Hall, and who acts as a kind of family chaplain. He has been cherished by the squire almost constantly since the time that they were fellow-students at Oxford; for it is one of the peculiar advantages of these great universities, that they often link the poor scholar to the rich patron, by early and heart-felt ties, that last through life, without the usual humiliations of dependence and patronage. Under the fostering protection of the squire, therefore, the little parson has pursued his studies in peace. Having lived almost entirely among books, and those, too, old books, he is quite ignorant of the world, and his mind is as antiquated as the garden at the Hall, where the flowers are all arranged in formal beds, and the yew-trees clipped into urns and peacocks.

His taste for literary antiquities was first imbibed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; where, when a student, he passed many an hour foraging among the old manuscripts. He has since, at different times, visited most of

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the curious libraries in England, and has ransacked many of the cathedrals. With all his quaint and curious learning, he has nothing of arrogance or pedantry; but that unaffected earnestness and guileless simplicity which seem to belong to the literary antiquary.

He is a dark, mouldy little man, and rather dry in his manner: yet, on his favourite theme, he kindles up, and at times is even eloquent. No fox-hunter, recounting his last day's sport, could be more animated than I have seen the worthy parson, when relating his search after a curious document, which he had traced from library to library, until he fairly unearthed it in the dusty chapter-house of a cathedral. When, too, he describes some venerable manuscript, with its rich illuminations, its thick creamy vellum, its glossy ink, and the odour of the cloisters that seemed to exhale from it, he rivals the enthusiasm of a Parisian epicure, expatiating on the merits of a Perigord pie, or a *Paté de Strasbourg*.

His brain seems absolutely haunted with love-sick dreams about gorgeous old works in "silk linings, triple gold bands, and tinted leather, locked up in wire cases, and secured from the vulgar hands of the mere reader"; and, to continue the happy expressions of an ingenious writer, "dazzling one's eyes like eastern beauties, peering through their jealousies."¹

He has a great desire, however, to read such works in the old libraries and chapter-houses to which they belong; for he thinks a black-letter volume reads best in one of those venerable chambers where the light struggles through dusty lancet windows and painted glass; and that it loses half its zest if taken away from the neighbourhood of the quaintly-carved oaken bookcase and Gothic reading-desk.

¹ D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*.

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At his suggestion the squire has had the library furnished in this antique taste, and several of the windows glazed with painted glass, that they may throw a properly tempered light upon the pages of their favourite old authors.

The parson, I am told, has been for some time meditating a commentary on Strutt, Brand, and Douce, in which he means to detect them in sundry dangerous errors in respect to popular games and superstitions; a work to which the squire looks forward with great interest. He is, also, a casual contributor to that long-established repository of national customs and antiquities, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and is one of those that every now and then make an inquiry concerning some obsolete customs or rare legend; nay, it is said that several of his communications have been at least six inches in length. He frequently receives parcels by coach from different parts of the kingdom, containing mouldy volumes and almost illegible manuscripts; for it is singular what an active correspondence is kept up among literary antiquaries, and how soon the fame of any rare volume, or unique copy, just discovered among the rubbish of a library, is circulated among them. The parson is more busy than common just now, being a little flurried by an advertisement of a work, said to be preparing for the press, on the mythology of the middle ages. The little man has long been gathering together all the hobgoblin tales he could collect, illustrative of the superstitions of former times; and he is in a complete fever, lest this formidable rival should take the field before him.

Shortly after my arrival at the Hall, I called at the parsonage, in company with Mr. Bracebridge and the general. The parson had not been seen for several days, which was a matter of some surprise, as he was an almost daily

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visitor at the Hall. We found him in his study; a small dusky chamber, lighted by a lattice window that looked into the churchyard, and was overshadowed by a yew-tree. His chair was surrounded by folios and quartos, piled upon the floor, and his table was covered with books and manuscripts. The cause of his seclusion was a work which he had recently received, and with which he had retired in rapture from the world, and shut himself up to enjoy a literary honeymoon undisturbed. Never did boarding-school girl devour the pages of a sentimental novel, or Don Quixote a chivalrous romance, with more intense delight than did the little man banquet on the pages of this delicious work. It was Dibdin's *Bibliographical Tour*; a work calculated to have as intoxicating an effect on the imaginations of literary antiquaries, as the adventures of the heroes of the Round Table, on all true knights; or the tales of the early American voyagers on the ardent spirits of the age, filling them with dreams of Mexican and Peruvian mines, and of the golden realm of El Dorado.

The good parson had looked forward to this Bibliographical expedition as of far greater importance than those to Africa, or the North Pole. With what eagerness had he seized upon the history of the enterprise! with what interest had he followed the redoubtable bibliographer and his graphical squire in their adventurous roamings among Norman castles and cathedrals, and French libraries, and German convents and universities; penetrating into the prison houses of vellum manuscripts, and exquisitely illuminated missals, and revealing their beauties to the world!

When the parson had finished a rapturous eulogy on this most curious and entertaining work, he drew forth

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from a little drawer a manuscript, lately received from a correspondent, which had perplexed him sadly. It was written in Norman French, in very ancient characters, and so faded and mouldered away as to be almost illegible. It was apparently an old Norman drinking song, that might have been brought over by one of William the Conqueror's carousing followers. The writing was just legible enough to keep a keen antiquity hunter on a doubtful chase; here and there he would be completely thrown out, and then there would be a few words so plainly written as to put him on the scent again. In this way he had been led on for a whole day, until he had found himself completely at fault.

The squire endeavoured to assist him, but was equally baffled. The old general listened for some time to the discussion, and then asked the parson, if he had read Captain Morris's, or George Stevens', or Anacreon Moore's bacchanalian songs; on the other replying in the negative, "Oh, then," said the general, with a sagacious nod, "if you want a drinking song, I can furnish you with the latest collection — I did not know you had a turn for those kind of things; and I can lend you the *Encyclopedia of Wit* into the bargain. I never travel without them; they're excellent reading at an inn."

It would not be easy to describe the odd look of surprise and perplexity of the parson, at this proposal; or the difficulty the squire had in making the general comprehend, that though a jovial song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl, written by a tosspot several hundred years since, was a matter worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole colleges by the ears.

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I have since pondered much on this matter, and have figured to myself what may be the fate of our current literature, when retrieved, piecemeal, by future antiquaries, from among the rubbish of ages. What a Magnus Apollo, for instance, will Moore become, among sober divines and dusty schoolmen! Even his festive and amatory songs, which are now the mere quickeners of our social moments, or the delights of our drawing-rooms, will then become matters of laborious research and painful collation. How many a grave professor will then waste his midnight oil, or worry his brain through a long morning, endeavouring to restore the pure text, or illustrate the biographical hints of "Come, tell me, says Rosa, as kissing and kissed"; and how many an arid old bookworm, like the worthy little parson, will give up in despair, after vainly striving to fill up some fatal hiatus in "Fanny of Timmol"!

Nor is it merely such exquisite authors as Moore that are doomed to consume the oil of future antiquaries. Many a poor scribbler, who is now, apparently, sent to oblivion by pastry-cooks, and cheesemongers, will then rise again in fragments, and flourish in learned immortality.

Washington Irving

George Dyer



I

AS there is a class of the first character which sinks into the mere gentleman, that is, which has nothing but this sense of respectability and propriety to support it — so the character of a scholar not unfrequently dwindles down into the shadow of a shade, till nothing is left of it

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but the mere bookworm. There is often something amiable as well as enviable in this last character. I know one such instance, at least. The person I mean has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the page, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browzes on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browzes on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction. When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura*. He reads the world, like a favourite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipt in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice: but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart: and when he dies, his spirit

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will take its smiling leave, without having ever had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself.

W. Hazlitt

II

I LEAVE these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.— whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-inn — where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apportionors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not — the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers — the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes — legal nor illegal courtesy touches him — none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him — you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C—, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points — particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in

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these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C——. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than anybody else about these questions. — Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Mater, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent — unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.'s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book — which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor — and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at M.'s — Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar with pretty A. S. at her side — striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before that day week") and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above

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that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script) — his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate! — The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D. — to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition — or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised — at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor — or Parnassus — or co-sphered with Plato — or, with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths” — devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species — peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, Scarborough, or Harrogate. The Cam and the Isis are to him “better than all the Waters of Damascus.” On the Muses’ hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

Charles Lamb

XXI

COLLECTORS

R. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE barber's shop was a museum, scarce second to the larger one of Greenwood in the metropolis. The boy who was to be clipped there was always accompanied to the sacrifice by troops of friends, who thus inspected the curiosities *gratis*. While the watchful eye of R. wandered to keep in check these rather unscrupulous explorers the unpausing shears would sometimes overstep the boundaries of strict tonsorial prescription, and make a notch through which the phrenological developments could be distinctly seen. As Michael Angelo's design was modified by the shape of his block, so R., rigid in artistic proprieties, would contrive to give an appearance of design to this aberration, by making it the keynote to his work, and reducing the whole head to an appearance of premature baldness. What a charming place it was,— how full of wonder and delight! The sunny little room, fronting south-west upon the Common, rang with canaries and Java sparrows, nor were the familiar notes of robin, thrush, and bobolink wanting. A large white cockatoo harangued vaguely, at intervals, in what we believed (on R.'s authority) to be the Hottentot language. He had an un-

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veracious air, but what inventions of former grandeur he was indulging in, what sweet South African Argos he was remembering, what tropical heats and giant trees by un-conjectured rivers, known only to the wallowing hippopotamus, we could only guess at. The walls were covered with curious old Dutch prints, beaks of albatross and penguin, and whales' teeth fantastically engraved. There was Frederick the Great, with head drooped plotingly, and keen side-long glance from under the three-cornered hat. There hung Bonaparte, too, the long-haired, haggard general of Italy, his eyes sombre with prefigured destiny; and there was his island grave; — the dream and the fulfilment. Good store of sea-fights there was also; above all, Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard*: the smoke rolling courteously to leeward, that we might see him dealing thunderous wreck to the two hostile vessels, each twice as large as his own, and the reality of the scene corroborated by streaks of red paint leaping from the mouth of every gun.

Suspended over the fire-place, with the curling-tongs, were an Indian bow and arrows, and in the corners of the room stood New Zealand paddles and war-clubs, quaintly carved. The model of a ship in glass we variously estimated to be worth from a hundred to a thousand dollars, R. rather favouring the higher valuation, though never distinctly committing himself. Among these wonders, the only suspicious one was an Indian tomahawk, which had too much the peaceful look of a shingling-hatchet. Did any rarity enter the town, it gravitated naturally to these walls, to the very nail that waited to receive it, and where, the day after its accession, it seemed to have hung a life time. We always had a theory that R. was immensely rich (how could he possess so much and be otherwise?),

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and that he pursued his calling from an amiable eccentricity. He was a conscientious artist, and never submitted it to the choice of his victim whether he would be perfumed or not.

Faithfully was the bottle shaken and the odoriferous mixture rubbed in, a fact redolent to the whole school-room in the afternoon. Sometimes the persuasive tonsor would impress one of the attendant volunteers, and reduce his poll to shoebrush crispness, at cost of the reluctant ninepence hoarded for Fresh Pond and the next half-holiday.

So purely indigenous was our population then, that R. had a certain exotic charm, a kind of game-flavour, by being a Dutchman.

J. R. Lowell

John Lamb (James Elia) ~ ~ ~ ~

JAMES is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire — those fine Shandean lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then — to the eyes of a common observer at least — seemeth made up of contradictory principles. — The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence — the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine, is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experi-

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ment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions. — With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say* so — for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again — that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Domenichino hang still by his wall? — is the ball of his sight much more dear to him? — or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker. — He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great — the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover, — and has a spirit that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience — extolling it as the truest wisdom — and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin — and Art

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never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's street — where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight — a trying three quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness, — “where could we be better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*” — “prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,” — with an eye all the while upon the coachman, — till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that “the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant.”

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed, he makes wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it — enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him* — when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world, and declarereth that wit is his aversion.

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It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds — *What a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous — and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time halfway. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing. — It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye — a Claude — or a Hobbima — for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's — or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must* do — assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands — wishes he had fewer holidays — and goes off — Westward Ho! — chanting a tune, to Pall Mall — perfectly convinced that he has convinced me — while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant, again, to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till *he* has found the best — placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aërial perspective — though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice.

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Woe be to the luckless wight who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present! — The last is always his best hit — his “Cynthia of the minute.” — Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in* — a Raphael! — keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons — then, after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlour, — adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall — consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, *go out* at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti! — which things when I beheld — musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second —

— set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmass or shortest day.

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old-established playgoer, that Mr. Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian — as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity — who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years! — He has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily

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sufferings exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An overloaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—and never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that “all for pity he could die.” It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that “true yoke-fellow with Time,” to have effected as much for the *Animal* as *he* hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of * * * * * because the fervour of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension and creeping processes of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be

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between kinsfolk, forbid! — With all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elias* — I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every way consistent kinsman breathing.

Charles Lamb

Carrigaholt ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHEN I was there, our friend Carrigaholt had imported himself, and his oddities as an accession to the other, and inferior wonders of Smyrna.

I was sitting alone in my room one day at Constantinople, when I heard Methley approaching my door with shouts of laughter and welcome, and presently I recognised that peculiar cry by which our friend Carrigaholt expresses his emotions; he soon explained to us the final causes by which the Fates had worked out their wonderful purpose of bringing him to Constantinople. He was always you know very fond of sailing, but he had got into such sad scrapes (including I think a lawsuit) on account of his last yacht, that he took it into his head to have a cruise in a merchant vessel, so he went to Liverpool, and looked through the craft lying ready to sail, till he found a smart schooner that perfectly suited his taste: the destination of the vessel was the last thing he thought of, and when he was told that she was bound for Constantinople, he merely assented to that as a part of the arrangement to which he had no objection. As soon as the vessel had sailed, the hapless passenger discovered that his skipper carried on board an enormous wife with an inquiring mind, and an irresistible tendency to impart her opinions. She looked upon her guest as upon a piece of waste intellect that ought to be

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carefully tilled. She tilled him accordingly. If the Dons at Oxford could have seen poor Carrigaholt thus absolutely “attending lectures” in the Bay of Biscay, they would surely have thought him sufficiently punished for all the wrongs he did them, whilst he was preparing himself under their care for the other and more boisterous University. The voyage did not last more than six or eight weeks, and the philosophy inflicted on Carrigaholt was not entirely fatal to him; certainly he was somewhat emaciated, and for aught I know, he may have subscribed somewhat too largely to the “Feminine-right-of-reason Society”; but it did not appear that his health had been seriously affected. There was a scheme on foot, it would seem, for taking the passenger back to England in the same schooner—a scheme, in fact, for keeping him perpetually afloat, and perpetually saturated with arguments; but when Carrigaholt found himself ashore, and remembered that the skipperina, (who had imprudently remained on board,) was not there to enforce her suggestions, he was open to the hints of his servant (a very sharp fellow), who arranged a plan for escaping, and finally brought off his master to Giuseppini’s Hotel.

Our friend afterwards went by sea to Smyrna, and there he now was in his glory. He had a good, or at all events a gentleman-like judgment in matters of taste, and as his great object was to surround himself with all that his fancy could dictate, he lived in a state of perpetual negotiation; he was for ever on the point of purchasing, not only the material productions of the place, but all sorts of such fine ware as “intelligence,” “fidelity,” and so on. He was most curious, however, as the purchaser of the “affections.” Sometimes he would imagine that he had a marital aptitude, and his fancy would sketch a graceful picture in which he

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appeared reclining on a divan, with a beautiful Greek woman fondly couched at his feet, and soothing him with the witchery of her guitar; having satisfied himself with the ideal picture thus created, he would pass into action; the guitar he would buy instantly, and would give such intimations of his wish to be wedded to a Greek, as could not fail to produce great excitement in the families of the beautiful Smyrniotes. Then again, (and just in time perhaps to save him from the yoke), his dream would pass away, and another would come in its stead; he would suddenly feel the yearnings of a father's love, and willing by force of gold to transcend all natural preliminaries, he would issue instructions for the purchase of some dutiful child that could be warranted to love him as a parent. Then at another time he would be convinced that the attachment of menials might satisfy the longings of his affectionate heart, and thereupon he would give orders to his slave-merchant for something in the way of eternal fidelity. You may well imagine that this anxiety of Carrigaholt to purchase (not only the scenery) but the many *dramatis personæ* belonging to his dreams, with all their goodness and graces complete, necessarily gave an immense stimulus to the trade and intrigue of Smyrna, and created a demand for human virtues which the moral resources of the place were totally inadequate to supply. Every day after breakfast this lover of the Good and the Beautiful held a levee: in his ante-room there would be not only the sellers of pipes and slippers and shawls and such like Oriental merchandise, not only embroiderers, and cunning workmen patiently striving to realise his visions of Albanian dresses — not only the servants offering for places, and the slave-dealer tendering his sable ware, but there would be the Greek master, waiting to teach his

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pupil the grammar of the soft Ionian tongue in which he was to delight the wife of his imagination, and the music-master who was to teach him some sweet replies to the anticipated tones of the fancied guitar; and then, above all, and proudly eminent with undisputed preference of *entrée*, and fraught with the mysterious tidings on which the realisation of the whole dream might depend, was the mysterious match-maker, enticing and postponing the suitor, yet ever keeping alive in his soul the love of that pictured virtue, whose beauty (unseen by eyes) was half revealed to the imagination.

You would have thought that this practical dreaming must have soon brought Carrigaholt to a bad end, but he was in much less danger than might be supposed: for besides that the new visions of happiness almost always came in time to counteract the fatal completion of the preceding scheme, his high breeding and his delicately sensitive taste almost always befriended him at times when he was left without any other protection; and the efficacy of these qualities in keeping a man out of harm's way is really immense; in all baseness and imposture there is a coarse, vulgar spirit, which, however artfully concealed for a time, must sooner or later shew itself in some little circumstance sufficiently plain to occasion an instant jar upon the minds of those whose taste is lively and true; to such men a shock of this kind, disclosing the *ugliness* of a cheat, is more effectively convincing than any mere proofs could be.

Thus guarded from isle to isle, and through Greece and through Albania, this practical Plato with a purse in his hand, carried on his mad chase after the Good and the Beautiful, and yet returned in safety to his home.

A. W. Kinglake

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Archdeacon Meadow ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

YOU see him now — tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive types, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have not sometimes the female members of his household been known on occasion of some domestic emergency — or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief — to have been searching for him on from book-stall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns or gambling-houses? Then, again, can one forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall — and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, “at any price,” a great fish he has been patiently watching year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. I have known him,

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indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say: "Well, so be it — but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them."

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon — the first pawning of the silver spoons — or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed my path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience.

Cruel as it may seem, I must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection — better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was some-

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thing like what may have occurred on the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realised at the period of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures — he pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen, in passing, the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from the scene. It was remarked by the observant, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the Church so disguised.

The Archdeacon lay under what, among a portion of the victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books — that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old school-fellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment — petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external

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inspection solely, is, with a certain school of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage: “‘I will frankly confess,’ rejoined Lysander, ‘that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac* — that I love books dearly — that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal —’ ‘Hold, my friend,’ again exclaimed Philemon; ‘you have renounced your profession — you talk of *reading* books — do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?’”

Yes, the Archdeacon read books — he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks, for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralised on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

J. H. Burton

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M. Villenave ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

M. VILLENAVE very rarely appeared in the salon, except on the Athénée nights. He spent the rest of his time on the second floor, only appearing among his family for dinner; then, after a few minutes' chat, after lecturing his son and scolding his wife, he would stretch himself out in an arm-chair, have his curls attended to by his daughter and return to his own apartments. The quarter of an hour during which the teeth of the comb gently scratched his head was the happiest time of the day to M. Villenave, the only rest he allowed himself from his unending absorption in scribbling.

“But why did he curl his hair?” some one asks.

That was the question I myself put.

Madame Waldor declared that it was purely an excuse for having his head scratched. M. Villenave must have been a parrot in one of the metamorphoses that preceded his life as a human being. Madame Villenave, who had known her husband longer than her daughter had, and who therefore could claim to know him better, averred that it was from vanity. And, indeed, M. Villenave, who was a good-looking old man, must have been splendidly handsome as a young man. His strongly marked features were wonderfully set off in their frame of flowing white hair, which showed up the fiery light of his fine black eyes. In fact, although M. Villenave was a learned man, he was also vain — a combination of virtue and fault rarely found together — but he was only vain about his head. As for the rest of his appearance, with the exception of his cravat, which was invariably white, he left it to his tailor and his bootmaker, or rather, to his daughter's care, who looked after these matters for her father. Whether

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his coat were blue or black, his trousers wide or narrow, the toes of his boots round or square, so long as M. Villenave's hair was well dressed, it was all he cared about. We have mentioned that when his daughter had combed and curled his locks, M. Villenave went upstairs to his own rooms — or *home*, as the English say. Good gracious! what a curious place it was, too!

Follow me, reader, if these minute details after the fashion of Balzac amuse you, and if you believe nature takes as much pains over the making of a hyssop as over the making of a cedar tree.

Besides, we may perhaps be able to unearth some curious anecdote from out the medley, concerning a charming pastel by Latour. But we have not got there yet; we shall come to it in the end, just as at last we have come to M. Villenave's sanctum.

We have divided up the ground floor into dining-room, kitchen, pantry; and on the first floor into the small and large salons and the bedrooms; there was nothing like that on the second floor. The second floor had five rooms, five rooms full of nothing else but books and boxes. These five rooms must have contained forty thousand volumes and four thousand boxes, piled up on the floor and on tables. The ante-room alone was a vast library. It had two entrances: that on the right led to M. Villenave's bedroom — a chamber to which we shall return.

That on the left opened into a large room, which, in its turn, led into a much smaller one. These two rooms, be it understood, were nothing but two libraries. The four walls of them were tapestried with books upheld on a substratum of boxes. This was odd enough in itself, as will readily be imagined, but it was not the most original thing that caught one's notice. The most ingenious ar-

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rangement was a square construction which stood in the middle of the room like an enormous block and formed a second library within the first, leaving only space for a pathway round the room, bordered with books on left and right, just wide enough to allow a single person to move freely; a second person would have blocked the traffic. Moreover, only M. Villenave's most intimate friends ever presumed to be allowed the privilege of admission to this *sanctum sanctorum*. The substratum of boxes contained autographs. The age of Louis XIV. alone needed five hundred boxes! Herein were contained the result of fifty years of daily labour, concentrated on this one object; hour after hour taken up by this one passion. It was, in a word, the gentle and ardent passion of a born collector, into which he put his mind and happiness and joy and life!

There were to be found a portion of the papers of Louis XVI., discovered in the iron chest; there was the correspondence of Malesherbes, two hundred autographs of Rousseau, and four hundred of Voltaire; together with autographs of all the kings of France from Charlemagne down to our own time; there were drawings by Raphael and Jules Romain, by Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Lebrun, Lesueur, Greuze, Vanloo, Watteau, Boucher, Vien, David, Girodet, etc.

M. Villenave would not have parted with the contents of those two rooms for a hundred thousand crowns.

There now only remain the bedroom and the black cabinet behind M. Villenave's alcove, which was reached by a corridor, about which we shall have occasion to say a few words. Only those who saw that bedroom, wherein the bed was the least conspicuous piece of furniture, can conceive any idea of what the bedroom of a bibliomaniac is like. It was in this room that M. Villenave

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received his friends. After four or five months' intimacy in the household, I had the honour of being received in it. An old servant, called, I believe, Françoise, conducted me to it. I had promised M. Villenave an autograph — not that of Napoleon, of which he possessed five or six, or that of Bonaparte, of which he had three or four — but one of *Buonaparte*.

He had given orders that I was to be shown upstairs as soon as I arrived.

Françoise half opened the door.

“M. Dumas is here,” she said.

Generally, when anyone was announced, even were he an intimate friend who had come unexpectedly, M. Villenave would utter a loud cry, scold Françoise and fling up his arms in despair; then, finally, when he had indulged his fit of despair, and moaned and sighed his fill, he would say — “Very well, Françoise, as he is there, show him in.” Then the intruder would be let in.

My reception was quite otherwise. M. Villenave had hardly caught my name before he exclaimed —

“Show him in! show him in!”

In I went.

“Ah! here you are,” he said. “Well, I wager you have not been able to find it!”

“What?”

“That famous autograph you promised me yesterday.”

“Yes, indeed. I have found it.”

“And have you brought it?”

“To be sure I have! . . .”

“Really?”

“Here it is!”

“Quick, let me see it!”

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I handed it to him. M. Villenave rushed up to the window.

"Yes, it is genuine," he said; "there is the *u*! Oh! there is his very own *u*, there is no doubt about it. Let us see: '29 vendémiaire, year IV.,' that is it! . . . Stop, stop!" He went to a box. "See, here is one of *frimaire* in the same year, signed 'Bonaparte, 12 frimaire'; so it must have been between 29 vendémiaire and 12 frimaire that he dropped his *u*; this determines a great historic question!"

While this monologue was being carried on, I had been glancing round the bedchamber thoroughly, and I had noticed that the only piece of furniture that was not encumbered with books was the arm-chair from which he had just risen. After M. Villenave had carefully examined the autograph, he put it into a white wrapper, wrote on the wrapper, placed it in a box, put the box in its place and flung himself back into his arm-chair, with a sigh of joy. "Ah! now, sit down," he said. "I should like nothing better," I replied; "but what do you mean me to sit on?" "Why, on the couch." "Oh, yes, on the couch." "What about it?" "Well, just look at the couch for yourself." "Upon my word, you are right; it is full of books. Never mind, pull up an arm-chair." "With great pleasure. But the arm-chairs . . .?" "The arm-chairs?" "Are littered just like the couch." "Ah! I have so many books. . . . Have you noticed the great cracks in the walls of the house?" "No." "It is visible enough nevertheless. . . . Well, my dear monsieur, it is the books! The books are pulling down the house." "The books? How?" "Yes, twelve hundred folios, monsieur, twelve hundred splendid and rare folios; I even believe there are quite unknown ones among them, so rare are they! I put all those in the garret

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and I was intending to put more there, for there was room for another twelve hundred; when, suddenly, the house trembled, uttered a groan and cracked."

"Why you must have thought it was an earthquake?"

"Exactly! . . . but when we found the damage was limited we sent for an architect. The architect examined the house from the cellar to the second floor and declared that the accident could only have been caused by too heavy a weight. And, consequently, he asked to be allowed to look at the attics. Alas! this was what I dreaded. Oh! if it had only been a question of myself, I would never have given him the key; but one has to sacrifice oneself for the general good. . . . He visited the attics, discovered the folios, reckoned that the weight must come to eight thousand pounds and declared that they must be sold or he would not answer for the consequences. . . . And they were sold, monsieur!"

"At a loss?"

"No . . . Alas! I made a profit of five or six thousand francs on them, because, you know, books increase in value from having been in the possession of a bibliophile; but the poor folios were lost to me — hounded from beneath the roof that had sheltered them. . . . I shall never come across such a collection again. But pray take a chair."

The chairs were in a similar condition to the easy-chairs and couches — not one was unoccupied.

I decided to change the conversation.

Alexandre Dumas (translated by E. M. Waller)

XXII

THE PATRIOTS

The Peasant of Brûlé



WHEN we had gone some way, clattering through the dust, and were well on the Commercy road, there was a short halt and during this halt there passed us the largest tun or barrel that ever went on wheels. You talk of the Great Tun of Heidelberg, or of those monstrous Vats that stand in cool sheds in the Napa Valley, or of the vast barrels in the Catacombs of Rheims; but all these are built *in situ* and meant to remain steady, and there is no limit to the size of a Barrel that has not to travel. The point about this enormous Receptacle of Bacchus and cavernous huge Prison of Laughter, was that it could move, though cumbrously, and it was drawn very slowly by stupid, patient oven, who would not be hurried. On the top of it sat a strong peasant, with a face of determination, as though he were at war with his kind, and he kept on calling to his Oxen, "Hau," and "Hu," in the tones of a sullen challenge, as he went creaking past. Then the soldiers began calling out to him singly, "Where are you off to, Father, with all that battery?" and "Why carry cold water to Commercy? They have

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only too much as it is;" and "What have you got in the little barrelkin, the barrellet, the Cantiniere's brandy flask, the Gourd, the Firkin?"

He stopped his Oxen fiercely and turned round to us and said: —

"I will tell you what I have here. I have so many hectolitres of Brûlé Wine which I made myself and which I know to be the best wine there is, and I am taking it about to see if I cannot tame and break these proud fellows who are for ever beating down prices and mocking me. It is worth eight 'scutcheons the hectolitre, that is eight sols the litre; what do I say? it is worth a Louis a cup: but I will sell it at the price I name, and not a penny less. But whenever I come to a village the inn-keeper begins bargaining and chaffering and offering six sols and seven sols, and I answer, 'Eight sols, take it or leave it,' and when he seems for haggling again I get up and drive away. I know the worth of my Wine, and I will not be beaten down though I have to go out of Lorraine into the Barrois to sell it."

So when we caught him up again, as we did shortly after on the road, a sergeant cried as we passed, "I will give you seven, seven and a quarter, seven and a half," and we went on laughing and forgot all about him.

For many days we marched from this place to that place, and fired and played a confused game in the hot sun till the train of sick horses was a mile long, and till the recruits were all as deaf as so many posts; and at last, one evening we came to a place called Heiltz le Maurupt, which was like heaven after the hot plain and the dust, and whose inhabitants are as good and hospitable as Angels; it is just where the Champagne begins. When we had groomed and watered our horses and the stable

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guard had been set, and we had all an hour or so's leisure to stroll about in the cool darkness before sleeping in the barns, we had a sudden lesson in the smallness of the world, for what should come up the village street but that monstrous barrel, and we could see by its movement that it was still quite full.

We gathered round the peasant, and told him how grieved we were at his ill fortune, and agreed with him that all the people of the Barrois were thieves or madmen not to buy such wine for such a song. He took his Oxen and his barrel to a very high shed that stood by, and there he told us all his pilgrimage and the many assaults his firmness suffered, and how he had resisted them all. There was much more anger than sorrow in his accent, and I could see that he was of the wood from which tyrants and martyrs are carved. Then suddenly he changed and became eloquent:—

“Oh the good Wine! if it were known and tasted! . . . Here, give me a cup, and I will ask some of you to taste it, then at least I shall have it praised as it deserves. And this is the Wine I have carried more than a hundred miles, and everywhere it has been refused!”

There was one guttering candle on a little stool. The roof of the shed was lost up in the great height of darkness; behind, in the darkness, the Oxen champed away steadily in the manger. The light from the candle-flame lit his face strongly from beneath and marked it with dark shadows. It flickered on the circle of our faces as we pressed round, and it came slantwise and waned and disappeared in the immense length of the barrel. He stood near the tap with his brows knit as upon some very important task, and all we, gunners and drivers of the battery, began unhooking our mugs and passing them to him.

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There were nearly a hundred, and he filled them all; not in jollity, but like a man offering up a solemn sacrifice. We also, entering into his mood, passed our mugs continually, thanking him in a low tone and keeping in the main silent. A few linesmen lounged at the door; he asked for their cups and filled them. He bade them fetch as many of their comrades as cared to come; and very soon there was a circulating crowd of men all getting Wine of Brûlé and murmuring their congratulations, and he was willing enough to go on giving, but we stopped when we saw fit and the scene ended.

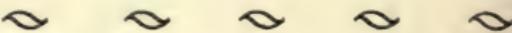
I cannot tell what prodigious measure of wine he gave away to us all that night, but when he struck the roof of the cask it already sounded hollow. And when we had made a collection which he had refused, he went to sleep by his Oxen, and we to our straw in other Barns.

Next day we started before dawn and I never saw him again.

This is the story of the Wine of Brûlé, and it shows that what men love is never money itself but their own way, and that human beings love sympathy and pageant above all things. It also teaches us not to be hard on the rich.

H. Belloe

Chodruc-Duclos



CHODRUC-DUCLOS was born at Sainte-Foy, near Bordeaux. He would be about forty-eight when the Revolution of July took place; he was tall and strong and splendidly built; his beard hid features that must have been of singular beauty; but he used ostentatiously to display his hands, which were always very clean. By right of courage, if not of skill, he was looked upon as

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the principal star of that Pleiades of duellists which flourished at Bordeaux, during the Empire, under the title of *les Crânes* (Skulls). They were all Royalists. MM. Lercaro, Latapie and de Peyronnet were said to be Duclos' most intimate friends. These men were also possessed of another notable characteristic: they never fought amongst themselves.

Duclos was suspected of carrying on relations with Louis XVIII. in the very zenith of the Empire, and was arrested one morning in his bed by the Chief of the Police, Pierre-Pierre. He was taken to Vincennes, where he was kept a prisoner until 1814. Set free by the Restoration, he entered Bordeaux in triumph, and as, during his captivity, he had come into a small fortune, he resumed his old habits and interlarded them with fresh diversions. The Royalist government, which recompensed all its devoted adherents (a virtue that was attributed to it as a crime), would, no doubt, have been pleased to reward Duclos for his loyalty, but it was very difficult to find a suitable way of doing so, for he had the incurable habits of a peripatetic: he was only accustomed to a nomadic life of fencing, political intrigue, theatre-going, women and literature. King Louis XVIII., therefore, could not entrust him with any other public function than that of an everlasting walker, or, as Barthélemy dubbed it, "Chrétien errant."

Unfortunately, money, however considerable its quantity, comes to an end some time. When Duclos had exhausted his patrimony, he recollected his past services for the Bourbon cause and came to Paris to remind them. But he had remembered too late and had given the Bourbons time to forget. The business of soliciting for favours, at all events, exercised his locomotive faculties to the best possible advantage. So, every morning, two melancholy

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looking pleaders could be seen to cross the Pont Royal, like two shades crossing the river Styx, on their way to beg a good place in the Elysian fields from the minister of Pluto. One was Duclos, the other the Mayor of Orgon. What had the latter done? He had thrown the first stone into the Emperor's carriage in 1814, and had come to Paris, stone in hand, to demand his reward. After years of soliciting, these two faithful applicants, seeing that nothing was to be obtained, each arrived at a different conclusion. The Mayor of Orgon, completely ruined, tied his stone round his own neck and threw himself into the Seine. Duclos, much more philosophically inclined, decided upon living, and, in order to humiliate the Government to which he had sacrificed three years of his liberty, and M. de Peyronnet, with whom he had had many bouts by the banks of the Garonne, bought old clothes, as he had not the patience to wait till his new ones grew old, bashed in the top of his hat, gave up shaving himself, tied sandals over his old shoes, and began that everlasting promenade up and down the arcades of the Palais-Royal which exercised the wisdom of all the *Œdipuses* of his time. Duclos never left the Palais-Royal until one in the morning, when he went to the rue du Pélican, where he lodged, to sleep, not exactly in furnished apartments, but, more correctly speaking, in *unfurnished* ones.

In the course of his promenading, which lasted probably a dozen years, Duclos (with only three exceptions, which we are about to quote, one of them being made in our own favour) never went up to any one to speak to him, no matter who he was. Like Socrates, he communed alone with his own familiar spirit; no tragic hero ever attempted such a complete monologue! — One day, however, he departed from his habits, and walked straight towards one of his old

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friends, M. Giraud-Savine, a witty and learned man, as we shall find out later, who afterwards became deputy to the Mayor of Batignolles. M. Giraud's heart stood still with fright for an instant, for he thought he was going to be robbed of his purse; but he was wrong: for Duclos never borrowed anything.

"Giraud," he asked in a deep bass voice, "which is the best translation of Tacitus?" "There isn't one!" replied M. Giraud. Duclos shook his treasured rags in sad dejection, then returned, like Diogenes, to his tub. Only, his tub happened to be the Palais-Royal.

On another occasion, whilst I was chatting with Nodier, opposite the door of the café de Foy, Duclos passed and stared attentively at Nodier. Nodier, who knew him, thought he must want to speak to him, and took a step towards him. But Duclos shook his head and went on his way without saying anything. Nodier then gave me various details of the life of this odd being; after which we separated. During our talk, Duclos had had time to make the round of the Palais-Royal; so, going back by the Théâtre-Français, I met him very nearly opposite the café Corazza. He stopped right in front of me.

"Monsieur Dumas," he said to me, "do you know Nodier?" "Very well." "Do you like him?" "With all my heart I do." "Do you not think he grows old very fast?" "I must confess I agree with you that he does." "Do you know why?" "No." "Well, I will tell you: *Because he does not take care of himself!* Nothing ages a man more quickly than neglecting his health!" He continued his walk and left me quite stunned; not by his observation, sagacious as it was; but by the thought that it was Chodruc-Duclos who had made it. The Revolution of July 1830 had, for the moment, interrupted

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the inveterate habits of two men — Stibert and Chodruct-Duclos.

Stibert was as confirmed a gambler as Duclos was an indefatigable walker. Frascati's, where Stibert spent his days and nights, was closed; the Ordinances had suspended the game of *trente-et-un*, until the monarchy of July should suppress it altogether.

Stibert had not patience to wait till the Tuileries was taken: on 28 July, at three in the afternoon, he compelled the concierge at Frascati's to open its doors to him and to play picquet with him. Duclos, for his part, coming from his rooms to go to his beloved Palais-Royal, found the Swiss defending the approaches to it. Some youths had begun a struggle with them, and one of them, armed with a regulation rifle, was firing on the red-coats with more courage than skill. Duclos watched him, and then, growing impatient that any one should risk his life thus wantonly, he said to the youth — “Hand me your rifle. I will show you how to use it.”

The young fellow lent it him and Duclos took aim. “Look!” he said; and down dropped a Swiss.

Duclos returned the youth his rifle.

“Oh,” said the latter, “upon my word! if you can use it to such good purpose as that, stick to it!”

“Thanks!” replied Duclos, “I am not of that opinion,” and, putting the rifle into the youth’s hands, he crossed right through the very centre of the firing and re-entered the Palais-Royal, where he resumed his accustomed walk past the bronze Apollo and marble Ulysses, the only society he had the chance of meeting during the 27, 28 and 29 July. This was the third and last time upon which he opened his mouth. Duclos, engrossed as he was with his everlasting walk, would, doubtless, never have found

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a moment in which to die; only one morning he forgot to wake up. The inhabitants of the Palais-Royal, astonished at having been a whole day without meeting the man with the long beard, learnt, on the following day, from the Cornuet papers, that Chodruc-Duclos had fallen into the sleep that knows no waking, upon his pallet bed in the rue du Pélican.

The Palais-Royal buried him by public subscription.

Alexandre Dumas (translated by E. M. Waller)

The French Drummer



WE must know the *spirit* of a language, and this is best learned by *drumming*. *Parbleu!* how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like the devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and who above all this drummed so divinely!

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black moustache, beneath which red lips came bounding suddenly outwards, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all around.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a burr, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest — for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well — and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade — in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment — *les jours de fête sont passées!* Monsieur Le Grand knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words in every tongue — “Bread,” “Kiss,” “Honour” — but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word *liberté* meant,

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he drummed the *Marseillaise* — and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité* he drummed the march —

Ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne!

and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, have drummed in Champagne — and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word *l'Allemagne* (or Germany), and he drummed the all too *simple* melody which on market-days is played to dancing-dogs — namely, *dum-dum-dum!* I was vexed, but I understood him for all that!¹

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I understood him. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastile, of the Tuileries, and the like, cannot be correctly understood until we know how *the drumming* was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: "Their excellencies the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded." "Their highnesses the Dukes and Princes, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded." "His Majesty the King, with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded." But when you hear the red March of the Guillotine *drummed*, you understand it correctly for the first time, and with it the how and the why.

Heinrich Heine (translated by C. G. Leland)

¹ *Dum*, i.e. *dumm*, dumb or stupid. — TR.

XXIII

TEACHERS OF YOUTH

John Sowerby ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

... “It is better far
To rule by love than fear.”

O H, grey old “Noggs,” loved, honoured and revered,
My mental eye perceives thy hoary beard,
Thy ancient nose, thy silver-sandy hair,
Thy eyes that watch me with paternal care.
Long may’st thou grant me endless “leaves off school,”
And pardon each transgression of a rule!
Long may I hear thee in thine own strange way
Remark with curious fervour, “Oh, I s-a-y.”

Once on a time, men say, in days of yore
A “booby-trap” was set above the door;
It was not meant for him — they deemed that he
Was seated at his solitary tea.
Some chance did animate his restless toe
Too early round the dormit’ries to go;
Scarce had he crossed the threshold — on his crown
A mighty dictionary came thundering down,
While here and there the frightened culprits ran
Exclaiming breathlessly, “By Jove, the Man!”

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Did he rush at them with resistless might,
Or give them several hundred lines to write?
By no means. Turning round as one amazed,
Grimly around the darkened room he gazed,
And said, while picking up his battered cap,
"You people can't half set a booby-trap."

And when the poor delinquents on the morrow
Went to him to express their contrite sorrow,
He sniffed a kindly sniff, and scratched his head,
And then with mild benignity he said,
"I might have had concussion of the brain,
But, well — I hope it won't occur again!"

A. C. Hilton

Professor Campbell Fraser



FRASER was rather a hazardous cure for weak intellects. Young men whose anchor had been certainty of themselves went into that class floating buoyantly on the sea of facts, and came out all adrift — on the sea of theory — in an open boat — rudderless — one oar — the boat scuttled. How could they think there was any chance for them, when the Professor was not even sure of himself? I see him rising in a daze from his chair and putting his hands through his hair. "Do I exist," he said, thoughtfully, "strictly so-called?" The students (if it was the beginning of the session) looked a little startled. This was a matter that had not previously disturbed them. Still, if the Professor was in doubt, there must be something in it. He began to argue it out, and an uncomfortable silence held the room in awe. If he did not exist, the chances were that they did not exist either. It was

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thus a personal question. The Professor glanced round slowly for an illustration. "Am I a table?" A pained look travelled over the class. Was it just possible that they were all tables? It is no wonder that the students who do not go to the bottom during their first month of metaphysics begin to give themselves airs strictly so-called. In the privacy of their room at the top of the house they pinch themselves to see if they are still there.

He would, I think, be a sorry creature who did not find something to admire in Campbell Fraser. Metaphysics may not trouble you, as it troubles him, but you do not sit under the man without seeing his transparent honesty and feeling that he is genuine. In appearance and in habit of thought he is an ideal philosopher, and his communings with himself have lifted him to a level of serenity that is worth struggling for. Of all the arts professors in Edinburgh he is probably the most difficult to understand, and students in a hurry have called his lectures childish. If so, it may be all the better for them. For the first half of the hour, they say, he tells you what he is going to do, and for the second half he revises. Certainly he is vastly explanatory, but then he is not so young as they are, and so he has his doubts. They are so cock-sure that they wonder to see him hesitate. Often there is a mist on the mountain when it is all clear in the valley.

Fraser's great work is his edition of Berkeley, a labour of love that should live after him. He has two Berkeleys, the large one and the little one, and, to do him justice, it was the little one he advised us to consult. I never read the large one myself, which is in a number of monster tomes, but I often had a look at it in the library, and I was proud to think that an Edinburgh professor

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was the editor. When Glasgow men came through to talk of their professors we showed them the big Berkeley, and after that they were reasonable. There was one man in my year who really began the large Berkeley, but after a time he was missing, and it is believed that some day he will be found flattened between the pages of the first volume. . . .

As a metaphysician I was something of a disappointment. I began well, standing, if I recollect aright, in the three examinations, first, seventeenth, and twenty-seventh. A man who sat beside me—man was the word we used—gazed at me reverently when I came out first, and I could see by his eye that he was not sure whether I existed properly so-called. By the second exam. his doubts had gone, and by the third he was surer of me than of himself. He came out fifty-seventh, this being the grand triumph of his college course. He was the same whose key translated *cras donaberis haedo* “To-morrow you will be presented with a kid,” but who, thinking that a little vulgar, refined it down to “To-morrow you will be presented with a small child.”

In the metaphysics class I was like the fountains in the quadrangle, which ran dry toward the middle of the session. While things were still looking hopeful for me, I had an invitation to breakfast with the Professor. If the fates had been so propitious as to forward me that invitation, it is possible that I might be a metaphysician to this day, but I had changed my lodgings, and when I heard of the affair, all was over. The Professor asked me to stay behind one day after the lecture, and told me that he had got his note back with “Left: no address,” on it. “However,” he said, “you may keep this,” presenting me with the invitation for the Saturday previously. I

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mention this to show that even professors have hearts. That letter is preserved with the autographs of three editors, none of which anybody can read.

There was once a medical student who came up to my rooms early in the session, and I proved to him in half an hour that he did not exist. He got quite frightened, and I can still see his white face as he sat staring at me in the gloaming. This shows what metaphysics can do. He has recovered, however, and is sheep-farming now, his examiners never having asked him the right questions.

The last time Fraser ever addressed me was when I was capped. He said, "I congratulate you, Mr. Smith": and one of the other professors said, "I congratulate you, Mr. Fisher." My name is neither Smith nor Fisher, but no doubt the thing was kindly meant. It was then, however, that the professor of metaphysics had his revenge on me. I had once spelt Fraser with a "z."

J. M. Barrie

K. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HE never encountered, one would say, the attraction proper to draw out his native force. Certainly, few men who impressed others so strongly, and of whom so many good things are remembered, left less behind them to justify contemporary estimates. He printed nothing, and was, perhaps, one of those the electric sparkles of whose brains, discharged naturally and healthfully in conversation, refuse to pass through the non-conducting medium of the inkstand. His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians,

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he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it and having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?" "Yes, sir, sometimes." "Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and departed, saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the "Harvard Washington" asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered them. "Certainly, young gentlemen," said the President, "but have you engaged any one to bring home your muskets?" — the College being responsible for these weapons, which belong to the State.

Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K. granted it at once, and then added, "By the way, Mr. —, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the College limits, — the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness." This is told of Judge W., himself a wit, and capable of enjoying the humorous delicacy of the reproof.

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favourite word, and call him a *dæmonic* man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite old-fashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K.'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose, and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentleman-like pervaded even

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his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either; but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous, familiarity with Heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found — as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme.

J. R. Lowell

P. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHO that ever saw him, can forget him in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? He was a natural celibate, not dwelling "like the fly in the heart of the apple," but like a lonely bee rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. There was, to be sure, a tradition of youthful disappointment, and a touching story which L. told me perhaps confirms it. When Mrs. —— died, a carriage with blinds drawn followed the funeral train at some distance, and when the coffin had been lowered into the grave, drove hastily away to escape that saddest of earthly sounds, the first rattle of earth upon the lid. It was afterwards known that the carriage held a single mourner, — our grim and undemonstrative Professor.

Yet I cannot bring myself to suppose him susceptible to any tender passion after that single lapse in the im-

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maturity of reason. He might have joined the Abderites in singing their mad chorus from the *Andromeda*; but it would have been in deference to the language merely, and with a silent protest against the sentiment. I fancy him arranging his scrupulous toilet, not for *Amaryllis* or *Neæra*, but, like Machiavelli, for the society of his beloved classics. His ears had needed no prophylactic wax to pass the Sirens' isle; nay, he would have kept them the wider open, studious of the dialect in which they sang, and perhaps triumphantly detecting the Æolic digamma in their lay. A thoroughly single man, single-minded, single-hearted, buttoning over his single heart a single-breasted surtout, and wearing always a hat of a single fashion, — did he in secret regard the dual number of his favourite language as a weakness? The son of an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, he mounted the pulpit with the erect port of a soldier, and carried his cane more in the fashion of a weapon than a staff, but with the point lowered, in token of surrender to the peaceful proprieties of his calling. Yet sometimes the martial instincts would burst the cerements of black coat and clerical neckcloth, as once, when the students had got into a fight upon the training-field, and the licentious soldiery, furious with rum, had driven them at point of bayonet to the College gates, and even threatened to lift their arms against the Muses' bower.

Then, like Major Goffe at Deerfield, suddenly appeared the gray-haired P., all his father resurgent in him, and shouted: "Now, my lads, stand your ground, you're in the right now! Don't let one of them set foot within the College grounds!" Thus he allowed arms to get the better of the *toga*; but raised it, like the prophet's breeches, into a banner, and carefully ushered resistance with a

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preamble of infringed right. Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equably in him through a life of eighty-three years. Hill drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all those postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation.

A lover of the scholar's herb, yet loving freedom more, and knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for Satan to drop a bribe in, he would never have two cigars in his house at once, but walked every day to the shop to fetch his single diurnal solace.

Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need and honoured the scruple that occasioned it.

He was faithful, also, to his old hats, in which appeared the constant service of the antique world, and which he preserved for ever, piled like a black pagoda under his dressing-table. No scarecrow was ever the residuary legatee of *his* beavers, though one of them in any of the neighbouring peach-orchards would have been sovereign against an attack of Freshmen. He wore them all in turn, getting through all in the course of the year, like the sun through the signs of the zodiac, modulating them according to seasons and celestial phenomena, so that never was spider-web or chickweed so sensitive a weather gauge as they. Nor did his political party find him less loyal. Taking all the tickets, he would seat himself apart, and carefully compare them with the list of regular nominations as printed in his *Daily Advertiser*, before he dropped his ballot in the box. In less ambitious moments, it almost seems to me that I would rather have had that slow,

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conscientious vote of P.'s alone, than to have been chosen Alderman of the Ward!

J. R. Lowell

John Stuart Blackie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LATELY I was told that Blackie—one does not say Mr. Cromwell—is no longer Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. What nonsense some people talk. As if Blackie were not part of the building. In his class one day he spoke touchingly of the time when he would have to join Socrates in the Elysian fields. A student cheered—no one knows why. “It won’t be for some time yet,” added John Stuart.

Blackie takes his ease at home in a dressing-gown and straw hat. This shows that his plaid really does come off. “My occupation nowadays,” he said to me, recently, “is business, blethers, bothers, beggars, and back-gammon.” He has also started a profession of going to public meetings, and hurrying home to write letters to the newspapers about them. When the editor shakes the manuscript a sonnet falls out. I think I remember the Professor’s saying that he had never made five shillings by his verses. To my mind they are worth more than that.

Though he has explained them frequently, there is still confusion about Blackie’s politics. At Manchester they thought he was a Tory, and invited him to address them on that understanding. “I fancy I astonished them,” the Professor said to me. This is quite possible. Then he was mistaken for a Liberal.

The fact is that Blackie is a philosopher who follows the golden mean. He sees this himself. A philosopher

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who follows the golden mean is thus a man who runs zig-zag between two extremes. You will observe that he who does this is some time before he arrives anywhere.

The Professor has said that he has the strongest lungs in Scotland. Of the many compliments that might well be paid him, not the least worthy would be this, that he is as healthy mentally as physically. Mrs. Norton begins a novel with the remark that one of the finest sights conceivable is a well-preserved gentleman of middle-age. It will be some time yet before Blackie reaches middle-age, but there must be something wrong with you if you can look at him without feeling refreshed. Did you ever watch him marching along Princes Street on a warm day, when every other person was broiling in the sun? His head is well thrown back, the staff, grasped in the middle, jerks back and forward like a weaver's shuttle, and the plaid flies in the breeze. Other people's clothes are hanging limp. Blackie carries his breeze with him. . . .

The *World* included Blackie in its list of "Celebrities at Home." It said that the door was opened by a red-headed lassie. That was probably meant for local colour, and it amused every one who knew Mrs. Blackie. The Professor is one of the most genial of men, and will show you to your room himself, talking six languages. This tends to make the conversation one-sided, but he does not mind that. He still writes a good deal, spending several hours in his library daily, and his talk is as brilliant as ever: His writing nowadays is less sustained than it was, and he prefers flitting from one subject to another to evolving a great work. When he dips his pen into an ink-pot it at once writes a sonnet — so strong is the force of habit. Recently he wrote a page about Carlyle in a little book issued by the Edinburgh students' bazaar com-

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mittee. In this he reproved Carlyle for having "bias." Blackie wonders why people should have bias.

Some readers of this may in their student days have been invited to the Greek professor's house to breakfast without knowing why they were selected from among so many. It was not, as they are probably aware, because of their classical attainments, for they were too thoughtful to be in the prize-list; nor was it because of the charm of their manners or the fascination of their conversation. When the Professor noticed any physical peculiarity about a student, such as a lisp, or a glass eye, or one leg longer than the other, or a broken nose, he was at once struck by it, and asked him to breakfast. They were very lively breakfasts, the eggs being served in tureens; but sometimes it was a collection of the maimed and crooked, and one person at the table — not the host himself — used to tremble lest, making mirrors of each other, the guests should see why they were invited.

Sometimes, instead of asking a student to breakfast, Blackie would instruct another student to request his company to tea. Then the two students were told to talk about paulo-post futures in the cool of the evening, and to read their Greek Testament and to go to the pantomime. The Professor never tired of giving his students advice about the preservation of their bodily health. He strongly recommended a cold bath at six o'clock every morning. In winter, he remarked genially, you can break the ice with a hammer. According to himself, only one enthusiast seems to have followed his advice, and he died.

In Blackie's classroom there used to be a demonstration every time he mentioned the name of a distinguished politician. Whether the demonstration took the Pro-

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fessor by surprise, or whether he waited for it, will never, perhaps, be known. But Blackie at least put out the gleam in his eye, and looked as if he were angry. "I will say Beaconsfield," he would exclaim (cheers and hisses). "Beaconsfield" (uproar). Then he would stride forward, and, seizing the railing, announce his intention of saying Beaconsfield until every goose in the room was tired of cackling. ("Question.") "Beaconsfield." ("No, no.") "Beaconsfield." ("Hear, hear," and shouts of "Gladstone.") "Beaconsfield." ("Three cheers for Dizzy.") Eventually the class would be dismissed as—(1) idiots, (2) a bear garden, (3) a flock of sheep, (4) a pack of numskulls, (5) hissing serpents. The Professor would retire, apparently fuming, to his anteroom, and five minutes afterwards he would be playing himself down the North Bridge on imaginary bagpipes. . . .

In the old days the Greek professor recited a poem in honour of the end of the session. He composed it himself, and, as known to me, it took the form of a graduate's farewell to his Alma Mater. Sometimes he would knock a map down as if overcome with emotion, and at critical moments a student in the back-benches would accompany him on a penny trumpet. Now, I believe, the Hellenic Club takes the place of the classroom. All the eminent persons in Edinburgh attend its meetings, and Blackie, the Athenian, is in the chair. The policeman in Douglas Crescent looks skeered when you ask him what takes place on these occasions. It is generally understood that toward the end of the meeting they agree to read Greek next time.

J. M. Barrie

Some Friends of Mine

S. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THEN there was S., whose resounding “Haw, haw, haw! by George!” positively enlarged the income of every dweller in Cambridge. In downright, honest good cheer and good neighbourhood, it was worth five hundred a year to every one of us. Its jovial thunders cleared the mental air of every sulky cloud. Perpetual childhood dwelt in him, the childhood of his native Southern France, and its fixed air was all the time bubbling up and sparkling and winking in his eyes. It seemed as if his placid old face were only a mask behind which a merry Cupid had ambushed himself, peeping out all the while, and ready to drop it when the play grew tiresome. Every word he uttered seemed to be hilarious, no matter what the occasion. If he were sick; and you visited him, if he had met with a misfortune (and there are few men so wise that they can look even at the back of a retiring sorrow with composure), it was all one; his great laugh went off as if it were set like an alarm-clock, to run down, whether he would or no, at a certain tick. Even after an ordinary *Good morning!* (especially if to an old pupil, and in French), the wonderful *Haw, haw, haw! by George!* would burst upon you unexpectedly, like a salute of artillery on some holiday, which you had forgotten. Everything was a joke to him, — that the oath of allegiance had been administered to him by your grandfather, — that he had taught Prescott his first Spanish (of which he was proud), — no matter what. Everything came to him marked by Nature *Right side up, with care*, and he kept it so. The world to him, as to all of us, was like a medal, on the obverse of which is stamped the image of Joy, and on the reverse that of Care. S. never took the foolish pains to

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look at that other side, even if he knew of its existence; much less would it have occurred to him to turn it into view, and insist that his friends should look at it with him. Nor was this a mere outside good-humour; its source was deeper, in a true Christian kindness and amenity. Once, when he had been knocked down by a tipsily-driven sleigh, and was urged to prosecute the offenders, "No, no," he said, his wounds still fresh, "young blood! young blood! it must have its way; I was young myself." *Was!* few men come into life so young as S. went out. He landed in Boston (then the front door of America) in '93, and in honour of the ceremony, had his head powdered afresh, and put on a suit of court-mourning before he set foot on the wharf. My fancy always dressed him in that violet silk, and his soul certainly wore a full court-suit. What was there ever like his bow? It was as if you had received a decoration, and could write yourself gentleman from that day forth. His hat rose, regretting your own, and, having sailed through the stately curve of the old *régime*, sank gently back over that placid brain, which harboured no thought less white than the powder which covered it. I have sometimes imagined that there was a graduated arc over his head, invisible to other eyes than his, by which he meted out to each his rightful share of castorial consideration. I carry in my memory three exemplary bows. The first is that of an old beggar, who, already carrying in his hand a white hat, the gift of benevolence, took off the black one from his head also, and profoundly saluted me with both at once, giving me, in return for my alms, a dual benediction, puzzling as a nod from Janus Bifrons. The second I received from an old Cardinal, who was taking his walk just outside the Porta San Giovanni at Rome. I paid him the courtesy due to

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his age and rank. Forthwith rose, first, *the Hat*; second, the hat of his Confessor; third, that of another priest who attended him; fourth, the fringed cocked-hat of his coachman; fifth and sixth, the ditto, ditto, of his two footmen. Here was an investment, indeed; six hundred per cent. interest on a single bow! The third bow, worthy to be noted in one's almanac among the other *mirabilia*, was that of S., in which courtesy had mounted to the last round of her ladder,— and tried to draw it up after her.

J. R. Lowell

Richard Farmer ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THREE were three things, it was said, that Richard Farmer loved above all others, and there were three things that nobody could persuade him to do. The three things that he loved above all others were—old port, old clothes, and old books; and the three things that nobody could persuade him to do were— to go to bed at night, to rise in the morning, and to settle an account.

At the first flush such a sextette of characteristics may not perhaps be considered the best equipment for a D.D. and guardian of youth. And yet I don't know: to love old port suggests a convivial and cheerful mind, and if any teetotaler objects one can always remark, "How then, if the Doctor had loved new port?"; to love old clothes argues a want of any chilling formality or conceit; a love of old books connotes the scholar and the humorist; to be unwilling to go to bed fortifies the impression of friendliness that the love of old port set up; to be unwilling to rise in the morning is very, very human; while to be slow in paying one's own debts, if, as in Dr. Farmer's case, it is accompanied by an equal tardiness in demand-

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ing the discharge of the debts of others, is not a damning offence. The Doctor, through much reading and book hunting and smoking and joking, had simply come to be so detached and unworldly as to look upon other people's purses as his, and his purse as other people's. Undergraduates were continually borrowing from him and never paying back; and to be so ordered is, in a selfish and sordid world, no bad thing. I do not set up Richard Farmer, D.D., as a saint; but he was an undeviatingly cheerful man of great erudition, and when he died all Cambridge mourned. That is not a bad achievement.

Born in 1735, of rich, middle-class parents, he went to Emmanuel College in 1750 as a pensioner; was a senior optime in 1757, and winner of the silver cup given to the best graduate. In 1760 he became classical tutor to the College and also curate of Swavesey. There he "was a greater adept in cracking a joke than in unhinging a Calvinist's creed or in quieting a gloomy conscience. He, however, possessed a spirit of benevolence, and knew how to perform a generous action to a distressed family."

For all his slovenliness and tobacco and gigantic indolence, Farmer was made not only Master of Emmanuel College but in time Vice-Chancellor of the University; and it was as Vice-Chancellor that his more energetic fighting spirit — dormant for the rest of his life — broke out. The University had voted an address to George III. in support of the American policy of his Government; but the seal of the University could not be affixed because a member of the Caput, who kept the key of the room where the seal resided, was against the address. What does Richard Farmer, D.D., but get a sledge hammer and himself break open the door? Not, as I believe he afterwards explained, because he was so enamoured of this country's

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dealings with America, but because as Vice-Chancellor of the University it was his duty to see that the address was properly sealed and despatched. "We hope," wrote some foolish contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "that he employed a servant to break the door; and, indeed, as Vice-Chancellor, he must have had so many servants at his command that it is not conceivable he would wield the sledge hammer himself." From this hope I dissociate myself with the utmost emphasis. I hope that the Doctor not only wielded the hammer himself, but got an honourable blister in the process. I have no doubt that he meant only to do his duty, but rewards followed. He could twice have been made a bishop had he cared thus to dignify his legs; but he refused. He was, however, made canon of this cathedral and prebendary of that; although he never gave up Emmanuel College.

Farmer's great hobby was the acquisition of books. Dressed in shocking clothes, he spent hours of his London time (he was for long one of the preachers at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and later had a residence at Amen Corner) poring over the book-stalls. Dibdin has him in *Bibliomania*. "How shall I talk of thee, and of thy wonderful collection, O rare Richard Farmer?" he writes, ". . . of thy scholarship, acuteness, pleasantry, singularities, varied learning, and colloquial powers! Thy name will live long among scholars in general; and in the bosoms of virtuous and learned bibliomaniacs thy memory shall ever be enshrined! . . . Peace to thy honest spirit; for thou wert wise without vanity, learned without pedantry, and joyous without vulgarity!"

We have a glimpse of his taste in books — which he liked to be out-of-the-way rather than conventional — in

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the account of a visit paid to him by Dr. Johnson in 1765. Boswell was not there, but fortunately the Rev. B. N. Turner was, and the description of the meeting was furnished to the *New Monthly Magazine*. The interview, which was held at Emmanuel College, in Farmer's rooms, was, says Mr. Turner, "uncommonly joyous on both sides."

Johnson: "Mr. Farmer, I understand you have a large collection of very rare and curious books."

Farmer: "Why, yes, sir, to be sure I have plenty of all such reading as was never read."

Johnson: "Will you favour me with a specimen, sir?"

Farmer, considering for a moment, reached down *Markham's Booke of Armorie*, and, turning to a particular page, presented it to the Doctor, who, with rolling head, attentively perused it. The passage having been previously pointed out to myself, I am luckily enabled to lay it before the reader, because I find it quoted, *totidem verbis*, as a great curiosity, which it certainly is, at line 101 of the first part of *The Pursuits of Literature*. The words in question are said to be the conclusion of the first chapter of *Markham's Booke*, entitled "The Difference between Churles and Gentlemen," and is as follows: "From the offspring of gentlemanly Japhet came Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and the Prophets, &c., &c., . . . and also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom that only absolute gentleman Jesus, Gentleman by his mother Mary, Princesse of Coat Armoire," &c. . . .

If you can conceive a cast of countenance expressive at once of both pleasantry and horror, that was the one which our sage assumed when he exclaimed, "Now I am shocked, sir. Now I am shocked!" which was only answered by Farmer with his usual "Ha! ha! ha!" for even blasphemy, where it is unintentional, may be so

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thoroughly ridiculous as merely to excite the laugh of pity!

During the same visit to Cambridge the two Doctors met again, and Mr. Turner again obliges with a report of the encounter: "In the height of our convivial hilarity, our great man exclaimed, 'Come, now, I'll give you a test: now I'll try who is a true antiquary amongst you. Has any of this company ever met with the "History of Glorianus and Gloriana?"' Farmer, drawing the pipe out of his mouth, followed by a cloud of smoke, instantly said, 'I've got the book.' 'Gi' me your hand, gi' me your hand,' said Johnson; 'you are the man after my own heart.' And the shaking of two such hands, with two such happy faces attached to them, could hardly, I think, be matched in the whole annals of literature!"

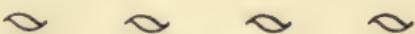
Farmer died in 1797, leaving a will, on half a leaf torn out of an old book, running thus: "I give to my brother, Joseph Farmer, all my property, not doubting of his using it for the benefit of our family."

E. V. L.

XXIV

THE GENTLE

The Cardinal's Friends



I HAVE closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder? who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them; — with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon

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you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

J. H. Newman

May 26, 1864

In Festo Corp. Christ.

Saint Francis



FRANCIS, the poor man, the father of the poor, making himself like unto the poor in all things, used to be distressed to see any one poorer than himself, not because he coveted vain renown, but only from a feeling of sympathy; and though he was content with a very common and rough tunic, he often longed to share it with some poor man. But in order that this richest of poor men, led by his great feeling of tenderness, might (in whatsoever way) help the poor, he would in very cold weather ask the rich of this world to lend him a mantle

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or furs. When in their devotion they complied with his request even more readily than he had made it, he would say to them: "I will take this from you on the understanding that you do not expect to have it back any more"; and then with joy and exultation he would clothe the first poor man he met with whatever had been given him. He was very much distressed if he saw any poor man harshly spoken to, or if he heard any one utter a curse against any creature.

For instance, it happened that a brother had given a sharp answer to a poor man who had asked alms, saying: "See to it, for perhaps thou art a rich man feigning poverty." When St. Francis, the father of the poor, heard of it he was deeply grieved, and sharply rebuked the brother who had spoken thus, and bade him strip himself before the poor man, kiss his feet and beg his pardon. For he used to say: "He who reviles a poor man does a wrong to Christ, for the poor man bears the noble ensign of Christ Who made Himself poor in this world for us." Often therefore when he found poor people laden with wood or other burdens he would help them by giving the support of his own shoulders, even though very weak. He overflowed with the spirit of charity, pitying not only men who were suffering need, but even the dumb brutes, reptiles, birds, and other creatures with and without sensation. But among all kinds of animals he loved little lambs with a special love and a readier affection, because the humility of our Lord Jesus Christ is, in Holy Scripture, most frequently and aptly illustrated by the simile of a lamb. So too especially he would embrace more fondly and behold more gladly all those things wherein might be found some allegorical similitude of the Son of God. Thus when he was once journeying through the March

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of Ancona, and after preaching God's word in that city had set out towards Osimo with Messer Paul whom he had appointed Minister of all the brethren in that province, he found in the fields a shepherd feeding a herd of she-goats and he-goats. Among the multitude of goats there was one little sheep going along in humble fashion and quietly grazing. When Francis saw her he stopped, and, moved in his heart with grief, said to the brother who accompanied him, groaning aloud: "Seest thou not this sheep which is walking so meekly among these she-goats and he-goats? I tell thee even so our Lord Jesus Christ walked meek and lowly among the Pharisees and chief priests. Wherefore I ask thee, my son, for love of Him, to take pity with me on this little sheep, and let us pay the price and get her out from among these goats." And brother Paul, wondering at his grief, began to grieve with him. But they had nothing but the poor tunics they wore, and as they were anxiously considering how the price might be paid, a merchant who was on a journey came up, and offered the price they desired. They took the sheep, giving thanks to God, and came to Osimo; and went in to the bishop of that city, who received them with great reverence.

The lord bishop, however, wondered both at the sheep which the man of God was leading and at the affection wherewith he was moved toward her. But after Christ's servant had unfolded to him at some length the parable of the sheep, the bishop, pricked at the heart, gave thanks to God for the purity of the man of God. Next day, on leaving the city, Francis considered what he should do with the sheep, and by his companion's advice he handed it over to a monastery of the handmaids of Christ at S. Severino to be taken care of. The venerable handmaids

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of Christ received the sheep with joy as a great gift bestowed on them by God, and they kept it carefully for a long time, and wove of the wool a tunic which they sent to the blessed father Francis at the church of S. Maria de Portiuncula on the occasion of a Chapter (of the Order). The Saint of God received it with great reverence and exultation of mind, and embraced and kissed it again and again, inviting all the bystanders to share his joy.

Another time when he was passing through that same March and the same brother was gladly accompanying him, he met a man carrying two lambs, bound and hanging over his shoulders, which he was taking to market to sell. When blessed Francis heard them bleating he was moved with compassion, and came near and touched them, showing pity for them like a mother towards her crying child. And he said to the man: "Why dost thou thus torment my brother lambs by carrying them bound and hanging thus?" The man answered: "I am taking them to market to sell, for I must get a price for them." "What will become of them afterwards?" said the holy man. "The buyers will kill and eat them." "God forbid," answered the Saint. "This must not be; but take the cloak I am wearing for their price, and give the lambs to me." The man gave him the lambs and took the cloak gladly, for it was of much greater value. (St. Francis had borrowed it that day from a faithful man, to keep off the cold.) When he had received the lambs he carefully considered what he should do with them, and after consulting with his companion gave them back to the man, charging him never to sell them or do them hurt, but to keep them, feed them, and take good care of them. Even towards little worms he glowed with exceeding love, because he had read that word concerning the Saviour: "I

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am a worm, and no man." Wherefore he used to pick them up in the way and put them in a safe place, that they might not be crushed by the feet of passers by.

O how fair, how bright, how glorious did he appear in innocence of life, in simplicity of word, in purity of heart, in the love of God, in charity to the brethren, in ardent obedience, in willing submission, in angelic aspect! He was charming in his manners, of gentle disposition, easy in his talk; most apt in exhortation, most faithful in what he was put in trust with, far-seeing in counsel, effectual in business, gracious in all things; calm in mind, sweet in temper, sober in spirit, uplifted in contemplation, assiduous in prayer, and fervent in all things. He was stedfast in purpose, firm in virtue, persevering in grace, and in all things the same. He was swift to pardon and slow to be angry. He was of ready wit, and had an excellent memory, he was subtle in discussion, circumspect in choice, and simple in all things; stern to himself, tender to others, in all things discreet. He was a man most eloquent, of cheerful countenance, of kindly aspect, free from cowardice, and destitute of arrogance. He was of middle height, inclining to shortness; his head was of moderate size, and round; his face somewhat long and prominent, his forehead smooth and small; his eyes were black, of moderate size, and with a candid look; his hair was dark, his eyebrows straight; his nose symmetrical, thin, and straight; his ears upright, but small; his temples smooth. His words were kindly, [but] fiery and penetrating; his voice was powerful, sweet-toned, clear and sonorous. His teeth were set close together, white, and even; his lips thin and fine, his beard black and rather scanty, his neck slender; his shoulders straight, his arms short, his hands attenuated, with long fingers and nails;

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his legs slight, his feet small, his skin fine, and his flesh very spare. His clothing was rough, his sleep very brief, his hand most bountiful. And, for that he was most humble, he showed all meekness to all men, adapting himself in profitable fashion to the behaviour of all. Among the saints, holier [than they], among the sinners he was like one of themselves. . . .

In beautiful things he recognised Him who is supremely beautiful; all good things cried out to him, "He who made us is the Best." Everywhere he followed the Beloved by the traces He has impressed on all things; he made for himself of all things a ladder whereby he might reach the Throne. He embraced all things with an unheard-of rapture of devotion, speaking to them of the Lord and exhorting them to praise Him. He refused to put out lanterns, lamps, or candles, not suffering his hand to dim the brightness which he regarded as a sign of the Eternal Light. Over rocks he walked reverently out of regard for Him who is called the Rock. When he had to recite the verse "On a rock hast thou exalted me," he used to say, in order to employ a more reverent expression, "Beneath [my] feet hast Thou exalted me." When the brethren were cutting wood he forbad them to cut down a whole tree, so that it might have hope of sprouting again. He bade the gardener not dig up the outlying parts round the garden, in order that in their seasons the greenness of grass and the beauty of flowers might proclaim the beauteous Father of all things. In the garden he ordered a plot to be set apart for sweet-scented and flowering plants, that they might cause those that should look upon them to remember the Eternal Sweetness. He picked up worms from the way that they might not be trodden on, and ordered honey and the best

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wine to be provided for bees that they might not perish from want in the cold of winter. He called by the name of brother all animals, though in all their kinds the gentle were his favourites. Who is sufficient to tell all these things?

For that Original Goodness, which shall be all in all, shone forth already to this Saint as all in all.

All the creatures therefore strove to return the Saint's love and to show their gratitude for his services; they rejoiced in his caresses, granted his requests, and obeyed his commands. Let me relate a few instances. When he was suffering from disease of the eyes and had been induced to submit to treatment, a surgeon was summoned to the place. So he came and brought an iron instrument for cauterisation, and ordered it to be put into the fire until it should be red hot. Then the blessed father, to encourage his body now shaken by horror, spoke thus to the fire: "My brother fire, who dost outvie all other things in splendour, the Most High hath created thee mighty, fair, and useful. Be kind to me at this hour, be courteous, for I have loved thee of old in the Lord. I pray the great Lord who created thee to temper thy heat now so that, burning me gently, I may be able to bear it." Having finished his prayer he made the sign of the cross over the fire, and thenceforth remained undismayed. The surgeon took the glowing iron in his hands: the brethren, yielding to human weakness, fled: the Saint with cheerful readiness exposed himself to the iron. The iron was plunged hissing into the tender flesh, and the cauterisation was slowly made from the ear to the eyebrow. What pain that fire inflicted is declared by the words of the Saint, who knew best what it was, for when the brethren who had fled came back the father said with a smile: "Faint-hearted

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and poor-spirited ones, wherefore did ye fly? I tell you of a truth I felt no heat of fire nor any pain in my flesh." Then turning to the doctor: "If the flesh is not well burnt," said he, "apply the iron again." The doctor, whose experience in such cases was very different, proclaimed this as a Divine miracle, saying: "I tell you, brethren, I have seen wondrous things to-day."

I believe that the man to whom at his will cruel things became gentle had returned to primal innocence.

When St. Francis was crossing the lake of Rieti in a little boat on his way to the hermitage of Greccio, a fisherman presented him with a waterfowl, that he might rejoice over it in the Lord. The blessed father received the bird with joy, and then, opening his hands, gently invited it freely to fly away. The bird would not depart, but rested in his hands as in a little nest, and the Saint remained with his eyes lifted up in prayer. Then, after a long delay, as though coming back to himself from elsewhere, he sweetly told the bird to return without fear to its former liberty. And so, on receiving this permission, with the holy man's blessing, the bird showed its joy by some motion of its body, and flew away.

In a certain mountain a cell was once made wherein the servant of God performed the most rigid penance for forty days. When he departed thence at the end of that time, the cell, being in a lonely place, remained untenanted; and an earthen vessel, out of which the Saint used to drink, was left there. When some men visited the spot later out of reverence for the Saint, they found the vessel full of bees, who with wondrous skill were building their little cells therein; surely signifying the sweetness of contemplation which the Saint of God had there enjoyed.

A nobleman of the territory of Siena sent a pheasant

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to blessed Francis who was ill. He received it joyfully, not because he desired to eat it, but in the manner in which he was always wont to rejoice in such creatures for love of the Creator: and he said to the pheasant: "Praised be our Creator, brother pheasant!" and, turning to the brethren, "Let us try now whether brother pheasant will stay with us or go to his usual haunts which are better suited to him." So one of the brethren at the Saint's bidding carried the pheasant and put it in a vineyard far off, but the bird hastened back forthwith to the father's cell. Again St. Francis ordered it to be taken farther away, but it again returned as fast as possible to the cell door, and came in, almost forcing its way under the tunics of the brethren who were at the door. So the Saint ordered the pheasant to be carefully fed, embracing it and caressing it with sweet words. When a certain physician, very devoted to the Saint of God, saw this, he asked the brethren to let him have the pheasant, not to eat, but to take charge of, out of reverence for the Saint. In short, he took the bird home with him; but the pheasant on being separated from St. Francis altogether refused to eat as long as he was away from him, just as if a wrong had been done him. The physician was astonished, and immediately carried the pheasant back to the Saint, telling him in order all that had happened. As soon as the bird was put down on the ground and saw its father, it put away its sadness and began to eat joyfully.

Near the cell of the Saint of God at Portiuncula a cicala used to perch on a fig-tree, singing sweetly. Sometimes the blessed father would hold out his hand to her and call her kindly to him, saying, "My sister cicala, come to me," and she immediately came up on his hand, as though endowed with reason. Then he said to her: "Sing, my

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sister cicala, and praise the Lord thy Creator with a joyful song." And without delay she began obediently to sing, and ceased not until the man of God mingled his own praise with her songs, and bade her fly back to her accustomed place, where she remained for eight days in succession, as if bound. When the Saint came down from his cell he always touched her with his hands, and bade her sing, and she was always eager to do his bidding. Then he said to his companions: "Let us give our sister cicala leave to depart, for she has now gladdened us enough with her praise; that our flesh may not have occasion for vainglory by such things." And forthwith the cicala dismissed by him went away, and never appeared there again. Seeing all this the brethren wondered greatly.

Thomas of Celano (translated by A. E. Ferrers Howell)

Charles Lounsbury ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

CHARLES LOUNSBURY died recently in the Cook County Asylum, Downing, Illinois. As to who he was, and what his age, I know nothing; all I know of him is his last will and testament; and if such are the bequests of the insane, let us have less sanity. For it seems to me a beautiful thing, and not less so because it proceeded from one who had to be put away, as (I suppose) a danger to society.

He opens thus:—

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men."

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The way being thus cleared, the real document begins, and I quote it in its entirety for the humanity and beauty of it:—

“That part of my interest which is known in law and recognised in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will.

“My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world, I now proceed to devise and bequeath:—

“Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

“Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odours of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

“Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may

The Gentle

fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

“Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

“Item: to young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

“Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

“Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.”

Some Friends of Mine

One would like to know more of Charles Lounsbury. Surely he is one of the most uncommon men that have died for some time — perhaps since Abou Ben Adhem. Not only great wits, but also great lovers of their kind, would seem to be to madness near allied.

E. V. L.

XXV

LAST OF ALL

Our Oldest Friend



I GIVE you the health of the oldest friend
That, short of eternity, earth can lend,—
A friend so faithful and tried and true
That nothing can wean him from me and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone;
While we were changing, he altered not;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

Some Friends of Mine

He came with us to the cottage class,—
Little cared he for the steward's pass!
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old deadhead entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four tunes each of the seasons four;
And with every season from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

He never leaves us,— he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still.
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New Years too,
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little presents is sure to send;
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us! he pats our heads,
And, lo! they are gleaming with silver threads;
And he's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
“My child, your labour on earth is done;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother,— Eternity!”

And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last,—
Never a boy alive but he
Of all our goodly company!

Last of All

When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
That writes in the day-book kept above
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest Classmate, Father Time!
May our last survivor live to be
As bald and as wise and as tough as he!

O. W. Holmes

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